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MEMORIAL

OF

SAMUEL EELLS.

By
Eells, James
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CLEVELAND, OHIO:
COBB, ANDREWS & CO., PUBLISHERS.
1873.

IN EXCHANGE
Wil. Dist. Liby.
11 0 '84

CLEVELAND, OHIO:
PRESS OF LEADER PRINTING COMPANY.

LC Control Number
tmp96 028898

PREFACE.

It will be asked why a Memorial Volume is published when he whom it honors has been dead more than thirty years, and these few words of explanation are given in answer.

At the time of his death none of the family of Mr. Eells were fitted to attempt the work now undertaken, nor did they really know to whom to entrust it, since they were personally acquainted with but few of his intimate friends, and he made choice of no one for such a service.

After conference, however, with those who were interested in the publication of some tribute to his memory, the material necessary was placed in the hands of a very able gentleman, who was a warm personal friend; and he expected to prepare a book for which many were anxiously waiting. The pressure of business engagements obliged him to delay this labor of love for some time, and before he had made much progress in it, though having had the papers two or three years, he was himself removed by death.

The brother who now offers this volume to those who still cherish the name with interest, then obtained the materials which could be gathered, more for his own satisfaction than with any thought of ever compiling them in this manner; supposing that most of those who had respected and loved their author, had during so long an interval lost the desire for such a memorial of him. Of late, a large number of those especially who have become familiar with his name and learned something of his spirit through their connection with the Alpha Delta Phi Society, have urged that even at so late a day an effort should be made to embody what remain of his writings and history.

It is in obedience to this solicitation and as a token of a brother's still-glowing affection that this work is completed. There is no other attempt than that in it the man of whom it speaks, as far as possible, may write his own memoir; the grateful task of the compiler being to arrange the matter and so connect the parts as to render the whole intelligible and attractive. Respecting the articles and addresses which are inserted, it should be said that they were selected not merely because of their intrinsic merit, but also as adapted to present their author's sentiments and feelings at the different eras of his life where they are introduced, and as furnishing a pleasing variety of subjects and composition. Regret may well be expressed that with the lapse of years so much has been lost that might have added interest to the book at an earlier day; yet it is believed to those who will welcome it, there will be enough presented to reward the desire that even so much be rescued from oblivion.

Prepared amidst the exhausting cares and duties of professional life, the work is offered to those who knew, and to those who honor him, to whose memory it is devoted.

JAMES EELLS.

IN MEMORIAM.

CHAPTER I.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

SAMUEL EELLS was born in Westmoreland, Oneida county, New York, on the 18th of May, 1810. His father was Rev. James Eells, for many years pastor of the Congregational Church in that town, and he was third in a family of seven children. The culture and habits of his home were eminently adapted to his peculiarities of mind and heart during the opening years of his life, and he was wont to refer to the influences that affected his childhood as having determined his whole career. Because of the pleasures and restraints, attended by the judicious instructions, of the domestic fireside, he grew up without any of those vicious habits to which many are addicted while they are boys, and he was ever devotedly attached to his kindred by blood. This was the more remarkable on account of his natural self-reliance and independence, and affords proof in his boyhood of that union of an affectionate disposition with a vigorous intellect, which was so pleasing in his mature years. He was admirably qualified to be a leader, in whatever circle he might be, winning by the kindness that always was prominent,

exciting interest by his wit and genius, and swaying by the acknowledged force of his character and mind; so that being chief among the young persons of his native village he furnished occasion to not a few of the prophets who cast his horoscope, to predict a brilliant career for one who so often delighted and surprised them by his exhibition of rare gifts.

When he reached his fifteenth year, however, there seemed to be danger that all these predictions of rustic admirers, and the more rational hopes of his parents and friends would be disappointed. Though quick in all his mental action, and learning with ease when giving himself to study, he was not fond of severe application to books. This was owing partly to the mercurial structure of his mind, and partly to the fact that he had been confined strictly to study since he was four years of age, and he had not yet begun to feel the pressure of that ambition which afterwards wrought so mightily upon him. In accordance with his inclination to form his own plans and reach his own conclusions, while always respectful toward others, he suddenly announced his desire to leave school, abandon the prospect of a liberal education, and devote himself to some more ordinary pursuit in life. Had his father been less wise in his manner of receiving this announcement, there would have been no occasion for this sketch of his life. Well aware, however, of his nature, and judging that absence from books for a time, and the lapse of a year or two would be likely to teach him what would be taught with difficulty by either precept or authority, he adopted a course which resulted most favorably. Selecting a farmer with whom he could trust his son, he placed him under his care in the spring season, Samuel being well pleased with the coveted change

from school to work. The effect of the change was most happy in several particulars. His constitution, which had never been firm, was rendered much more robust by his new mode of life; he acquired habits of industry which never left him, and although not until he had persevered through two summers of farming, he was at last entirely willing to recommence his studies with the purpose to enter college.

In the spring of 1826 he entered the Clinton Academy, then under the care of Mr. —— Wilmarth. This teacher succeeded in firing him with new interest in all departments of education, and while with him his young pupil became fully possessed of that spirit which heeded no difficulties and hesitated before no task. Especially did he discover at this time an unusual talent for declamation and creditable facility in composition, quite surprising himself by his success. The first production of his own which he exhibited in public was a eulogy on Henry Kirke White, which in its style both of rhetoric and elocution, was regarded by those who heard it as indicative of great promise. The fact that on the threshold of his own short career, he should have been in such sympathy with that brilliant young poet whose genius really destroyed the frail body by which it was represented, may almost be considered prophetic of what would be true of himself.

In August, 1827, he became a member of the Freshman class in Hamilton College, but in a few months his health failed, and it was doubtful whether he could continue his studies. About the same time some difficulty occurred respecting a portion of the college officers which somewhat affected his interest in the institution, and with the hope that a change would take place within the year, he decided, by the

advice of his parents, to suspend his course for that length of time at least, and endeavor to recruit his health.

It was determined that he should go to the sea side or take a sea voyage, and notwithstanding the difficulties which attended it since his father was unable from his slender resources to render him assistance, he left home in April following to make the experiment. It was his first departure from home for any extended absence, and the trial was severe. At that time it was no small journey from the central part of New York to Connecticut. In his feeble condition he was obliged to travel alone, to be separated from those who were exceedingly dear to him with the doubt whether he would ever see them again, and for the first time to care for his own fortunes in the great world. It was not with a light heart that his eyes lingered as long as possible upon the quiet scenes that had constituted to him a large part of the world, and when the last view was taken and he passed into new and unfamiliar regions, he greeted the prospect before him with a gush of tears. A good part of the journey was made on foot, and he reached New Haven without any remarkable interruption of the monotony which marks that primitive mode of traveling. Soon he had opportunity to make a trip to Chesapeake Bay, and the first letter he wrote to his parents after he left them was written directly after his return from this short voyage. In it he says: "I left New Haven on board the sloop Heroine, for Norfolk. I could not wish for kinder treatment than I received from the captain of this vessel, and while I was on the water I felt strong and vigorous; but as soon as we arrived in port I began to have a pain in my breast, and sometimes was worse than I had been before. I find that a short

trip will not do me any essential good. My friends tell me I ought to be on the salt water a whole year, without coming in sight of land; but I think that would be really too hard."

With the purpose to find a vessel bound on a longer voyage he went to New York at once, though he was not aware that he knew any one in that city. Boy that he was, and even then struggling with the disease which threatened to take his life, we may imagine his feelings when he set foot on the dock of the crowded metropolis and found himself in the solitude of such a throng who cared nothing for him. He writes: "For a day or two I purchased my meals at the market, and spent all my time in looking for a ship. I worked as hard as ever I did. At night the bottoms of my feet were almost blistered, and my spirits were weighed down with the reflection that my best efforts were fruitless, as I found that none would take me even on a fishing trip of two or three months for less than ten or fifteen dollars." Accidentally he met a friend of his family who was a merchant in the city, and when his stock of money was reduced to a very small sum, he was rejoiced by an invitation from this gentleman to remain at his house while staying in town. By the aid of this friend he soon made arrangements for a passage to France, and while waiting for the ship to sail he wrote a letter to his parents which illustrates some of his characteristics in a marked manner. It would have been natural for a boy of seventeen, having a little leisure in New York, and with a keen relish for things new and strange, to spend a portion of his time, at least, in sight-seeing; but he preferred other pleasures. "I have divers occupations about these days, sometimes keeping store, sometimes writing, sometimes walking, sometimes

painting, and the rest of the time studying Algebra. I am left to dig it all out myself, and so I understand it as I go along. If I make my intended voyage I shall take it with me, just for the sake of amusement, to pass away the time that would otherwise hang heavily on my hands. I do not know that I shall ever see home again, but I hope I shall, and till then, good-bye."

For some unknown reason he failed to make his contemplated voyage to France, and soon after left New York, and visited several ports on the New England coast, hoping to find an opportunity to sail on a fishing cruise in the Northern waters. At last he succeeded in obtaining a passage, engaging to go as fisherman and give the captain one half the fish he should take. One incident connected with his stay on this vessel exhibits his strength of principle and ability to execute his own will, even when in so dependent a position. The captain and crew were utterly godless, and always fished on the Sabbath when they were on fishing ground. This Samuel refused to do, and was at first denounced for his superstition and then threatened for his obstinacy. He arranged the matter, however, by agreeing that as there was another lad on board who was of about his own age, they would compare the amount of fish caught by each at the end of the season, and if Samuel should have less he would make up the deficiency to the captain from his own share. He was not a little gratified and strengthened to learn when the comparison was made, that although the other boy had fished every Sabbath, and he had not thrown out a line on that day, his number of fish was considerably the largest. This practical lesson was of value to his associates as well as himself.

With only a short interval after his return, he made a second voyage to the coast of Nova Scotia, and come back to New Bedford in October, feeling that he could go home with some assurance of ability to pursue his education. Money in small sums had been sent for him by his friends to several points, but none of it had reached him, so that by his own industry economy and energy, he had defrayed his expenses, supplied himself with a new wardrobe, and apparently regained his health. In November he arrived at Westmoreland again, having been gone eight months, and welcoming with all the enthusiasm of his nature the familiar scenes of his native region, and the dear ones in his home, who had been ever in his heart during his new and to him eventful experience.

The discipline and education of this year, just at the period when they would have most influence, were probably of more importance as bearing on his future than the contributions of any other single year of his life. He had tested and learned himself, than which there is no knowledge of more value to one who proposes to attempt an elevated career. He had studied men ; and the lessons furnished him so early opened the way to success on many occasions of difficulty afterwards. He had come in contact with the rough world, and encountered some of its severest tests of the human will and energy, and felt that he could face what might meet him hereafter without trembling, though no aid should be given him save that of the unseen Helper. The stripling who took his place in Hamilton College in the early winter of 1828 was very unlike the boy who was there the year before, and he was soon able to make his mark among the unusual number of brilliant young men who were at that time in the institution.

CHAPTER II.

HIS LIFE IN COLLEGE.

IT is to be regretted that as respects this portion of his life, so little can be learned from papers left by Mr. Eells, or from those who were his associates. It is known that he was in a class which, though small, was distinguished for its number of those who became eminent men, and that he was cheerfully placed by them, as well as by the faculty, at its head. Rarely has a young man passed the ordeal of a college course, as to friendship or culture or attainment, with so much that might be recorded in his favor; and rarely has one so fully appreciated the advantages thus brought within his reach. The ambition that possessed him during the last year in the academy was not quenched by his absence for a year, and for his recreation on shipboard he seems not only to have studied Algebra, but to have reviewed all that would be requisite to thorough preparation for the race he anticipated. He rejoiced as a strong man to run this race. He expected much from communion with the classic authors, whose names had been familiar to him from his infancy. He entered the fields of mathematical and philosophical discipline, assured that grand

harvests could be gathered from them. He began the manly strife of mind with mind, resolved that his own should be sharpened and better prepared for use in the more important struggles of after life. There was little romance in his apprehension of what was before him, but a stern sense of the realities to which he must address himself, and a purpose to gain the most from whatever might aid him in mastering them. It is believed that he had not an enemy among his fellow students, and that he left the walks and halls of his Alma Mater, whose gifts and honors he bore with him, respected and esteemed by rivals and warmly loved by all whose real acquaintance with him had given them opportunity to test his mind and heart. The genuine love of college scenes and the cherished reverence for their power upon him by which he was ever distinguished, appear in a short account of a visit he made to Clinton six years after he graduated, in a letter to his familiar friend and college associate, Rev. Dr. A. C. Kendrick:

"I did snatch time enough to revisit the scenes of my early studies and youthful competition, and to experience the pleasures and the pains of memory. I arrived at Clinton on the afternoon of Wednesday, shook hands with Professors North and Lathrop, met the Union and Alpha Delta Phi Societies in the evening, had a most refreshing season, went into the chapel, libraries, &c., and trod once more the sounding halls of my Alma Mater. The next morning, at break of day, a fine, clear frosty morning in October, before a solitary student had rubbed his eyes open or thrown up his window for the fresh air, I stood on the top of the hill, and was surveying again that beautiful prospect which had imprinted itself on my mind in all the freshness of its coloring and the beauty of

its outline, and which in the retrospect ever returns to my eye blent with a thousand strange and mingled memories. There was old 'Paris Hill,' with its scattered houses and patches of cultivation, its broken forests robed in the glory of those rich autumnal dyes. There was 'thy sweet vale, Oriskany,' stretching gracefully away to the eastward till it faded into the smoke of Utica and the Mohawk; and beneath me in the quiet and sheltering valley lay the little village of Clinton, like a child in its mother's arms, still hushed in its soft repose. Those were golden moments, worth my whole journey east. I forgot that I was a lawyer. I flung my profession behind me in high scorn, repeated Coleridge's 'Hymn before sunrise in the vale of Chamouni,' and returned. That day I was again on my way toward the far West, having made only this mere call on Hamilton; but did I not condense much of the essence of existence into those few hours? I do hate to bid an everlasting adieu to the glorious region, sparkling with beauty, learning, love, and all that can furnish food for an intellectual nature. I think the Law a noble study; but I assure you I choose it at an immense sacrifice; and as I plunge deeper and deeper into its vast and labyrinthian mazes, and find myself surrounded by its shadowy and doubtful twilight, instead of the pure and golden radiance of a classic sky, I experience a feeling of sadness in my inmost soul, and cast many a longing look back to the pleasant land of the muses."

Bearing on the same point, and showing how others were impressed by his enthusiasm respecting the influence of college upon him in after years, two letters may properly have place here from distinguished gentlemen who knew him well. The first is from Professor Edward North:

Hamilton College, March 23, 1863.

My acquaintance with Samuel Eells began in the fall of 1838, while I was a Sophomore in college. At that time he was visiting with relatives in Hampton, where his father had been settled in the ministry years before. One Wednesday evening Mr. Eells rode over to Clinton to attend a meeting of the Union Society, to which he was strongly attached. His speech on that evening made an impression on my mind which no lapse of years will ever efface. What he said, and how he said it, are still a living memory to me, as they probably are to others. His manner was graceful, earnest and impressive. He began by saying: "I have been six weary years out on the busy, dusty, rattling highways of life, and it gives me joy to stand again in the quiet shadows of Gentle Mother." There was a certain magic in his eye and voice, so potent and searching, that before he had spoken a hundred words each one of his hearers seemed to himself to be singled out as the particular and only person addressed. Nor was there any lack of classic pleasantry in his speech; as when he quoted the familiar maxim, "Possumus quia posse videmur," and added the translation once given by "Long" Woodruff of the class of 1833, (who will take no offense at this traditional prefix to his name), "We *can*, because we *seem to can*." When Mr. Eells closed his appeal to the young men before him to aim at high and unselfish results in the struggle of life, with a couple of lines from Willis—

> "The beautiful shall know the purer language of thy brow,
> And read it like a talisman of love,"

his own brow seemed to us all, who were sitting before him, to be radiant with unearthly beauty.

Mr. Eells pronounced his oration on the Progress of Civilization, the most finished of his efforts, in July, 1839, as a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts. It was soon after repeated at New Haven, Conn., before a Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society. He was then in poor health. His trouble was dyspepsia, which he called "a Pandora's box with no hope at the bottom;" but his audience saw no signs of ill health save in his pale, thin face, as he stood before them on that memorable Commencement day. He spoke more than an hour without notes, and with no apparent effort to recall the words of his manuscript. Coming on toward the evening of a hot day, after the seniors had made their orations, and the patience of the crowded audience seemed to be clear gone, his power as a popular speaker was put to a severe

test. Yet it was wonderful to see how quickly a feeling of relief and delight was apparent on the faces of his hearers. The general effect of the oration may be described by saying that it caused each hearer to feel that life is a sublime drama, in which himself was invited to bear an honorable part. If any particular passages were more admired than others, they were those in which he pictured the French Revolution and the landing of the Pilgrims. But as this oration will be embraced in your collection of your gifted brother's writings, I need not dwell upon it.

George Langford, Jr., whose mind "was nursed upon the self-same hill," and whose *sic itur ad astra* was as brilliant as it was brief, used to say of Samuel Eells, that he never expressed a thought incompletely; that even his off-hand, unpremeditated utterances had a classic finish and point that made them fit to be laid away in the memory.

But, unlike Coleridge, he was not always preaching. Among the traditions of his college life is an anecdote that may give a glimpse of the humorous side of his character. At the club where he boarded, it was strongly suspected that the morning coffee was made of roasted barley, or some other home-raised cereal. After a night made hideous by a collision between the two lower classes, the keeper of the boarding house hoped that none of *her* boys were engaged in it. Mr. Eells replied that a *ceres* of rows was certainly to be deprecated; but it was too much to expect that boys kept on *grain* would not be a litttle *coltish* and noisy at times. Mr. Eells was a fine classical scholar, and received the highest honor at his graduation; but owing to the prevalence of the cholera at that time, no public exercises were held. He spent the winter of 1840–1 in Havana, and while there he mastered the Spanish language, which added largely to his fund of facts for entertaining conversation. It is to be hoped that you will find among his papers some record of this journey.

Yours, very truly,

EDWARD NORTH.

The other letter is from the much-admired and respected Professor when Mr. Eells was in college, afterwards Chancellor of the University of Missouri, and now deceased, Dr. J. H. Lathrop:

COLUMBIA, Mo., April 12, 1863.

I am pleased to hear that a memorial of your brother, Samuel Eells, is to be prepared by your hands, in the shape of a volume of his literary remains, with a sketch of his life.

Assuming an official connection with Hamilton College in the spring of 1829, I found him a member of the Freshman class of that year. Few classes in any college have a better record than this, in scholarly attainment and in the outgrowth of professional and public life. It is with much personal gratification that I recognize several names, now illustrating the public service, that once adorned the catalogue of that collection of emulous young men. Eminent among these was Samuel Eells. A distinction was his, not fitful and occasional, but gracefully and firmly assured. With a mind capacious of the exact sciences and the material philosophies, he subordinated his acquisitions in these fields to the uses of a nature singularly, but beautifully and chastely æsthetic. The *Literæ Humaniores* were more congenial to his tastes as a scholar. He dwelt long and affectionately amid the vestiges of the classic civilizations. Here he nurtured his spirit; here his intellect wrought its discipline; hence he drew that wealth of illustration with which he illuminated and adorned whatever he touched.

Thus skilled and thus furnished, he entered the field of moral and political philosophy with the loving spirit of the artist, and moulded the elements of our Christian civilization into forms of phophetic beauty, which his earnest soul felt to be possible, nay, certain, to be realized in the social structures of the latter day. Nor was this, with him, a mere barren sentiment. His faith in human progress was a motive power, which commanded, on all suitable occasions, the wealthy contributions of his pen and his voice, in conservation and advancement of the useful, the generous, the humane. After graduation in 1832, during a course of professional study and a few years of practice in the Courts of Cincinnati, he was withdrawn from my personal observation. His reputation at the Bar, it is well known, was deservedly high, and, had he lived, would have realized the promise of his youth. But it gives me pleasure to be able to testify, of my own knowledge, that the technicalities of an absorbing profession were powerless to impair the genuineness of his manhood and the productiveness of his philosophy. At the frequent calls of literary associations, he graced the yearly festivals of the Universities of the country, where scholars love

to congregate; and thousands who annually throng these greater games of our American civilization, still hold in living memory the seed-thoughts commended to their keeping and nurture by the faultless elocution of Samuel Eells. But few letters passed between us, and those of a character strictly personal. I have nothing from his pen which could reasonably claim a place in the collection you propose to make. But as one of his early instructors, I have thus briefly, but heartily, answered your call for my impressions of his genius. As a mourner over his early grave, I have deeply felt that the world has need of such as he; but the Master who knows best had use for a beautiful spirit in another sphere.

Very truly, your friend,

J. H. Lathrop.

Similar testimony might be multiplied, were this necessary; but it is not. The name of Mr. Eells is still mentioned on College Hill with interest and pride, and the savor of his scholarship and talents continues as a part of the valued heritage of the institution he always honored and revered. The feelings with which, after completing his course of study, he looked forth upon life, are expressed in the closing sentiments of his Commencement address; and his personal affection for his associates found utterance in his Valedictory, neither of which were publicly delivered, for reasons mentioned already. An extract from this address will appropriately close what need be written respecting his college life.

"What the world now wants is not so much the discovery of 'new lights,' and the invention of new systems, as the dissemination of the knowledge which already exists treasured up only with the few. Six hundred millions of human beings are to be enlightened and redeemed. This is indeed a mighty work; but it is noble, glorious and worthy of the angels. Let then every man engage freely, cheerfully, and with all his powers, in elevating the social and moral condition

of his kind. Let the man of science task his highest energies, and multiply his acquisitions, and make it the business of his life to bring his fellow-beings to his own elevated standard. Let the statesman and the philanthropist take a discriminating and comprehensive survey of the world, and exert their united powers to relieve its wants, by throwing checks upon vice, and making universal the principles of rational liberty and of public and private virtue. Let the Christian gird on his armor and march forth to fight the battles of the 'King of kings,' and lead forward those mighty enterprises of Christian benevolence which the present age has thrown upon his hands. Let each one, with those means, and in that sphere, which God has allotted him, and with a lofty and pervading consciousness of the moral dignity of his nature, act as a denizen of the world; with his eye fixed on the substantial interests of the human race and on future times. Then, and not till then, will the lessons of ages be ripening on the human mind, and calling all of every name to the harvest of the world.

"There is nothing in the nature of this occasion which calls for unmanly tears or effeminate regrets. Let us reflect that we stand, this day, before that mighty theatre whose drama is Life, and whose audience the World; that it becomes us to gird ourselves for its scenes, and to place a firm and steady foot upon its threshold. We cannot, however, and we would not, repress the sympathies which refuse to permit us to be stoics. Associated as we have been in the elegant pursuits of literature and science, participating in the same labors and recreations, the same joys and sorrows, the same hopes and apprehensions; the ties of affection have entwined

themselves with every fibre of our hearts. Yet they must now be sundered, and others will move to the seats which we have vacated, and draw lessons of learning and wisdom from the pages over which we have so often and so fondly lingered, nursing their dreams of early hope and young ambition, and gathering the sunshine of a cloudless future to cheer them in the solitude of their nightly toil.

"But when our successors shall be thus acting over the scenes through which we have passed, and indulging the fond and fairy expectations which have thrown their fascination upon us, will our experience have proved that they were not the mockeries of life? After we shall have mingled in the busy scenes of the world, and felt its chilling influences, and memory shall steal back over the golden years of our early studies, like the breath of Heaven over the chords of some long-neglected harp, shall we not find that hope is brighter than reality, and that time fails to perform the promises of youth?

"Let us beware of those extravagant anticipations which are as fatal to individual happiness as to the welfare of society. We stand on the shore of an untried and broad ocean. Our barks lie at their moorings waiting to waft us on our voyage. As the word of parting dies upon the ear, they swing off upon the wave. Fancy follows them on their diverging courses, now riding the mountain billows, and now gliding over an unruffled sea till they are lost in the distance of the wide waste. We may never meet again; some of us may not even speak each other on the sea of life; still, let us hope this separation will not be eternal. We may be reunited in another and happier state of being. Let us prepare for that state by

the faithful and conscientious discharge of our duties to God and our fellow men. Life is not an empty pageant; and no man has the liberty to abuse it or to trifle it away. There are duties growing out of the humblest relations. Let us fulfill those devolved upon us with a sincere regard for the welfare of men, and according to the will of God. Then we shall meet again, where affection will be holy and perfect, and friendship unchanging and eternal; where the mysteries which now hang over the natural and moral world shall be gradually unfolding to our astonished view, and where we may range together as on angels' pinions and with an angel's rapture the regions of immorality. Till we thus meet, my beloved classmates, I bid you an affectionate and final farewell."

CHAPTER III.

HIS CONNECTION WITH THE ALPHA DELTA PHI SOCIETY.

THERE is a large body of educated men in this country, many of them among the most prominent in the departments of literature and science, and in the ranks of professional and political life, who will feel special interest in these reminiscences, as the name of Samuel Eells has become familiar to them from its repetition in scenes which they remember with pleasure. These are the members of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, an organization which has been of so much value to those who have been connected with it that it is cherished with peculiar affection and respect, even after college days have long been passed. It was with feelings of deepest interest that Mr. Eells watched the growing prosperity of this Society, although it was hardly beyond its infancy at the time of his death. He believed it would be greatly useful, and nothing accomplished by him afforded him such satisfaction as the promise of the several chapters which were bearing the spirit of *A. Δ. Φ.* into the leading colleges of the land.

He has given a short account of the circumstances which led to the formation of the Society; and as it will be read

with interest by those thus related, for whom, indeed, for the most part, this memorial is prepared, it has been thought there can be no impropriety in its insertion here. As it was written, however, amidst the pressure of other engagements and in haste, and as some parts of it are necessarily omitted, it will be seen that it is quite incomplete.

"When I entered Hamilton College in the year 1827, there were two Literary Societies in the institution, viz: the Phœnix and the Philopeuthian, afterwards called the Phi Gamma Alpha, and finally, from its junction with the Irving Society, the Union. Between these a strong and active rivalry had been maintained; and such, at the time I allude to, was their mutual jealousy and activity, that I almost determined to join neither. But importunity and persecution were only to be escaped by becoming attached to one or the other. I finally gave my name to the Philopeuthian; but the affairs of both had been so desperate during the unhappy condition of the college for some time previous to this year, that they prepared now for a mighty struggle for the vantage ground, as the whole institution seemed to breathe a new life. It is not necessary to detail the history of this struggle, which continued for three years, with abundant bitterness on both sides. So far was the competition carried that it took possession of the best academies in the State. Scarcely a student of any pretensions to scholarship presented himself for admission to college who had not been solicited by both Societies. The means of persuasion were often of the most unscrupulous kind. Neither side hesitated to make use of dissimulation and deceit, and degrading compliances, until college life exhibited a scene of jealousy and strife, in which he who could plan and

successfully execute a low manœuvre, or put upon a fabrication the guise of plausibility, became equally formidable to the opposite party and a favorite with his own. The effect of this state of things on the character of the students was deplorable, and among a few of us was a subject of common and frequent regret. It seemed to chill all the noble and generous affections of the youthful spirit, and destroyed or corrupted the very elements of honorable and manly character. Besides drawing off attention from study, it alienated bosom friends, divided classes, and embittered not only public exercises, but all associations for mutual improvement, whether moral, literary or religious. It was a contemplation of these and similar evils, that first suggested to me the idea of establishing a Society of a higher nature, and more comprehensive and better principles; one that should combine all the advantages of a union for intellectual and literary purposes, and at the same time maintain the integrity of youthful character, and cultivate those finer feelings which it was the effect of college societies in general to extinguish or enfeeble. The undertaking was an arduous one. The obstacles to be encountered were formidable enough from the very nature of the enterprise, and were rendered much more so by the general distrust with which I was aware the plan would be received by those on whom I mainly relied.

"In the first place, the new association must differ from others, in all points necessary to the exclusion of that jealousy and angry competition which I had always felt to be the bane of college life. In the second place, it must be built on a more comprehensive scale than other societies, in regard to its intellectual proportions; providing for every variety of

taste and talent, and embracing every department of literature and science. In the third place, it must be national and universal in its adaptations, so as not merely to cultivate a taste for literature or furnish the mind with knowledge; but with a true philosophical spirit looking to the *entire man*, so as to develop his whole being—moral, social and intellectual. In the fourth place, it must be made a living, growing, self-perpetuating institution, which can be done only by stamping its whole character and arrangements with a great and manifest superiority to other societies, and by attaching its members to it, by an indissoluble bond of union and binding them to real and personal interest in its welfare. Finally, its actual, visible organization must be deferred till the general plan can be thoroughly matured, every preliminary settled, every influence secured, that may enable the enterprise to command assurance of success.

Such is the outline of the Fraternity, as I had sketched it in the year 1830. But as yet it existed only in idea, when a circumstance induced me to hasten the attempt to clothe the idea with the outward forms of reality. In the fall of 1830, I think it was, a deputation from the Kappa Alpha of Union College endeavored, out of the two Literary Societies of Hamilton, to organize an associated branch of their own. The commission was executed with great secrecy, and but few students were consulted on the subject. I was one of these and I at once saw that it would interfere with my scheme. I found it necessary, therefore, to make a show of hesitation, with regard to the proposition, that I might, if possible, devise some way of defeating it. Most of those to whom the plan of the K. A. Society was disclosed, received it with favor; but

in a small, private meeting, held for deliberation, means were found of dividing our counsels. The whole project was abandoned, and the delegates withdrew, disappointed and chagrined. Immediately after this, I resolved to commence the trial of the new society. The first step was to select a very few of the most influential members of each Literary Society, to open to them cautiously the outlines of my plan, and enlist their co-operation. To my surprise, all approved it, and engaged in the undertaking with the utmost ardor. Secretly, and without any formal meeting, we pledged ourselves to the work. The first meeting was held at my room, No. 15, Back Middle, Kirkland Hall. All the persons selected were present; but as it was only a meeting for consultation, no presiding officer was appointed and no minutes were taken. At a subsequent meeting, Lorenzo Latham and myself were appointed a committee to report a constitution and a badge. The whole of the constitution, as at first adopted, was drawn up by myself. We also reported a number of devices for a badge; but none seemed to give entire satisfaction, and we were instructed to report again. In the second report, I submitted several new models, among which was the Star and Crescent. They were to be made of fine gold. On the front of the Star were to be the letters Δ. Σ. Φ., and on the reverse a monument, with the sword and spear crossing each other and lying over the monument, with the edge and point turned upward. In each horn of the Crescent a delicate gold chain was to be fastened, the two chains meeting in the center of the Star. On the reverse of the Crescent, the member's name was to be engraved.

"We were not entirely satisfied with this badge; but it was

the best that suggested itself at the time, and would answer a present necessity. It was, therefore, adopted, and for a year or more was worn as a pendant on the left breast, attached either to a guard-chain or a narrow ribbon. Just before I left college, in the year 1832, it was changed to the present form of the breast-pin."

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Whether the earnest desires of its founder have been realized in the history of the *A. J. Φ.* Society, the general character and success of its members, its uniformly high standing in the colleges where it has established chapters, and its present proud position, viewed from whatever point, may be taken as evidence. He thus bears witness to the advantage he himself had gained from it a short time before his death: "She has done much for me; I am indebted to her for many happy hours; for an acquaintance with many a true and noble spirit; for much social enjoyment; and for much of whatever I have received of intellectual culture; and if I ever forget her, 'let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth!'"

Could he witness what it has since done, and what it is; and look over the long list of honored names upon its catalogue, and know that no less enthusiasm and affection are manifested by those who now have its welfare in charge than were possessed by the early members, he would have occasion to feel, even more positively than he did, that in nothing does his influence live with more power for good, than in the brilliant advance of this Society. It has always been the ally and advocate of thorough education, causing its stimulus to be apparent in the career of its members. It has been the friend of

good order and just law in college discipline, by means unknown to others exerting its power in support of the right. It has promoted the purest and noblest friendship, by inspiring both confidence and love, and bringing men together in such a manner as to increase these for years. It has cultivated the most elevated morality, obliging those who are low or vicious among its brotherhood, to disregard its spirit and oppose its principles. In short, while professing no ability to communicate talent where it is not by nature, nor to remove depravity, which inheres in all, its history is proof that in a remarkable degree it has fulfilled the mission for which it was founded, in its effect on the whole man, and through individuals upon society.

By correspondence and personal effort, Mr. Eells aided in the formation of several Chapters, and saw them all make a most hopeful beginning. While residing in Cincinnati, in order that in company with some of his most valued and intimate friends he might enjoy the advantages of the Society, he established the Chapter in that city, composed chiefly of graduate members. Those who were favored with a place in that circle of talented men remember well the meetings, which so fully and beautifully exhibited, among kindred spirits, the peculiar benefits to be gained in no other company: while he himself was wont to regard them as second to none in their bearing upon his personal and professional career.

It is worthy of note that his first published literary address, after he entered public life, was delivered before the Miami Chapter of the Society, in September, 1836, as in that Chapter were some of his most cherished friends. The theme of this address, moreover, reveals his interest in thorough education,

suggested as it was, by the powerful attack made by the eloquent Grimke, a short time before, on the advantage of classical learning. It very properly has a place here, as the closing paragraphs make known his feelings respecting the Fraternity, and his ambition as to its influence.

ADDRESS

AT

MIAMI UNIVERSITY,

ON THE

STUDY OF THE CLASSICS.

GENTLEMEN:—You have called me to address your association on the interesting occasion of its first anniversary. I most gratefully acknowledge the honor of your confidence: I only regret that my ability to serve you is so much less than my desires, and that the duties of this occasion should have fallen upon one who can bring to their discharge little else than good intentions.

In casting about for a topic which might profitably occupy your attention for a few moments, I could not but reflect that the institution of which it is your good fortune to be members, is one erected on the most liberal foundation, and conducted by abilities every way equal to the task:—an institution for which the country has done much, and from which she expects much in return. Neither could I forget that here, in these halls, sacred to learning and education, there stood, not long since, one, who advocated an innovation upon the liberal course of instruction adopted here, so far as to exclude from that course the necessity of classical learning. We all

remember with what ability, with what learning, with what candor, with what earnest and fervid eloquence, he poured out on his favorite subject the riches of a mind, every movement of which showed how largely it was indebted to the very studies which it could so ably and eloquently oppose. Most grateful would it be to my feelings, to pause here; and drop a humble tribute to the memory of the scholar, the orator, the philanthropist, the Christian; the man whose public virtues were equaled only by his private worth; whom to know, was to venerate and to love.

Well may we apply the beautiful and pathetic lamentation of Horace over Virgil, to the lamented Grimke—

> "——— ——— ———, cui Pudor, et Justiae soror,
> Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
> Quando ullem invenient parem!
> Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit."

Let us tread lightly on the ashes of a good man. But to be human, is to be fallible: and he who is free from errors of judgment must be invested with the attributes of Omniscience. It is far from strange that an ardent and benevolent mind, catching eagerly the advancing and reforming spirit of the age, throwing all its godlike energies into the work of human regeneration, should sometimes pass the limits of moderation and jeopardize the very cause which it labors to build up. Impressed with the conviction that such was the case in the instance alluded to, I have thought that an examination of some of the most popular objections urged against the study of the ancient Classics as essential to a system of collegiate instruction, might not be unsuitable either to the place or the occasion.

Both history and philosophy teach us that the natural

tendency of the human mind is to extremes. This melancholy fact has ever proved itself the formidable enemy of man. In morals, politics and religion, it has defeated the best concerted schemes of improvement, and will probably work, more than all other causes, to subvert the future efforts of philanthropy, and to retard the moral and intellectual progress of the human race.

Advancement, doubtless, supposes correction, and reform; but how to correct with a skillful and safe hand—how to reform without demolishing, is a grand moral problem—probably one of the latest lessons man will ever learn.

It would be singular, indeed, if, in literature, especially in the history of modern improvements in education, it were not necessary to combat the same tendency to intemperate action: —that restless and revolutionary spirit, which, under the imposing name of reform, undertakes the most alarming innovations upon principles and systems which have stood the test of time and experience. In the English and German Universities, excellence in the Latin and Greek bears the palm of all acquirements. It continues to be the test of sound scholarship; and the pupil is required to spend from seven to fifteen years of the flower and vigor of his life in a course of study of which these languages form the principal part. The expediency of this course may reasonably be doubted. It may, perhaps, be considered the EXTREME on that side of the question; and is it strange that in this country, where it is modestly supposed that all improvements must originate, and all abuses must find reform if they find it at all, and we should push to the opposite error and as a cure for the evil of the system, propose to dispense with the system itself? Such is in

fact our real position. Though we have not paid to Classical Learning scarcely a tithe of the consideration with which it is regarded in the schools of Europe, we are now agitating it as a serious question whether it should not be entirely dispensed with as a necessary part of a liberal education.

We do not undertake, however, to give the arguments in support of Classical learning. Its friends stand on the defensive. Its claims have long been acknowledged and revered; and it is, perhaps, more easy, as well as more common, to collect the arguments in its favor, than to answer the popular objections with which it is assailed. These objections may be arranged under the following heads:

First. It is dangerous in its *moral tendencies.*

Second. It has little or no *practical utility.*

Third. It is not *American* in its character and objects.

Fourth. It is entirely useless to the great mass of the people.

Fifth. It occupies much time which might be more profitably spent in other studies.

Sixth. Ancient Literature is inferior to modern.

Of each of these in their order: and—First—It is objected to Classical Learning that in its tendencies and influence it is immoral and corrupting; and ought not, therefore, to be admitted in our schools and colleges. This we consider by far the gravest charge that has been brought against Classical Learning: the very "head and front of its offending;" and it certainly deserves the most serious consideration.

We might answer it in a short way by a single averment, viz: that every passage in the Classics objectionable on this ground may be omitted in the text books; and that in fact

many of them are omitted. That many passages still remain, particularly in the poets, open to the perusal of the young scholar, is only an argument that the work of expurgation should be carried farther than it is.

But, admitting the whole ground of the objection, it may be observed in the first place, that whatever views were held by the ancients on the great subjects of divine government and human duty, a judicious instruction may turn even their darkest superstitions to account, and subserve them to the best purposes of moral culture. And which is the more reasonable, To seal up the great intellectual storehouse of antiquity, or to take the youth by the hand and conduct him through its vast depositories of ancient learning, yet teaching him to separate the gold from the dross, and inculcating such lessons of practical morality as the mind naturally draws from a survey of the errors and vices, the follies and crimes of a barbarous and unenlightened age?

Let it not be said that this separation cannot be made. Moral good and evil are not so similar that they cannot be distinguished under a judicious system of education: and if, in the present state of society, with all its boasted light and improvement, with its high moral action and Christian institutions, we cannot admit the student to the treasures of Classical learning, spreading out before him all the vast variety of its golden stores, and at the same time shield him from their corrupting influences on the character, we may at once give up all moral training, and despair of the capabilities and destinies of the human race.

But in the next place, we observe that the immorality charged upon the ancient Classics is not peculiar to them. It

pervades to a greater or less extent every department of literature, ancient and modern. The literature of every age and people has always been more or less corrupt, and will continue to be so till that new cycle is performed which philanthropists look for, and which will evolve new elements and a new order of things in the history of human affairs. "Erras," says an ancient philosopher—"Erras, si existimas nostri saeculi esse vitium luxuriam et negligentiam boni moris, et alia quae objicit suis quisque temporibus. Hominum sunt ista non temporum: nulla aetas vacavit a culpa. Et si aestimare licentiam cujusque, saeculi incipias; pudet dicere nunquam apertius quam coram Catone peccatum est." The whole history of literature is a confirmation of these observations. The opposers of Classical learning would substitute the modern languages in place of the ancient: but their argument carried out would discard the former as well as the latter, and would doom all the glorious records which the human mind has left of itself on every age, to go down together into the same grave. They would rob every generation of the experience and wisdom of its predecessors; and each for itself must begin and build anew.

But how do we reason on this subject in educating our youth in the literature of the present age? Modern literature is, at least, as open to the objection of immorality as the ancient. The ephemeral productions of the periodical press, tales, novels, romances, plays for scenic representation, and the whole bibliothecary of the "ten times repeated trash," which load the shelves of our circulating libraries, and like the frogs and locusts which came up over the land of Egypt, find their way into every family and exhale universal pestilence,—*this* is the popular literature of the present day; and the best

which can be said of it is that under an elegant and alluring garb it addresses itself for the most part to weakness and folly, and often to the lowest sentiments and worst passions of human nature.

> "The flowers of eloquence profusely poured
> O'er spotted vice, fill half the lettered world."*

Even "Standard Authors," as their publishers christen them, are tolerated in masking the deformity of vice; in dressing up her haggard ugliness, and in presenting her to the youthful mind in all the bright coloring of genius, in the charms of style, imagination, beautiful language and excited sentiment. The Muse of Byron, whose enchantment no sensitive mind can escape, figures alternately as a dark and moody misanthrope and flippant blasphemer. Moore paints sensualism with a rainbow coloring and marries it to immortal verse. Bulwer, with a heaven-born genius that should soar like the eagle to its home, stoops to instruct men in the arts of

*The "short course," as it is called, of modern education, has grown out of the vast multiplication of reading matter, which, at the present time, is increasing beyond all former example. The world is flooded with "new works," and the ambition of authorship as well as the cupidity of booksellers is exhausted in new-vamping up their old wares so as to attract the public eye. So various and immense are the literary labors of this age, that the art of writing books is perhaps less difficult than the art of choosing them. But every thing cannot be studied, or even read; and it cannot be for a moment doubted that what is very aptly termed *light* literature, has an immense advantage over the more useful and substantial works of standard writers It is in a more popular form; it is cheaper in price; it is infinitely more common, meeting the eye at every turn; it costs no intellectual labor, while it sates the present appetency and often passes with the vulgar for extensive erudition. It is therefore easy to account for the glowing aversion to Classical studies,—a thing not less to be deprecated in itself than on account of its being an alarming indication of the state of the public mind. Its captivating and effeminate character is well set forth in the admonition of Grimæus: Ac dolet mihi quidem deliciis literarum inescatos subito jam homines adeo esse, praesertim qui Christianos esse profitentur, ut legere nisi quod ad presentem gustum facit sustineant nihil: inde et disciplina et philosophia ipsa jam fere prorsus, etiam a doctis negligentur. * * * * Pertinax res barbaries est fateor; sed minus potest tamen quam illa persuasa literarum prudentior si *ratione* caret sapientiæ virtutisque specie misere lectores circumducens.—*Preface to Plato.*

seduction and highway robbery—to teach him who stabs his neighbor how to

> Stab him *politely*, and return the sword.
> Reeking into the sheath, with graceful air.

And even Shakspeare himself—who enshrined as much of the "divinity of genius" as ever was given to one man,—has immortalized indecency and played pander to the courtly dissipation and licentious manners of the age.

To graver authors, the objection lies with no less force. Pope, Gibbon, Hume, D'Alambert, Voltaire, Rousseau, Shaftsbury, Bolingbroke, and a host more, who, either openly or covertly, have attacked Christianity with diversified paradox, or subtle sophism, or pompous declamation, or ribald philosophy, are ranked among our literary masters. What then? Must we deny our youth all access to these renowned authors and exclude them from our libraries because they occasionally inculcate a loose or doubtful morality? Plato expelled all poets from his imaginary republic, because two lines were found in Homer's Illiad which seemed to favor the doctrine of hereditary succession: and he would show equal reason who should banish from the republic of letters all these great masters of modern literature because they have sometimes shown an unsound faith, or perverted the noble faculties with which they were endowed; or who should debar the student from the riches of Classical learning for the reason that it abounds with similar examples of unenlightened, or of perverted genius.

We would treat the young student in the one case precisely as in the other. We would uncover the whole perilous field before him where, sooner or later, he must wage a moral conflict;

a conflict which will try the soul; a conflict with Sophistry and Error and Vice and Folly and false Doctrine. But we would not have him enter that field unarmed. We would gird him with Truth, Conscience, Principle, Example, Admonition—a moral panoply of celestial temper, and then send him out to take the chances of the battle. The soldier who is disciplined in camps and conflicts, is he who faces the front of peril, and tramples on the neck of the foe. The mariner who is *apprised* of the dangers of the ocean, is he who will be best prepared to fight with its storm and its tempest, and to outride its elemental war. That is a false view of human nature which proposes to shut it out from moral evil by holding it in ignorance; by fettering its active energy and its inquiring, free spirit. Virtue, to be firm and enduring, must be reared amidst difficulty, trial, temptation, discipline; and we hold that theory of education to be radically defective which would exclude all the learning of antiquity, or the learning of any age or nation on account of its objectionable morality, instead of pointing out its dangers and providing for them.*

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*In confirmation of the view here taken, I cannot omit quoting a most beautiful and powerful passage from Milton, whom Sir William Jones pronounced to be the most perfect scholar England had ever produced. "*Laudatus a laudato viro.*"

"He that can apprehend and consider vice with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet distinguish, and yet abstain, and prefer that which is truly better, he is the true way-faring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue that never sallies out and sees her adversary. That which is a youngling in contemplation of evil and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers and rejects it, is a *blank* virtue—not a pure. Since therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice in this world is so necessary to the constitution of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely scout into the regions of sin and falsity than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason. * * * Why should we then affect a rigor contrary to the manner of God and of nature, by abridging or scanting those means which books, freely permitted, are both to the trial of virtue and the exercise of truth? * * * Were I the chooser, a dram of well-doing should be preferred to twenty times as much forcible hindrance of evil-doing. For God surely esteems the growth and completion of one virtuous person, more than the restraint of ten vicious."—*Speech for the liberty of printing.*

But what is the precise scope of the objection? There are many departments of liberal learning, which, from their very nature, stand almost entirely disconnected with either morals or manners; efforts of pure intellect, which neither reflect the social state of society nor the moral features of the age. Let such portions of Classical literature be stripped of the fabulous mythology in which their authors occasionally indulged, not so much a matter of belief as a literary embellishment, and an accommodation to the popular tastes and traditions, and we presume no scholar will contend that their moral tendencies are not as pure and as elevated as those of the corresponding branches of polite learning in any nation or age. And what shall we say of those who were moral teachers by profession? What of the practical morality of the ancient Classics as it was inculcated by such masters as Pliny the younger, Cicero, Seneca, Isocrates, Plato, Epictetus? Judiciously inculcated and pruned of the redundancies of a mind divinely imaginative, as well as acutely philosophical, we know no system of ethics, always excepting that of Christianity, so well adapted to the formation of the moral character, as the sublime philosophy of Plato. What ennobling and inspiriting views does he give of the capabilities and destinies of human nature! How highly does he teach us to venerate its spiritual part, and to fit it for a future and a better state! With what philosophic firmness does he teach us to subdue evil passions and to train the body into its office as a servant and minister to the soul! How affectionately does he discourse of death, immortality, and the glorified state of the departed just, often asserting that the whole business of life is to learn to die, and that philosophy itself is but a preparation for death! Let

him who decries what he contemptuously styles "Pagan Philosophy," as if to allow any gift of light to natural reason were to sully the divine glories of Christianity, study carefully the Phaedon of Plato. Let him ponder well the discourse which the admiring disciple puts into the mouth of Socrates before his taking of the poison; and he will rise from the perusal, a better man;—better qualified for his duties, and for that immortality which the philosopher so ardently labors to establish.

The objection lies mainly, then, to the *poetry* of the ancient Classics, and here particularly to the *fabulous mythology* on which Classic poetry is built. This system, with all its fanciful creations, its orders of gods and goddesses, which are generally supposed to have been worshipped as *bona fide* deities by idolatrous antiquity, is looked upon as a most disgusting and horrible element of Classic literature; and as it pervades to a greater or less extent every species of ancient poetry is thought sufficient to condemn the whole to reprobation and oblivion.

We observe, first, upon this argument, that it lies more in theory than in practice. There is no reason to suppose that the student of ancient poetry contemplates its mythology in any other light than as an ingenious and fabulous system, which, however effectually it might have addressed itself to the ardent and imaginative genius of the early ages, has long since exploded and vanished into thin air, before the power of Christianity and the light of reason and knowledge.

It certainly will not be seriously contended that he will be seduced by the example of the ancients into idol worship, or a

belief in the degrading doctrines of polytheism. He knows that the orators, historians and philosophers, treated the popular superstitions with the utmost contempt; and that even the poets themselves often held them up to ridicule and scorn. With these views, he either neglects the whole system, or studies it simply in its connection with the philosophy of the human mind, or as an interesting portion of literary history.

But, secondly, we observe that the popular impression on this subject is erroneous. Few have studied the system either in its influence or origin; yet many pronounce upon it boldly and indignantly without knowing what they say, nor whereof they affirm. Yet this same Pagan Mythology, which is generally taken for an epitome of all in human nature that is absurd and revolting—this frightful monster, this horrible and incomprehensible "Demogorgon" looming up out of ancient time, had a natural, shall we say,—a *necessary* origin in the simplest principles and the warmest impulses and affections of our common nature.

Man, in the early ages, was a creature of feeling, imagination, passion: and Greece, "the land of his sweet and early prime," where nature was a mirror of Paradise, and had spread out all her varieties of the grand, and the beautiful, and the fair,—where "the very air was music, and light was like the colorings of love,"—Greece, with her soft climate and sunny skies, with her mountains and rivers and green vales, with her beautifully indented coast everywhere penetrated by that placid and lake-like sea, this was the country where all that was warm, and grand, and high, in feeling and genius sprung at once into perfection. The early Greek felt all these influences,

which touched him as with the finger of the Divinity, and harmonized his spirit to the beauties of the visible world. So intense was their action upon his ardent and imaginative nature—so much had they to do in determining his condition and happiness, that he could hardly fail to conceive of them as emblems of the Divinity; or as supernatural agents acting either for good or for evil in the common concerns of humanity. But these agents were spiritual, intangible, evanescent. He therefore sought to invest them with some visible, material form: something on which the mind might retain a hold; and which should render the communion of the spirit with nature both more perfect and permanent. Invention lent her aid; and the spiritual conception found a material representation in effigies of clay, or wood, or the rude stone. But even these were imperfect, and gross, and scarcely approaching the long-cherished archetypes of the Ideal, the Beautiful, the Immortal. Genius and skill were added; then the altar smoked, and the column rose; the canvas glowed with art; and even the cold marble was wakened into life and "bid to breathe eternity of love." Hence originated pictorial and sculptural design: and in this sense, it is fact, and not Classic fable merely, that the fine arts are the daughters of Love. Among the early Greeks, these forms were merely "*simulacra Deorum*," emblems of divine agency; and can be considered as nothing less than the offspring of a sentiment of natural piety. The sentiment itself was good; and contributed, no doubt, in the absence of divine revelation, to strengthen the moral faculty and the sense of dependence upon Providence. But the multitude of these ages gradually lost the end in the means; and having their understanding

darkened, "worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator."*

Such is the foundation of the Classic mythology. It took its origin from the simplest and best feelings, as well as the highest aspirations and noblest faculties of human nature. The spirit of man, longing for the *To Kalon*,—the higher and more perfect Beauty, which seemed but dimly represented and shadowed forth in the loveliness of the material world, sought, first, for some impersonation of human affections, or of the power and excellence of the Divinity. Then, it peopled the earth, the air, the waters, with supernatural agents, whether beneficent or malign: gave to every wood a Nymph; to every fount a Naiad: next, it breathed immortal in the creations of nature and art—

"The half-wakened sleepers of marble, the statues of gods and the god-like;"

and, finally,—its great crowning work,—it gave to Greece a literature, copious, graceful, original; wonderfully exuberant both in language and materals: now reflecting from its beautiful and transparent depths, all the loveliness of the visible

*Plutarch expressly disclaims idol-worship, and gives us the enlightened sense of all antiquity on the subject of the fabulous mythology:

"Philosophers," he says, "honor the representation of the Deity everywhere, even in inanimate beings; consequently more in those that have life. We are therefore to approve, not the worship of those animals, but those who *by their means ascend to the Deity*. They are be considered as so many mirrors which nature holds forth, in which the Supreme Being always displays himself in a wonderful manner, or as instruments which he makes use of to manifest outwardly his incomprehensible wisdom."—*Isis and Osiris.*

To the same effect we might adduce passages from Homer, Hesiod, Lucretius, Ovid, Horace, Statius, and Lucian. The latter poet gives the sentiment of all:

"Qui finxit sacros auro vel marmori vultus
Non facit ille Deos."

Pliny, the younger, in a letter to a young friend going into Achaia, writes thus: "Revere the gods—the founders of the free states of Greece—the *sacred influences which those gods represent*, the ancient glory of Greece, and that very old age, which in man is venerable—in cities, sacred."

world; and now revealing with equal fidelity and distinctness whatever is great and excellent in the mind of man;—its mysterious workings,—its divine aspirations and imaginings —its

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears;"

—a Literature that has stood both the model and the material for that of all after time;—which succeeding ages, not dreaming to excel, have thought it sufficient glory to emulate and praise.

We come now to consider the Second objection—which is, that Classical Learning is not practical. The spirit of the age, it is said, is *practical*. Talents must now be turned to account. Education must now become *useful;* and it is folly to spend years in treasuring up a useless mass of dead learning which has no direct bearing upon the concerns and business of life.

The objection assumes that nothing is practical which cannot be turned to purposes of immediate utility; and of all the loose and dangerous doctrines of an age fruitful in absurdity, we hold this to be one of the most pernicious and alarming. It marks a rapid degeneration of public taste; the prevalence of a gross and sordid spirit; and though professing to adapt education to the necessities of the times, it is really the index of a state of public sentiment every way unfavorable to the cultivation of liberal learning. If those who imagine themselves to be the exclusively practical men, admit any utility in knowledge apart from its physical results, they are asked to consider that *all knowledge is connected:* that whenever a new idea or principle is acquired, it does not stand in the mind isolated and independent, but amalgamates with all previously acquired knowledge, and

multiplies itself indefinitely. Painting and Music may furnish an illustrative analogy. He who has reflected upon the internal process, while looking at a splendid picture, or listening to a fine strain of music, has found that it is not the mere disposition of light and shade, or the simple melody and concord of sweet sounds which chiefly pleases him. The effect is rather that of *resemblance* and *association;* which bring up before his imagination the pleasant landscapes, the beauties of nature and art, the scenes of our early days; our own long-lost feelings, and glimpses of all beautiful prospects in the universe of matter and of mind. Thus it is with the subjects of intellection. All the branches of Literature and Science are mutually dependent and associated;—a connection beautifully expressed by an old poet:—

> "O, blessed letters that combine in one
> All ages past, and make one live with all:
> By you do we confer with all who are gone,
> And the dead living unto council call:
> By you the unborn shall have communion
> With what we feel, and what doth us befall."

There is philosophy as well as poetry in this view. The connecting principle of which we speak is *Truth*,

> "Which fills, which bounds, connects and equals all."

Truth, which, however its votaries or their systems may change, or however party-colored it may appear as descried by our naturally infirm and filmy vision, is itself one indissoluble and eternal:—the essence of all good whether in intellect or morals.*

*What is philosophy but the development of Truth in the numberless relations of cause and effect? What is history but the Truth of man's social condition and progress, recorded for the generations to come? What is poetry, even in its most rapt and wild imaginings, but the faithful and TRUE expression of the world without or the world within? In painting and sculpture, what is the rule of beauty but Truth?—Truth in form, feature, attitude, and expression, and even in those exquisite touches of genius—those combinations of ideal perfection, in which Art is said to excel Nature, and to

This is the view which was taken by Burke and Sir Francis Bacon. It was apprehended even by Cicero; and though he applied it only to the sciences, he might have extended it to all the subjects of literature and art, and to the whole circle of human knowledge.

But what has this view to do with Classical Learning? Much every way. We have set forth a universal, vital relation throughout the whole economy of mind. We have seen that all learning is useful and practical as discovering Truth: that in the language of that great practical statesman Edmund Burke, "there is no knowledge which is not valuable:" that as the bee flits over field and forest, and extracts honey from every flower which opens its petals to the sun, so genius wings the universe of thought, and gathers its aliment from universal mind,—the wealth of intellect and literature in all ages and nations.

It may be observed on the subject of practical knowledge that many species of learning which often seem least applicable to practice, are conducive, physically and palpably, to purposes of utility. Theory must ever precede practice.

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transcend her own model? What, too, are fiction and the drama but strong and vivid portraitures of Truth as exhibited in the ever-varying aspects of humanity and collisions of man with man? Nay; what is religion itself, but a pure, practical faith in the Truth of man's moral nature? How obvious it is that in *all* the branches of human science, there is a principle of consanguinity; and that in whatever direction we prosecute our inquiries, with a sincere and enlightened love of truth, our labors cannot be useless. The language of Cicero on this subject is express and beautiful: "Etenim omnes artes quae ad humanitatu tam pertinent habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur."—*Oratio pro Arch.*

To the same effect are the words of Thomas Fuller—a sterling writer of the seventeenth century, who applies the observation directly to the study of the Classics: "However we must know that all learning which is but one grand science, hath so homogeneal a body, that the parts thereof do with a mutual service, relate to and communicate strength and lustre to each other. * * * * On the credit of the Latin tongue, we may trade in discourse all over Christendom; but the Greek, though not so generally spoken, is known with no less profit and more pleasure."—*Fuller's Holy State.*

Principles must be ascertained before they can be practically applied. This is manifest from the whole history of society, as well as from the reason itself of the thing. What are all the improvements and inventions of modern times of which we boast so much, and which we arrogantly set down to the credit of this practical age, but the results of study and philosophy carried out into useful operation and brought to bear upon the necessities and wants of men? Nor is it the *immediate* result to which we are to look as the measure of utility. Years—ages may elapse before an invention in art, or a discovery in science can be turned to any practical account; and yet we may be certain that whenever we are put in possession of a new principle, that principle will aid in the investigation of others, and be brought in some way and at some period to subserve useful and important purposes. About six hundred years before the Christian era, Thales of Miletus, Pythagoras and others ascertained certain truths relative to space and quantity. More than three hundred years afterwards, Euclid collected these propositions, added others, and arranged and digested the whole into a science. How long was it before this science was pressed into the service of Natural Philosophy, and brought to demonstrate the laws of pressure, attraction, revolution, and the various branches of practical mechanics? How long may the chemist question the elements by acid and crucible before he can elaborate a single medicative compound, or detect a single property or principle which he can subserve to the healing art? But there is no necessity to multiply examples. The whole history of mechanical invention and of the useful arts demonstrates the fallacy of the popular notion that no

knowledge is practicable which is not of direct and palpable utility.*

"But surely Classical Learning has never been applied either more or less directly to these purposes. It has never abridged human labor, or facilitated commerce, or aided the useful arts, or even furnished the science of these great means for the promoting of human happiness."

True, Classical Learning has not done much for the useful arts, nor has it consulted, directly, the outward and physical condition of man. But what if it have done infinitely more than this! What if, in discarding mere matters of physical convenience, or rather, in leaving them to be supplied by other agents, it have performed a higher office and acted directly upon the intelligent and moral nature of man? What if it have enlarged and enlightened the soul, and invigorated the understanding, and stored the mind with imperishable wealth,—the riches of thought and knowledge? Is there nothing practical or useful in all this? Or must we degrade our nature by the admission that its highest well-being consists in the satisfaction of its bodily wants and in its sensual gratifications?†

*It is not common even to the reflective part of mankind to consider how much of what is called practical knowledge, depends either directly upon abstruse science, or indirectly upon those habits of mind which are induced by liberal and laborious studies. Physical improvements are obvious and stand out to the eye; while the moral *causes* which produced them often lie unheeded in the back-ground; in the solitary speculations of the closet, or the dry pages of philosophy. "Plato," says Aristocles, "if any man ever did, philosophised acutely and perfectly; and he held that the knowledge of abstract truth must precede the knowledge of human things." And is it not worthy of being observed, that in all ages, those whose labors have been most practically useful to society—who have blessed it with wise laws, and good institutions, who have founded states and conducted them to prosperity and honor, have been those who were most acute in abstract speculations.

†How narrow and fallacious is this popular idea of utility which assigns the first place to the mechanical operators, and ranks the intellectual and reflective part of mankind as mere drones in the hive, subsisting on the labors of the industrious and

The true doctrine on this subject must be clear. That art or that branch of learning is most practical, which, whether proximately, or remotely, compasses the greatest amount of human happiness: and, as intellectual is infinitely superior to mere animal pleasure, the man who has revealed one new and sublime truth, or obtained the mastery over a single bad passion, or taken a single step in the advancement of his rational nature, has wrought out more of absolute utility, than if he had constructed a machine which should traverse sea and land on the wings of the wind, or pour out wealth like a flood into the lap of the nation.

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the useful. According to this view, a Newton, investigating the law of gravity and exploring the mechanism of the heavens was an idle theorist: while the operator who got out the brass and the wood for his telescopes, or the vagrant huckster who supplied the philosopher's closet with a corn-broom, was infinitely the more practical man of the two. Scaliger defends the metaphysical subtleties of the schoolmen from the charge of inutility, on the ground of their being *a salutary discipline of the mind;* and satirically observes that though they were not very useful in constructing machines for grinding corn, they were nevertheless instrumental in clearing the mind from the rust of ignorance and unskilfulness and making it acute for other things. "Harum indagatio subtilitatum, et si non est utilis ad machinas farinarias confleiendas exuit animum tamen inscitiæ rubigine, acuitque ad alia." The observation is very just: but how much more applicable to the Classics than the misty metaphysics of the sixteenth century! And how wide is the view of the great Italian scholar from the meagre utilitarianism of the present day! "Even the professional man," says our *practical* educator, "will not have occasion for the use of Classical learning perhaps twenty times in the whole course of his life." This may be, or it may not be. There is not a subject in the whole range of Morals, Polities, Literature or Philosophy, in the treatment of which he may not draw copiously upon the ancients, either for argument, embellishment, illustration or authority; how often he will resort to them for these purposes, will depend upon his taste, his education, and that sort of capacity which can transmute all kinds of knowledge into the means and instruments of its capital ends. But we may ask how *many* branches of knowledge *does* he pursue with the expectation of turning them to direct account in his profession or in the conduct of life? Is it for this purpose that he studies Mathematics, or Metaphysics, or Chemistry, or Natural Philosophy? Will he bring his diagrams into the Senate, or spread out his algebra to a jury, or discourse Metaphysics from the pulpit, or Natural Science at the bed-side of the sick? It is not manifest that the whole philosophy and plan of education proceeds upon the principle that the great object to be attained is not the mere cumulation of knowledge to be drawn out for use as the occasion calls for in after life,—but to "sharpen the mind for other things;"—*to form it to certain tastes and habits* which will enable it to act on all subjects with that precision and effective energy which always mark a cultivated understanding?

But with this higher order of utility, the calculating, lucre-loving spirit of this age has nothing to do. It is yet clamorous for *practical* knowledge; and by practical knowledge, it means that which consults the lowest part of human nature:—which can be forced into some elaborate scheme for the economizing of physical power, or for administering to the animal appetites and passions: not considering that the spiritual part of man is better than the physical, and that whatever weans the mind from matter and from sense, and attaches it to universal Truth, and to that perfect and transcendant goodness which is its offspring, is *practical* in the highest and best sense of the term.

The Third objection which we were to notice is, that Classical Learning is *Un-American;* and that it belongs to us to "redeem education from the thraldom of European theories and European authority." "Let us learn,"—we quote the words of the argument—"that Education with us, like society, government, religion, must be *essentially American* and not European: that it must partake deeply and extensively of the vital spirit of American institutions: that it must, in order to ensure its durability and usefulness, be adapted to our state of society, forms of government and modes of religion: and that this conformity can never be discovered, much less preserved by any imitation of European plans."* And what then? Are we to discard a branch of education from our schools because it can be applied equally well to the schools of other countries? Is this the meagre and exclusive system of education to which we are commended;—and is this the philanthropic and liberal spirit which we are to inculcate

*See Grimke on Science and Literature, Preface p. 5.

upon American youth? If the argument be well grounded, what branch of science or of liberal learning is there which it will not sweep away? Who will contend that Painting and Music, that Sculpture and Architecture are peculiarly American? And are we therefore to shut our eyes upon all those beautiful and grand creations—productions of the finest minds—those master-pieces of genius, imagination and taste which have survived the lapse of ages and the decay of empires, for the reason that they are not the product of American soil, or peculiar to American institutions? Again, what is there in the studies of natural science peculiar to ourselves? Are not chemical affinities and proportions, the principles of mechanics, and the laws of matter, the same over the world, and as properly a part of education in Turkey or Russia as in Republican America? And what if, on this account, we should be asked to turn our backs upon those vast treasures of wisdom and knowledge which have been unlocked by science and philosophy;—to shut and seal up the great volume of Nature, whose pages have been opened by the hands of such as Bacon and Wollaston, and Davy and Buffon and Cuvier? It forms then no solid argument against the ancient Classics as a part of education, that it is not American:—that it is as well adapted to foreign and despotic institutions as to our own. Not American! So neither is the light of heaven; or the common air; or the rain, or the sunshine, which carpet our fields with verdure, and cause our hills and valleys to smile and rejoice; and why is it not as reasonable to undervalue these common blessings of a beneficent Providence because they are not exclusively ours, as those nobler endowments of the soul,—reason, imagination, language—the common birthright and inheritance of man?

We would not be supposed to believe that the reformers would reform away all these essential elements in our systems of public education. Yet consistency would require nothing less than this; and we have endeavored to show the fallacy of the argument by following it out into its legitimate results: and by showing that its tendency is to illiberalize the mind and to throw the world back at once upon primeval darkness and barbarism.

The true doctrine on this subject appears to be, that wherever there is a noble exertion of human intellect—wherever *mind* has left a monument of itself, whether in art, letters or science; wherever, in short, there has been a triumph of the spiritual over the physical, it is to be set at its own intrinsic value, without regard to age, language, creed, or clime. What has the intellectualist or the educator to do with those conventional divisions, those strips of land or water, or those diversities of dialect or custom, which divide the world, and split up the great brotherhood into clans and factions? It is his to range the wide universe; and all nations and ages lie in his field of view. From all he gathers instruction, with all, he claims sympathy and communion. He reveres *Mind*—universal mind; without stopping to inquire whether it has flashed through the familiar drapery of his own language, or upon what age it has shed its divine illuminations.

Nearly allied to this is the Fourth objection: That Classical Learning, with all the labor and care with which it must be maintained, has done, and can do little or nothing for the interests of the people. "What," it has been triumphantly asked, "What is the value of human learning if it do not

bless as well as adorn society—if it enlighten its professors only, and not the people? Is it only a matter of speculation for the intellectual powers of man, or of entertainment for his taste? Can its sublimity and beauty be just objects of admiration, unless it improve the condition of the ignorant and oppressed, while it enlightens and corrects, refines and elevates those on whom the future progress and character of society depend? No. The true glory and excellence of science consists in its aptitude to meliorate the condition of man, and to promote substantial practical improvement in the education and government of the people." Again: "It," that is American education, "ought to be eminently adapted to our development and progress, to the improvement and preservation of our institutions—in a word, to the great truth —*the people govern*. Our schools are for the education of the people; our colleges are for the education of the public servants and professional agents of that people. But all have one end—one object, *the good of the people*. The youth in our colleges should be educated on this great principle, that the religious and political departments are *everything*, the Classics and mathematics comparatively—*nothing*."*

In these views, which contain much of both truth and sophistry, we have the great popular argument against the study of the Classics. Passing over its *ad captandum* character, let us

*See Grimke's Address before the Literary and Philosophical Society of South Carolina, p. 8—also Grimke on Science and Education—Preface.

It is to be observed that the opposition to the Classics was followed up almost simultaneously and with equal vigor by an attack upon the Mathematics. This is precisely what might have been expected: for their claims and character are very similar. In fact they are brethren. They have grown up side by side, and if one is to be banished, it is fit and proper that the other should be the companion of its exile. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they ought not to be divided.

examine the foundation on which it is built. If it be intended by the argument that Classical Learning is not accessible to the majority of the people, we cheerfully concede the fact, together with every consequence which properly flows from it. But in the same sense, we may say with equal truth that philosophy, that the fine arts, that the various branches of natural science are not useful to the people. To make all men good Classical scholars would be as impracticable as to make them all sculptors, or poets, or artisans. The division of labor is as necessary in the pursuits of intellect and education as in those of commerce and agriculture; and the number of those who devote themselves to literature and science must of necessity be small in comparison with the multitudes who must be engaged in the common occupations and the useful arts of life. Accordingly, the few have in every age been made the depositaries of knowledge; while the practical benefits of their laborious studies have accrued to the many. What would have been the condition of the people at this moment, had it not been for the labors of such as Gallileo, Hervey, Davy, and Bacon—men who have been set apart, as the ancient Levites were set apart for the sacred office, to become the priests and interpreters of nature; to subject her mighty but invisible agents to human control and to all the purposes of common life? Our universities and colleges are, emphatically, the institutions of the people: established and endowed for them; and it is for their benefit that all their great and legitimate objects should be fully carried out. They are the conservatories of the people's literature; the seminaries of the popular mind. There is not an individual of the people, not the meanest, but has an interest in the prosperity of that

literature; in its large and vigorous spirit, in its disciplinary and humanizing influence upon national character and manners; in the means which it provides for the training of the intellect of the rising generation; and in the rich and glorious prospects which it spreads out for the generations to come. The Classic wealth, too, which belongs to that literature, and which it has inherited from ancient times, with all its rich and eloquent thought, with its chaste and beautiful models of fine writing, with its severe taste, with its philosophic and political wisdom, its sateless and upward spirit, its rejoicing sympathy with all that is grand and fair in art or in nature, all this is their's also: not indeed in their heads, but in their hands, and under their direction. We therefore say truly, that our colleges and universities are the institutions of the people; that their professors are the agents of the people; to preserve for them and for their children, the seeds of science, and to perpetuate those pursuits of liberal learning, which they cannot aid in their individual capacity, and by their own personal service.

If Classical Learning can be discarded *here*, how, we ask, is it to survive to any useful purpose,—how, indeed, to be preserved from final and entire extinction? We are aware that the reformers provide it a refuge from this fate, by committing it to such private citizens as have time and fortune which they can expend in nothing else. Strange inconsistency! They vilify and abuse it, degrade it into utter worthlessness, proclaim it an outlaw from a system of liberal instruction, with due form and solemnity, and then by way of semi-atonement for this Vandalism, commit it to the taste and leisure of certain private country gentlemen, to whom they

give it in pious charge to remember its virtues: that, like Othello, it—

"Has done the state some service,"

and it grieves them sorely to see it utterly exterminated:—much like the French tyrant in the revolution, who always smiled at the fate of his victim, and recommended the wretch to mercy in the very breath that sentenced his head to the block.

But we go a step further, and say that the American people are directly, peculiarly interested in the preservation of Classical Learning in our public institutions. Ours is emphatically a *free* people: and the whole of ancient literature is inspired—instinct with the very fire and spirit of liberty. We do not go to the literature of hoary and tottering despotisms to teach our youth the art of tyrannizing over subject and suffering humanity, or to catch the cringing, servile spirit of unconditional submission. We go to the literature of a people who inhaled the first breath of freedom; with whom every barren rock and every green valley was thought worthy to be redeemed by blood; a people to whom the love of country was dearer than the love of life; and who have left the memorials of that love upon a thousand battle-fields, where foe grappled fast with foe, and where the firm and unfaltering resolve was—to conquer, or to die. "The country of Greece! what is it," asks Coleridge in the genuine spirit of a scholar, "what is it but the country of the Heroes, from Codrus to Philopœmen?—and so it would be though all the sands of Africa should cover her corn-fields and olive-gardens, and not a flower were left on Hymettus for a bee to murmur in."

The theories of popular government in Greece and Rome were indeed defective. They were struck out with no model; and unaided by any practical lessons of political experience, they proved insufficient to control the fierce and strong passions of the age. But the spirit in which they were conceived, was worthy of the freedom which they were intended to preserve. It was *genuine republicanism;* and the poetry, history, eloquence and philosophy of the Greeks and Romans were all rife with the republican spirit. Never was there a more generous and unbounded admiration paid to the talents and services of public men. The popular orators were greeted with acclamation when they entered the assemblies of the people; deeds of valor were immortalized in song: those who returned successful from battle were committed to canvas and marble; and all who deserved well of their country, whether in the senate or in the field, were thought worthy of a place among the gods. This sentiment of country moreover, was a universal and popular sentiment. It was as deep and as strong in the hardy peasant who tilled the barren fields of Attica, as in the acute and polished Athenian who deliberated in the public assemblies, or gathered wisdom from the lips of sages in the Porch of the Academy. The charge of the Spartan mother to her son as she buckled on his armor and sent him out to the field of glory, to "come back *with* it, or *on* it," was but the expression of a strong national feeling which pervaded all Greece from the Mediterranean to the mountains.

Our own political institutions are intimately related to those of republican antiquity. Their genius is the same. Their objects are the same. All the great principles on which they

proceed are the same: and unless we take lessons from their experience,—drawing thence, as Livy admonishes us, both what we should imitate, and what we should avoid,—their corruption and fate will be the same. Our Federal Constitution! that Constitution in which the genius of the nation lives and moves and has its being—under whose benignant care we have spread out into a great and strong nation; which is enriching us with the art and opulence of every quarter of the globe:—which is developing our character and resources with such amazing rapidity:—which is blessing us with all the institutions of social and civilized and Christian life, and which holds out the same rich inheritance to children and to children's children through all coming time; what is that Constitution but the collected and applied wisdom of the past?—the result of a succession of experiments upon that theory of popular government which had its origin in the states of Greece; and which, having been repeated with foul disaster from age to age, has been finally purged of its corruptions, and is now to be tried over, once for all, here in the New World? Let our youth apply themselves to the study of that Constitution—not in its letter only, but in its spirit and principles, in their practical bearings, and their applicability to new and untried states of society. Let them be taught to reverse those examples of heroic and stern patriotism which Classic literature has embalmed on its glowing and immortal pages, and, with a large view of human interests, to trace back our own freedom—that freedom for which our fathers bled at Bunker Hill, at Brandywine, and at Yorktown, and to connect and identify it with the same which was fought for by the heroes of Classic story; by those who fell at

Tanegra and Artemisium, at Marathon and Thermopylæ. Our political theory we have derived from republican antiquity. Our liberty is but the resuscitation of her liberty. Our system is her system pruned of its tendencies to excess, rectified by practical reason, and sobered by time and experience. The framers of the Federal Constitution made themselves familiar with that system in its genius and practical operations. Its free spirit,—the vital principle,—they drank at the fountain. They questioned in their own language the chroniclers of that distant age. They were about laying the foundations of a mighty empire, and on this new and great work they sought the light of example, and consulted as an oracle the experience of the past. They traveled back over the waste of ages, and stood before the temple of liberty as it was built by the early men. They studied well that ancient structure, as it rose from the hands of the architects, all beautiful in its proportions, and resplendent in the soft light of a Grecian heaven. They saw it, too, leaning and tottering on its base; and they flew to the tumbling ruins, and snatched thence column, and shaft, and capital, and with these trophies of its departed glory, and by the light of its funeral flames which blazed to the skies, they reared in the New World a fabric whose top should reach to heaven, and under whose shadow the nations should come and repose.

Could the minds of *American* youth be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Classic Literature, it might furnish an antidote to many of our political sins. Demosthenes, on one occasion, told the Athenians, that they were more ready to *praise* than to imitate the virtues of their ancestors. Must we not apply to ourselves the reproach of the ancient orator?

Who has not marked the wide difference between our principles and our practice; and our rapid degeneration from the standard of revolutionary patriotism? Who has not lamented the influence of sectional attachments and jealousies,—the universal, grasping ambition for power and place—the hot and angry spirit of partisan warfare; and even the greatness itself of the country, which weakens the patriotic sentiment by stretching it over a compass too large for its loving and warm embrace? But from the action of all these causes upon the youthful mind—so unfavorable to the development of a patriotic and manly character—cramping the national feelings, —enfeebling the attachment to the great principles of constitutional liberty, or begetting at best, but a calculating and laggard patriotism,—he turns to commune with a people with whom the sentiment of *country* was everything; that of the *individual*,—nothing: with whom every child was taught to consider himself the property of the state: with whom tortures and death were held but a cheap price for the smallest gain to liberty or to national glory. By the chroniclers of classic story he holds communion with all that is great and venerable in the past. He catches the "dying glory" which "smiles o'er the far times." The master spirits of the ancient world—the august company of sages, and orators, and statesmen, and patriots, and patriot-heroes, rise and crowd upon his vision, and, as they pass before him, he questions them of their governments, of their liberty, of the history of its corruption and decline, and converses with them, man to man, in the "kingly language of the mighty dead." Their own inspiration is breathed into his soul. It purges the intellectual eye. It renews the spirit. While he is musing,

the fire burns: and from this polished and eloquent literature —a literature replete with practical and political wisdom, and rich in the lessons of a sublime patriotism,—he turns to the principles of his own constitution and government with the intelligence which understands them, and the patriotism which will defend them.*

The Fifth objection which we were to notice, is based upon a comparative estimate of the ancient and modern Classics; in which it is insisted that the former as being inferior to the latter, should be discarded, and the modern languages be substituted in their place. Upon this argument we observe first, that the modern authors generally referred to in its support, were all fine classical scholars, and derived their excellence mainly from the ancient sources. We suppose that no fact in literary history is more notorious, than that the standard authors of English literature, those who have done most to give it copiousness and stability, and to fix the principles of taste and criticism, were versed in the Greek and Roman classics, and drew upon them for materials of thought as well as for models of style and language.†

*Hobbes, who commenced the study of Greek, and translated Thucydides at a very advanced age, and the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey after his eighty-sixth year, has somewhere made this remarkable observation: that "He who seriously contemplates the utter extinction of civil liberty in the world, would do well to commence his operations by destroying the literary remains of antiquity." It is asserted by the biographer of Sir William Jones that the ardent attachment to liberty and the unconquerable detestation of arbitrary governments for which that illustrious scholar was distinguished, he derived from his early acquaintance with the republican writers of Greece and Rome.

†It stands an eternal and unanswerable argument in favor of Classical Learning that all the great masters of English Literature from the revival of letters in Europe down to the present time, as Cowley, Milton, Addison, Pope, Steele, Gray, Byron, Johnson, Grenville, Fox, Pitt, Burke, Canning, Hallam, Herschel, Brougham—all those almost without exception who have done essential service to the cause of science, or figured conspicuously on the political arena, have been fine Classical Scholars and have exercised their skill in various species of Latin and Greek composition. Could they all have

But, granting the whole assumption on which the argument is based,—that the comparison between ancient and modern literature is in favor of the latter: that Bacon, Newton, and Locke are superior to Aristotle, Archimedes, and Plato; Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson, to Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus; Burke, Brougham, and Canning, to Demosthenes, Pericles, and Cicero; Milton, Shakspeare, Coleridge, and Byron, to Homer, Eschylus, Horace, and Virgil. Does it, therefore, follow, that the ancients should be discarded, and their places supplied by modern authors? Or, are we not rather forced upon the conclusion that there are different grades and orders of excellence, various as the tastes and genius of man; and that as he who aspires to be a perfect artist should never hope to become such by gazing forever on the dying Gladiator, or the Apollo Belvidere, so he who aims at a thorough education,—a delicate and just taste,—a useful and ripe scholarship, should study the models of every age, and become familiar with every degree and species of literary excellence.

We shall not dwell on the proposed substitution of modern languages for the ancient. Suffice it that he who has acquired a knowledge of the latter, holds the key to the former; and that the shortest way to a *mastery* of the French, Spanish,

given their united suffrage on this subject, we may conceive they would have spoken in the language of Lord Brougham, in his inaugural Discourse before the University of Glasgow— 'After forming and chastening the taste by a diligent study of those perfect models (Latin Classics), it is necessary, to acquire correct habits of composition in our own language, first by studying the best writers, and next by translating into them copiously from the Greek. This is by far the best exercise I am acquainted with for at once attaining a pure English diction and avoiding the tameness and regularity of modern composition. * * * * Study then, I beseech you to store your minds with the exquisite learning of former ages, that you may always possess within yourselves, sources of rational and refined enjoyment, which will enable you to set at naught the pleasures of sense whereof other men are slaves."

and Italian, is to begin with their sources in the Greek and Latin.*

The last objection which we were to notice, is that the study of the Classics requires too much time. It is not denied that, to derive from it much solid and permanent advantage, it *does* require both time and labor; and in this, it is no exception to the general law. Labor, long, patient, unremitting, is the condition of all excellence: and if there be any soundness in the views we have taken, although we have not attempted to give the arguments in favor of Classical Learning, it is well worth all the sacrifices which it demands. Would the young student lay out for himself a course truly comprehensive and liberal,—would he acquire, not that "purpureus pannus," that showy patchwork of what is *called* education; but that various and thorough intellectual discipline,—*education of the mind*, which shall bring up to their full proportions the gifts of nature,—which shall teach him mental independence, self-reliance, the command of his faculties, and give him a capacity for vigorous and sustained intellectual action; he must come

*It seems to be universally conceded that we have no adequate translations of the ancient Classics. "I do not know," says Burke in one of his letters to Sir William Jones, "how it is that Orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of translators than even the poets. I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers, I think, somewhat less; but he suffers greatly; so much that I must say that no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of Orators."

Even Mr. Grimke acknowledges that "It is a *fact* that the great body of those who have translated out of Latin and Greek have totally failed." But he undertakes to lay the reason of the failure in the unfortunate *choice* which the translators have made of their respective authors. "Thus," he says, "Pope selected Homer, and Dryden, Virgil: whereas the latter should have translated the Greek, the former the Latin poet. Cowper chose Homer, when he could not have found in the whole compass of ancient verse a single poem suited to his peculiar cast of mind." Now this, admitting it all to be true, may be a good reason for the universal failure of translators; but it surely is no argument for the preference of the translation to the original. We must take the fact of our condition as it is; and it affords no remedy, and but poor consolation, to be told that we have ascertained the causes of it.

up to the work with a high sense of its importance, and with no narrow or unworthy spirit.* When Euclid was asked by an Eastern prince if he could not devise some more compendious mode of teaching him the mathematics, "Sire," replied the mathematician, "there is no royal road to geometry." With all the discoveries of this wonder-working age, it has discovered no "royal road" to learning. We would not have the student expect to arrive at knowledge by any "short cut," or by any path other than the same old hard and rugged one which his fathers trod. Neither should he fall into the common mistake that his Classical education is

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*The new doctrine on the subject of Classical and Mathematical studies, has originated in false views of the whole reason and object of education. "A variety of knowledge," says Heraclitus, "is no education of the mind;"—a profound truth, which, rightly apprehended, would work a complete reform in our whole system of public education. It should never be forgotten, that as instructors, our business is not merely or principally to store the mind with *items of knowledge*, and ideas already the property of the world, gathered up from all the highways and byways of literature—"*Auroram usque et Gangen.*" This process can add nothing to the existing stock of knowledge and must necessarily limit and impoverish the intellect:

"Encumbering only, where it seems t' enrich."

What is the walking Encyclopedia of whom we hear so much,—that servile abridgement of facts and things which others have furnished to his hands, to that original, searching, self-questioning intellect, which has been educated to *think*,—to *analyze*,—to command its powers: thus taught to reveal the *sources* of truth and knowledge, and carrying within itself the active and eternal principles of self-development?

This *study of elements*,—this teaching the student to dive into the great deep of mind for the discovery of what Coleridge calls "*central truths*,"—the exponents of universal laws, is the true principle of all proper education. The mind must be turned from the study of isolated facts and the mere accumulation of ideas, to the *principles* on which they depend; and by which they are connected, each in its own place and order, in the great system of the universe. The sciolist will indeed tell us that this is reversing the Baconian method for the visionary and generalizing processes of Plato and Aristotle. By no means. There is this distinction between founding a new science, and teaching it after it has been solidly established. In the former case, we must proceed by a patient and comprehensive induction of particular facts until every principle of the system is clearly ascertained. But to *teach* it by the same process would be a most useless expenditure; and scarcely a whole life would suffice for the most ordinary attainments. Here, we must strike at once home to the great principles which previous induction has ascertained; observing a few leading phenomena merely by way of illustration. This is in strict coincidence with the principles of the inductive philosophy which makes the collection and classification of facts the means of ascertaining principles; thus presupposing the superiority of the latter.

complete, when he leaves the walls of the University. College is but the nursery of the mind; and all which the best system of collegiate instruction can do for the student, is to furnish him,—not with the acquisitions,—but with the tastes and habits of a scholar. It places him in the condition of a child which its nurse has taught to go alone. It indicates the ends which are to be pursued, points out the means, and with the aid of a little practical skill in their use, its work is done. It is for the student himself to consummate what has been thus begun: and throughout that period of life when the mind is most vigorous and mature, and even in the midst of his professional avocations, to "refresh his mind with the sweet and silent studies of his youth;"—to keep up his acquaintance with his early masters by the habitual study of their noblest productions. If he cannot enter upon the study of the ancient Classics with these enlarged views, and with the determination to prosecute it to some useful purpose, then, we say, let him not undertake what he has not the spirit to perform.

But if he will apply himself to the learning of antiquity with a proper spirit, especially if he have any sensibility to its beauties,—any reverence for its old and hallowed associations, —any secret and delightful sympathy with the master minds of the ancient world, then let him go forward in these noble and liberal studies: for, though he may not be able to master all their riches, or to feel all their power and beauty, yet will he find their toil daily diminishing, and their rewards thickening upon him at every step of his progress. He will find them in the delight of their ever-recurring associations, in the improvement of his taste and judgment, in the pleasure of

conscious knowledge, in his increased love of whatever is just and beautiful in sentiment and language; and in the practical utility, too, of these studies, as revealing the true sources of modern literature,—as connecting the mind of the present with the mind of the past,—and as unfolding the moral and intellectual progress of the human race.

It may be observed, however, that there are two grades of practicable scholarship. The one supposes not only a general acquaintance with the standard writers of antiquity whose works have reached us, but all that minute and critical skill in the peculiarities of the different dialects, in the inflexions, accents and particles which the German professors wrangle for, and which give to the Greek a versatility and power, a melody and beauty beyond those of any language, ancient or modern.

This critical and profound knowledge of the Greek and Latin is not expected of the man of mere general knowledge; nor is it necessary to a thorough and accomplished education. It is for the closest scholar; and belongs particularly to him who is a linguist by profession.

But the other grade of Classical attainment is both more useful and more easy of acquisition. It supposes in the scholar such an acquaintance with the ancient languages as shall enable him to catch the general tone and spirit of Classic literature, to become familiar with the standard productions of the best authors, to appreciate the purity, perspicuity, method, energy, and severe taste of its standard prose writers, and the richness, invention, truth, feeling, and freedom of the poets: such a knowledge in fine, as shall expand and elevate the mind, purify the taste, improve the judgment, furnish a key

to the beauty of Classical allusions, and in the language of the London Quarterly Review, "possibly create a taste, a passion, an enthusiasm for these studies which shall give a high and dignified tone to public life, or throw a permanent and graceful refinement into the character of the private man."

He who adopts this standard of scholarship, enters upon the study of Classic literature very much as he would visit the *Countries* whose literature it is:—not with the minute, patient, and exhaustive spirit of an antiquary, who must pick up every glittering particle from the soil, study every curious piece of fresco or mosaic, decypher every antique inscription on the mouldering marbles, walk through every sweet vale that has been sung by a poet, or wash his hands in every spring that has taken its name from a Naiad;—but rather with the spirit af a *traveler*, who passes over the country with a rapid survey, scans it in its grander aspects and outlines, inquires into its resources, notes its points of historic or traditionary interest, pauses before its mighty monuments of ancient glory,—grand even in ruin,—studies well its master-pieces of genius and art, its models of painting and architecture,—its statues of gods and of godlike men, and returns at last to his native land, having not only added to his store of valuable knowledge, but having multiplied his sources of intellectual pleasure, and imbibed something of the spirit and genius of a great and departed people.

For such an acquaintance with Classical Learning, there is ample time in our common course of collegiate instruction; and it should be required of every one who makes pretensions to a liberal education. If it is not taught in our colleges and universities so as to effect these results, the difficulty lies in

the *mode of teaching;* and we should be anxious not to dispense with the thing, but to reform the system.

We are now done with our proposed examination of the popular objections to the study of the Classics as a necessary part of public education. The task has been executed honestly though imperfectly. Let those whose office it is, who make the studies of polite literature a business, not a recreation, take up the cause to better purpose and do it the justice which it demands.

In education, *teachers by profession* are the proper reformers. It is to them that we look to cherish the liberal spirit of our literary institutions, to repress dangerous innovations, and especially to stem that current of popular prejudice, which, like the sudden rushing of a mountain torrent, dashes madly on, sweeping away the ancient land-marks, and bearing both good and evil in promiscuous wreck down to their ocean grave. It will be a sad day for the cause of letters and of education in this country, when *they* shall turn against it in a suicidal hand, by putting out the lights of former times, and banishing from the halls of learning the remains of Classical antiquity. It will mark an area of literary degeneracy if not of political profligacy; and the prediction of Simon Grimæus in the preface of Plato, will find a shameful fulfillment in a country which had promised as much to the cause of sound learning as to that of civil liberty.—"Succedet igitur, ut arbitror, haud ita multo post, pro rusticana sæculi nostri ruditate, captatrix, illa blandiloquentia, robur animi virilis omne, omnem virtutem masculum profligatura, nisi cavetur."

Gentlemen of the Society:—The subject which has

been presented,—imperfectly, indeed, to your attention,—naturally suggests the importance of a thorough and finished education. The tendencies of the age are all to narrow and superficial attainments. The accumulation of wealth, the struggle for political power, and the various projects of physical improvement, are the objects which now absorb the public mind. The present age, in the confidence of its superiority to all its predecessors, is solicitous to throw away every ligament which has bound it to ancient systems, and to drift wide on the ocean of Experiment. It frets under intellectual discipline. It cannot endure the various and profound research, the calm and patient philosophy, of former times.

In the physical world, it has conquered time and space by the aid of machinery; and it is naturally led to look for an analagous abridgement of labor in pushing its conquests through the world of mind. But here we stand upon different ground, and must deal with a new order of elements. In physics, it has been permitted to invention, to abridge time and labor; but this is only that they may be reclaimed and saved to the nobler work of perfecting man's intellectual and moral nature. For the effecting of this grand object, to which Invention with her whole train of physical improvements is but the handmaid, there is but one mode. There never has been but one; and every attempt must be futile, to subvert the established order. That great intellectual progress should be decreed as the fruit only of earnest and unwearied toil, is an immutable law of mind,—as old and as firm as the eternal barriers of the creation. We advise you, therefore, to look with suspicion upon any scheme of education which holds out extraordinary facilities; which promises

splendid intellectual attainments and diminished requisites of time and labor. The reforming theory which we have noticed, is the natural growth of the superficial tastes of the age: yet it is not without its alluring features. It flatters us with incessant assurances of our superiority to the past; it dazzles by its novelty; it promises brilliant intellectual acquisitions by short and facile methods; thus accommodating itself at once to vanity, to curiosity, to indolence, and to ambition, it is not surprising that it should win rapidly upon the public mind.

But, gentlemen, it is for you to make head against this delusion. You are coming upon the stage of action at a period which demands the most enlarged views, and the most thorough and arduous preparation. But whatever that preparation be, depend on it, you will be called to stand upon a high stage, to act in stirring scenes, and amidst great events. Confide not, I beseech you, in the tranquillity of the present hour; and be not surprised, if in your day the very earth shall shake under your feet, and the sounds of war and revolution rend the heavens. Causes are now in action, which, in the course of thirty years to come, may change the whole face of society, form new political ties, and perhaps make this last experiment of a confederated representative Union, a negative lesson of warning and instruction to the world forever.

In this approaching crisis, every individual, even the humblest, has his duty to perform; but it is with the young men from our literary institutions that the responsibility will mainly rest, of preserving the blessings of a free Constitution and transmitting them unimpaired to posterity. This is a

grand, a fearful anticipation, but it is no illusion. Men will go from these halls and from the bosom of this Society, to make their influence felt in the destinies of the nation. Some will be called into our State and National councils; some will sit in the halls of legislation; some on the bench of justice; and some will stand up as the oracles and ambassadors of the Eternal God. Is there one set apart for these high functions who will prove recreant to the sacred trust? Why, then, was he singled out from his associates and brought here to a seat in these halls of learning? Why was he invested with the endowments and advantages of cultivated intellect? Why was he girded up for the conflict with the wild and stormy elements of existence, if he is to creep off from the field, or if he may lay down his armor and slumber on his post? The present emergency tolerates no such timid and temporizing character. It demands men of disciplined intellect; of high moral courage; of unbending devotion to the public weal:— men who dare to stem the corruption of the times, and to circulate through the mass of moral and political putrefaction, an element of life. Such men adorned our early history. Such were Jay, and Henry, and Hamilton, and Madison, and John Adams, and the kindred spirits of those iron times.

> "Those suns are set: O rise some other such!
> Or all that we have left is idle talk
> Of old achievements and despair of new."

Omit, then, no labor or opportunity that may aid you in sustaining responsibilities and interests so momentous. Endeavor to comprehend all their variety and magnitude. Meditate profoundly on your relations to society, and let your minds be early imbued with a sense of public duty. Be avaricious of time. Let not a single sun circle to the West which

has not witnessed some visible advancement,—some valuable acquisition. Remember, "*There is no knowledge which is not valuable.*" Therefore lay the whole world under tribute for its accumulation. Gather it from all classes of men; from all sciences and all arts; and from every highway and lane of life. Hear it in the voice of the living world;—ask it at the grave of departed nations. Study humanity in all its aspects, whether in the world of letters or in the world of men; and in every thing strive to attain whatever may be compassed of human wisdom and human knowledge. Above all, learn the great secret of rendering all your knowledge available. Hoard it not up in the ore; purge it from the alloy; pass it through the mint of reflection and philosophy; mould it over and over with practical hand, and stamp it all for use.

With minds thus cultivated and disciplined for action, your prospect is cheering, glorious beyond example. Great motives are before you. Bright examples are beaming on your path. The roads are broad and open to wealth and office,—to whatever in society gives dignity and distinction. Fame stands at her proud temple-gate and smiles upon you from afar, and, waving her immortal chaplets, beckons you upward.

Yours, too, is a singular felicity of fortune. Having fallen on a most extraordinary age, in a young, great, and free country,—yourselves in the most favored part of that country —at the opening of an eventful crisis in her history, what more could even your *ambition* ask, than to grow up with her literature and institutions, and to link your destinies with her rising fortunes. The field on which you are to act is indeed fair and glorious; and in the retirement of these Classic halls, you are at liberty to survey it with coolness and with resolution. Hold it ever in your eye; gird up manfully for its conflicts;

and now, before the business of the world absorbs, or its cares distract you, determine to take your destinies into your own hands and to make them great and noble.

Finally, above all, whatever be your acquisitions and attainments, let them all be consecrated to the cause of humanity, by a life of useful and beneficent action. This, after all, is the true philosophy of existence. For, gentlemen, it is not in the mere cumulation of knowledge,—much less is it in the glittering bubbles of ambition,—or in any scheme of mere selfish aggrandizement, to fill the mind, and afford it solid and enduring satisfaction. To improve and perfect our own moral and rational nature, and by the diffusion of virtue and intelligence, to re-produce the image of God in others, this is the only object worthy the sateless, boundless ambition of immortal minds. All else is deceitful and soon to pass away. The sun and moon shall fade in the sky; the heavens shall wax old like a garment; yonder stars shall all waste with age, and go out like flickering and expiring lamps hung over the abandoned tables of a late debauch; but—VIRTUE WILL SURVIVE. Deathless is the example of the good: glorious and immortal, the rewards of a well-spent life; and the influence of an upright mind, enduring and eternal as the throne of God. And when the darkness and infirmities of old age shall overtake you,—when the world and all those scenes in which you now interest yourselves so warmly, shall grow pale on the sight and recede away like a dream,—how delightful will it then be to look back without reproach,—with honest exultation, upon a life honorably, nobly devoted on the altar of humanity and of virtue! Be yours such a life; yours its purity and its blessedness,—its unfading honors,—its immortal rewards!

CHAPTER IV.

HIS INTEREST IN GENERAL EDUCATION.

WHILE Mr. Eells was in College, his father removed to Ohio, with the expectation that when he graduated, his elder brother and himself would unite their energies for a time, at least, in establishing an extensive and thorough institution of some kind for popular education. This had long been a favorite topic of conversation in the family, and both the sons had imbibed their father's interest in the execution of a plan which afforded scope for the varied talents and high attainments of the three.

During Samuel's senior year, his brother Henry began the school in Worthington, Ohio, which they hoped would grow into likeness to the ideal they had formed; and immediately after he graduated he hastened to take his place as associate in the enterprise, feeling assured that they would make it a large and flourishing establishment. On his way, he encountered a new experience, which is worthy of notice in passing, because it reveals so much of that cool self-reliance to which he owed a large share of his success. It was the summer in which the cholera was so fearful in its ravages, and whole communities

were thrown into panic by its presence. When he reached Buffalo, he began to feel some symptoms of that terrible disease, but resolved to press on, hoping to escape its full development, or to reach his destination before it should come. No sooner, however, had he began to feel the motion of the boat on the lake than the scourge in its strength was upon him. The passengers were greatly alarmed, and not one would go near him, but demanded that he be put on shore at the first point where the boat could land. He knew that his condition required instant attention. There was no physician on board, and he could get access to no one. At length, one young man felt that he could not allow him to die, without a sign of humanity from any others, and approached so near his berth that he could speak to him. He induced him to procure from some source a large portion of calomel, and took as much of it as he dared to take. A short time after, he was put off the boat at Dunkirk, at eleven o'clock at night, and carried to a small house near the wharf. All fled from him as from an evil spirit. The physician of the village refused to see him. When nearly reduced to the collapse state, he brought that mysterious influence which was his peculiar possession, and which seemed to be a kind of authority, to bear on one or two persons, whom he ordered to apply hot water to his body, in various modes, to give him the rest of the calomel that remained in his pocket, and to attend him, as he should direct, through the night. To the surprise of all, who were looking for him to die each hour, he was relieved, and after a week's detention in that miserable hovel, he was able to proceed to Ohio. He did not send to his friends, because he knew they could not reach him in time to be of any service, and he was

unwilling to distress them when no advantage would result from their anxiety.

On his arrival at Worthington, there was a conference respecting the school, as it was proposed to conduct it, when much to the disappointment of the family, it was evident that the citizens would not take the interest in it necessary to the success they desired. Mr. Eells was unwilling to engage in so limited an affair as the patrons contemplated, and resolved to find elsewhere a location where he could develope, in some measure, without restriction, his own ideas respecting a school. The consequence was, that the Worthington institution was soon after abandoned, and his brother Henry devoted himself to his profession, as a clergyman.

After a little survey of the region, he decided to establish himself in Springfield, Ohio, and accordingly went there in October, 1832. He knew no one in the town; he had no recommendations that were of avail to him; there was nothing without that gave him special encouragement. But he went there with the purpose to do two things, and he knew no such thing as defeat. One of these things was, to lay the foundation for a permanent and flourishing school in Springfield; the other, to study law under the direction of some one of the able lawyers who resided there. His own account of the progress he made will be more interesting than any that could be furnished from other sources, though there are not a few who still remember him as he appeared when he first came to that village, as it then was; and the impression he made upon them during those first months of his residence there, is vivid still. In a letter of October 31, he says: "I have nothing new to write. With me, one day tells precisely the

same story as another—either a lazy, listless, idle account of nothing to do, or an eternal story of disappointment. Every man with whom I converse considers it all wasted time, and shuffles me off to somebody else, who plays the same game, in the same way. I can hardly get introduced to prominent men, and when introduced, it amounts to just nothing. I am here in Springfield, without money, without business, boarding at a hotel, and everybody a stranger!"

After this summary of his condition and prospects, a fact which occurred just at this time will illustrate the true nobility of his nature. A young man, whom he had known in New York, but who had no claims upon him beyond those of ordinary friendship, called upon him at the hotel. He was on his way west to seek a place of settlement, and in their conversation told Mr. Eells that he had not money with which to pay his fare to Cincinnati. Almost as destitute as himself, and knowing no one of whom he could borrow, he might have been excused from any attempt at assistance, but he thus writes: "I went to the agent of the stage line, and tried to induce him to put M—— down as paid, on his way-bill, and I would give him my note for the amount. But I was a stranger to him, he had lost fifty dollars in that way within six months, etc., etc. I asked him to send him on, and let him pay at Cincinnati. But he was a stranger too; and besides he had no authority to do business in that way. I then took out what little money I had, and gave it to him, to the very last dollar!"

Under date of November 6, he wrote to his brother: "I labored and toiled, and hurried from house to house, and from one man to another, without seeming to excite a particle of

interest in an individual. At length I alighted upon one family, where I found sympathy and encouragement, and a hearty desire to co-operate with me in my design. It is a family of wealth, good taste, intelligence, and consistent views of whatever pertains to intellectual improvement. I assure you it was refreshing to meet such a family, in what I had found to be such a desert. They promised me three sons, and will detain another at home, who had entered Lane Seminary. Soon after, I found another man to whom I made known my plan, and he sent for a friend to come and attend my school. All this was encouraging, and I went on till I had eight subscribers. I then found it almost impossible to get a suitable room, but finally one was obtained, which will be ready in two or three days, and I shall commence forthwith."

Having thus "established" himself, as he expressed it, he determined to begin at once the study of law. This was not with any definite purpose to enter upon the practice of the legal profession, for he was inclined to be a teacher for life. But he thus writes of the matter: "I have entered my name in the office of Samson Mason, Esq., and commenced reading law to-day. Whether it will ever be of any practical use to me, I cannot say, but as long as I can study it under such a lawyer as Mr. Mason, for the sum of fifty dollars a year, and teach school at the same time; and so long as I know it will, at least, do me no harm; and so long as I know that Cicero, in his "De Legibus," says that all the Roman youth, who had claim to any share of polite learning, made themselves masters of the Twelve Tables in their very boyhood, so long I shall consider a tolerable knowledge of the theory, history, and principles of law, especially of the laws of our own country, as not to be

lightly esteemed, whatever may be my future condition, or profession." After he had opened his school, he gives as a picture of his success and prospects, what certainly may be regarded as illustrating the "day of small things," and one with less perserverance would have been inclined to despise it, and seek some where else a more promising situation. This is contained in a letter of Nov. 22d: "It would take a longer time than I can spare, to recount the long catalogue of reverses I experienced, during the fortnight I was held in duresse. Suffice it to say, that after two whole weeks of the hardest work, I began with just two scholars! Besides these and myself, there was no living thing upon the premises, save a certain little mouse, which did come and seat himself in a knot-hole of the wall, about three feet from the floor, for the ostensible purpose of witnessing the progress of the pupils, and the general order and regulations of the establishment; but whose real object, no doubt, was to assume the attitude and demeanor of an interested spectator, and then go away to his friends and confederates, and make game of us, and our ridiculous proceedings! I have now nine scholars, and several more talk of coming. I am not all discouraged, for I have no doubt I shall by and bye have as many as I can receive." The tuition of his first quarter fell short of meeting his current expenses about twelve dollars.

Such was the beginning of an Institution which afterwards grew into one of the most valuable and flourishing seminaries in Southern Ohio; and such the material of him who resolved that this should be its history. The amount of work he accomplished during the succeeding months was almost incredible, and told very heavily upon his health. He remarked to

a friend who urged him to be economical of his strength, when he left college, that he did not expect to live more than ten years, and he intended to crowd those years as full as possible; and he seemed to act perpetually under the influence of that prophecy and resolution, as both night and day bore witness to his effort. Having gathered a large school, he began the harder task of cultivating the literary taste of the people. For this purpose, he induced them to form what he called a Lyceum, of which he was the moving spirit, and to which he was obliged to contribute most of the interest. He wrote a series of articles for the principal paper of the town, called "Papers on Education," which were regarded as very able and valuable; the design of which was to stimulate the citizens to greater zeal in this direction, with the ulterior design to obtain a commodious building, and a proper endowment for the Institution he desired to see founded by them. A general statement of what he was doing is given in a letter to his parents of March 28, 1833: "I have now as many scholars as I want. I spend one evening each week in delivering a lecture to my school, and one at the Lyceum. I read something more of Law, (so Mr. Mason says) than students ordinarily do, who devote their whole time to the study; during the past week I have dissected more than two hundred and sixty pages. I am now lecturing my pupils on the advantages of science; from this I shall "slide gently round the curvature" to a course of moral and religious instruction. All these are extra lectures, and they are well attended."

While thus devoting himself to his school in the carrying out of his theory of teaching, he delivered regularly public courses of lectures on Astronomy and Geology, for the most

part writing them, and continued these labors during the most of the two years which he spent in Springfield. The effect of this labor, while very beneficial to the population, was very serious upon his own always fragile constitution, and he became convinced that he must give up a portion of what he had undertaken. This brought before him directly the question touching the practice of Law. After mature deliberation he decided to be a Lawyer, though not until he had accomplished some monument for himself, that would commemorate his interest in popular education. That he could not, however, be long engaged in what so severely tasked him, appears from his account of his health in a letter dated July 3: "I have been, as you know, somewhat out of health for several months. For the last six weeks I have been very low, and failing rapidly. A week ago my situation was somewhat alarming. My strength has almost left me, my body is emaciated almost to a skeleton, my eyes are frightfully sunken, and my bowels literally fallen in! I could not take a long breath without great pain, and my disease has developed in a dry and most distressing cough, which will wear me out unless it leaves me speedily. Perhaps you wonder that I am not alarmed for myself in these circumstances. I answer, no! I am willing to suffer, to spend, and be spent, in this way, if such is the will of God. When my sufferings were at their height, I felt the beauty of that sentiment of the inspired Apostle, 'whom, not having seen, we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory!' Did you ever realize, *feel*, the force and beauty of that remarkable expression?"

Contrary to expectation, he gradually recovered in some

measure, from this low state, and was able to give something of his wonted energy to the duties still upon him. As the reward for his devotion, and particularly as the fruit of those "Papers upon Education," to which allusion has been made, a subscription was started for the erection of an Academy Building, which was soon completed; and he had the satisfaction of beholding the contrast between the present condition and prospects of the place, and the state of things with which he became so painfully familiar but two years before. It will be proper to place in this enduring record, some extracts from these "Papers" as embodying his sentiments on this important subject.

"We believe that all intelligent men will agree with us in the following facts: First, that in the hands of the growing generation of this State will be placed, and in a few years *must* be placed, vast responsibilities, both as respects this particular State, and the country at large. Second, that for the faithful discharge of a trust, so high and such as has seldom been committed to men, an early and thorough intellectual and moral training is indispensable. Third, that whatever may be our skill, our industry, and our enterprise, in art, trade, commerce, and agriculture, the standard of education is generally low, too low, if our youth are to be prepared to discharge honorably and manfully the high duties to be imposed upon them, and to anticipate the high destinies which await them. Fourth, that this evil may be removed—is rather incidental than necessary.* With these facts before us, we hold it to be the duty of every man, however limited his means, or humble

*It must be remembered that this was written forty years ago, before our excellent public school system, which in part recognizes these facts, had been inaugurated.

his abilities, to do what he can to impress their importance on the minds of the people; to come up boldly to the work himself, and to stimulate and encourage those around him. The occasion for any apathy respecting it, is not that the advantages of education are disputed or doubted. If this was ever a question, it has long since been settled by public sentiment. Nor is the difficulty resolvable into the indifference of parents, as to what they believe to be the happiness of their children. Such a supposition is contradicted by the voice of nature, and by all those manifestations of sympathy and kindness which overflow from the perennial and uncorrupted well-spring of a parent's heart. Yet it may be, that notwithstanding all the prodigality of tenderness and indulgence often lavished on their children, the mind, the soul, that image of God in them in which centers all that is noble and immortal of our nature, is left by those who love them best like an uncultivated and profitless field, where the wild beast makes his lair, and on which no dew or rain descends. Here, then, we reach the real nature of the evil. It arises, not from want of affection, nor from indifference to what seems to be the happiness of the child, but from wrong views of that in which happiness consists. The parent imagines that it consists in wealth, not observing that care increases with men's possessions, and that "riches take themselves wings and fly away;" or in pleasure, not reflecting that he who drinks of that Circean cup is often transformed into a brute, and incapacitated for the enjoyments of a moral and rational nature; or in honor, not considering that the bubble to which ambition aspires, may be crushed in the grasp. It is such false and partial views as these, that the difficulty lies; false, because they mistake the proper

objects of human pursuits; and partial, because they are founded on the appearances of things, and not on the results of reason and experience. The truth is, man's substantial happiness does not, and cannot, depend on the gratifications of sense; much less, on those adventitious circumstances of fortune which may happen indiscriminately to all, and of which it may be said with emphasis that no man can tell whence they come, or whither they go. Every thing thus dependent must vary with circumstances, as a feather will be carried before the wind, or a vessel will partake the motion of the element which bears it. But it is essential to the very idea of happiness that it be not uncertain, liable to be blown away by every gale of fortune. It must be certain, and permanent. It must be within control, and therefore must spring from within the man himself, since all without him depends on almost any thing else than his own individual will. If these views be correct, our language would be this. You are a parent, and you would provide for the highest temporal and eternal welfare of your children. For this you are willing to toil, forego your own convenience and pleasure, to sacrifice time, health, strength, and whatever of this world's comforts you hold dear. We entreat you, then, do not mistake the means, by which that happiness is to be obtained. Do not waste your time and labor in the pursuits of a glittering phantom. Consider how misdirected are the efforts, of any nature, which regard the body, but neglect, and by neglect abuse, that nobler and better part, the mind. Is it the body, or the mind, which has dignified and adorned human life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it has made the world a theatre of wonders? Is it the body, or the mind, which

leaving the earth, ranges the starry regions, and takes the dimensions and distances of the planets, and detects the laws and unfolds the mysteries and revolutions of nature? Is it the body or the mind that does not go down to "corruption, earth and worms," that is destined to the sublimities of an immortal existence, as it shall act on a more splendid theatre, and amid higher and nobler scenes? The mind is that which thinks, reflects, anticipates, rejoices, hopes. It is all within us that is etherial, exalted, and worthy to be the crowning work of that eternal and omnipotent Mind of which it is at once the offspring and the image.

If you are a parent, what wiser, worthier object can engage your anxiety and labor than the proper education of those whom God has given to your charge? How can you better guard them against those habits of vicious indulgence which, if permitted in early life, will lead to confirmed and hopeless dissipation? How can you better provide for their respectability and usefulness? What better inheritance can you give them, than that which consists in a well-ordered mind and a well-cultivated heart? You may leave them houses and lands; but how often is wealth a curse, instead of a blessing! How often does the profligate heir squander, in a year, the paternal inheritance which was carefully and anxiously laid up by the savings and the labor of a lifetime! In the fullness of your affection, you may provide them with every means of sensual gratification. But how often have you seen the flower and pride of a family ruined by being furnished the opportunity for early indulgence, till having debased both his nature and his name, he goes down to a disgraceful and premature grave! Not only so: How often do you behold the influence

of his example going down, like a hereditary pestilence, from father to son, thus sending the curse prolonged far into future generations! Is it for this that you are willing to toil, to rise early and sit up late, and eat the bread of carefulness? Beware, then, lest with so noble an object, you fail of reaching it. You cannot fail, if, instead of limiting your labors to the gross and uncertain advantages of sense, you provide for your child that thorough moral and mental training which we understand by a good education. This will be to him a substantial and ever-growing treasure. It is equally beyond the reach of private malice and of open foes, unaffected by change, uncorrupted by age, abiding. Friends may desert him, the flames may consume his dwelling, his possessions may be taken from him by force, by misfortune, or by fraud; but he still retains a treasure dearer than them all. Give this to him, and if the act does not repay itself, it will surely be recompensed by the beloved object of your cares. When, under your generous treatment, he shall begin to be conscious of his own worth, he will be able to appreciate your motives and your effort. He will respect you for your wisdom, and love you for your kindness. The light, small and feeble though it may be, which you have trusted to his care, he will return to you in your darkness, to cheer your heart, and to shine with tenfold more beauty and splendor on the twilight gloom of your declining years. And when your head shall rest on the pillow of death, and he comes to your bed-side to catch your last look and receive your dying benediction, you will have the consolation of reflecting that you have bequeathed to him a richer legacy, that you have done more for his permanent and highest welfare, than though you had surrounded him with the

luxuries of every clime, and poured at his feet the riches of the Indies.

If these things are so, it is a most important question as to the manner in which education thus guards and blesses men. This it does, first, by accustoming them to early habits of industry. There is in human nature a tendency to inactivity, a kind of moral gravitation, which holds the mind in a state of rest, till it is made to change that state by the application of some external moral force. In adults, this force consists partly in the necessity for exertion to gain the means of subsistence, and partly in the love of wealth, the love of fame, and all those great motives which inspire the hopes and incite the labors of the mass of mankind. It is manifest, however, that in youth the power of these incitements is seldom felt. In them, that which opposes this gravitation is the love of pleasure; always dangerous, and rendered far more so by the natural delight which the parent takes in the gratification of his children, and by those mistaken views of happiness we have considered. Hence, in the moral economy of the juvenile mind, the object is to gain the greatest amount of pleasure with the least labor. Hence the resort to scenes of excitement and dissipation, the festive dance, the midnight revel, the gaming-table, works of romance, and all those captivating indulgences which fasten with stronger and stronger grasp upon the deluded victim, till the equilibrium of his mind is destroyed, his moral sensibilities are blunted, and he sinks into imbecility, if not into the grave. The proper antidote to this evil is the training the youthful powers to habits of industrious and patient application. The philosophy of the remedy is very simple. Attention cannot be given at the

same time to the cultivation of the mind, and to mischievous and vicious practices. Besides, there is something softening, something humanizing, in intellectual pursuits, which takes away not only the power, but in great measure also the desire, to indulge in such practices. The regular intermissions of study, and seasons of relaxation and innocent amusement, come in lieu of exciting and therefore dangerous pleasures. Nor do we hesitate to affirm that these seasons of innocent hilarity are anticipated with as much ardor, and enjoyed with as keen a relish, as are those other scenes more gross and giddy, which are the life of him whose highest ambition is to become the admiration of the festive circle and the votary of fashionable dissipation.

But another and stronger reason for our position, is the power of early education to form the moral habits and character of the individual. We do not pretend that the early culture of the mind will subdue the depravity of the heart, or that it will change the villain who has already become hoary in iniquity into the peaceful and obedient citizen, and restore him to the bosom of society, to hope, to happiness, and to virtue. Its power consists not in reforming, but in preventing the necessity for reformation. It does not advance to the territory of the foe, after he has established himself in his strongholds, to battle with him in his own intrenchments and before his own citadel; but it intercepts the approach of his forces and scatters them, cuts off his supplies, and renders him comparatively weak and harmless. It does not rally for the combat, and rush on the thick bosses of the giant's buckler, but steals noiselessly to the side of the unconscious sleeper, and strangles the infant Hercules in his cradle. And here we

cannot but remark upon that wise and beautiful economy of Providence, which has connected the noble and rational pursuits of the mind with our most refined and exalted pleasures. The human powers are not only made capable of being cultivated and improved, but in proportion as they are perfected do the inducements to persevere become numerous and powerful. The desire for knowledge grows with its attainment, and the same process which ennobles and strengthens the mind, and enlarges its capacity for enjoyment, provides also the means by which that capacity may be filled. In proportion as any man detaches his thoughts from the sensible, and fixes them on the spiritual world; in proportion as he examines the laws of nature, extends the sphere of his knowledge, strengthens his intellect, refines his taste, acquaints himself with the mysteries of art and science, and holds communion with those splendid and mighty minds that have adorned the annals of past ages; in proportion, in fine, as he becomes a profound and accomplished scholar, just in that proportion will he be prepared to relish the most pure and elevated enjoyments, and at the same time be advanced in the moral dignity of his nature.

Such, moreover, is the pleasure of each new acquisition, such the increased facility with which it is made, that he does not tire, nor waver, nor turn aside, nor remit his ardor in his course, but, ever flushed with new victories and confident of success, he girds up his energies for his glorious career. And during all this, unless there is some special perversity of heart, some uncommon or deeply-rooted propensity to evil, his intellectual excellence and moral worth will advance hand in hand. He will perpetually progress in whatever there is of

dignity or of glory in his nature, while he yet longs for higher and nobler attainments in knowledge and virtue, and, looking upward, pants for a clearer vision and a wider range. Mysterious as is the connection between the moral and the mental in character, the fact of such connection cannot be disputed. Who ever observed that unsocial or unamiable qualities were generated by the proper discipline of the youthful mind? Who ever saw the man of sullen and savage character, that monster in the intelligent creation, whose mind had been subjected to the gentle influences of early cultivation? Among all the criminal and grossly immoral of the land, how many have been men of polished and cultured intellects? The man who by a good education, such an education as we recommend, is led to understand the nature of his relations to God and his fellow men, who is admitted as an enraptured spectator of all the ten thousand scenes of beauty and glory and grandeur, with which God has garnished the universe, and who is taught to look through all these seeming anomalies and irregularities which appear on the face of His works, and perceive the perfect peace and order that reign throughout the whole of His vast empire, must feel his moral nature gradually and sweetly conformed to the spirit that everywhere prevails, and may partake of a happiness resembling the "joy unspeakable" which is tasted by the angels of God.

This, then, is the point to which your anxieties should be directed. The time is coming when your child must be called out from the tranquil retreat of the domestic fireside, upon the turbulent arena of common life, to mingle in its scenes of depravity and vice, to engage in its conflicts of interest and passion, and to buffet all those stern realities which will try

his virtue, and bring to practical remembrance the lessons we would teach him. Will you not do all in your power, now while it may be done, to give him that comprehensive education which shall enlarge his views, elevate his aims, strengthen his intellect, reform his moral sensibilities, and at the same time that it prepares him to fill some high station in society, will also provide the most probable security for his virtue? If you adopt a contrary policy, allow him to form idle habits, turn him loose among the profane, and neglect the temporal and eternal interests that have been committed to your charge, you need not accuse him of ingratitude if he become the disgrace and shame of your manhood, the burden and curse of your old age, and bring down your gray hairs with sorrow to the grave."

As has been said, these arguments and appeals had general effect upon the people. The erection of an edifice was made certain, and having finished the course of Law reading necessary for examination, that he might be admitted to the Bar, Mr. Eells gave up his school in Springfield. He was examined in Columbus, in December following, and in February, 1835, went to Cincinnati to begin the practice of his profession.

Although not in the order of time, it seems proper when speaking of his interest in education, and in a chapter especially devoted to his personal experience in teaching, to introduce his Address delivered in Cincinnati, in October, 1838, before the "College of Teachers," on the "Moral Dignity of the Professional Teacher." This address sets forth the ideas that had long dwelt in his mind respecting this most honorable and elevated office, and may well close what is to be said concerning this department of his career.

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

COLLEGE OF TEACHERS,

IN CINCINNATI.

GENTLEMEN OF THE COLLEGE OF TEACHERS:

So large a share of the public interest has been engrossed by the objects of your association, that the lecturer must despair, either of striking the mind by the novelty of his views, or of suggesting any useful experiments which have not been already thoroughly canvassed, and perhaps carried out into practical operation.

Without attempting, therefore, to discuss the merits of particular schemes of education, or to shed any new light upon those questions which have been so ably handled by your committees, my observations will be general in their character, and addressed rather to the community at large than to that particular portion of it which is represented by your association.

The efforts made for the universal diffusion of knowledge, form a strong and characteristic feature of the age. The maxim so often quoted in this Convention, that "knowledge is power," begins to be practically comprehended; and the

dissemination of free principles, and of the influence of popular forms of government, has imposed the necessity of popular intelligence; without which, it has been settled by the experience of ages, that political liberty cannot long endure. The spirit of educational reform, therefore, has gone searchingly abroad, subjecting to the test of the severest scrutiny every department of popular instruction and every system of liberal study. The press groans with its labor of throwing off books and pamphlets, devoted, in some form or other, to the subject of education. Men of all creeds, and of every character and profession, unite here on common ground; and seem to vie with each other in fostering those institutions which have for their object the diffusion of knowledge and the elevation and regeneration of the popular mind. Now amidst all this zeal, this universal ado about "education," it may be well to descend a little below the surface, and to enquire whether the office itself, of a teacher, has occupied that place which it ought to hold in the public estimation? Has not the public mind been unaccountably slow in coming up to a due sense of the true dignity and importance of the great business of instruction? Have eminent talent and eminent services, devoted to this work, commanded either that generous admiration or that pecuniary requital, which they would have ensured in any other of the liberal professions? I speak not now of individual instances. Exceptions there are to all general rules. But has the profession of teaching—*as a profession*—had that rank assigned to it which, from its high responsibility, its intrinsic and incalculable importance, and the rare qualities of both mind and heart which are requisite for its successful prosecution, it imperiously demands? True, it has been

accorded in terms that the faithful and successful teacher is a public benefactor. But how, we ask, does the public manifest its gratitude? Is it by a munificent liberality which covers him with abundance, and secures his entire devotion and his undivided services, by placing himself and his family beyond the reach of want? What employment demands such skill, such preparation, such rare and exalted qualities, and such constant and wearisome labor, and is at the same time so inadequately paid? Who ever knew of a pension, be it never so small, settled upon the veteran teacher who has been forced from his labor by age, and by the toil and sacrifice of his profession? Is it by showering him with *honors*, that a grateful public manifests its gratitude? When was it ever heard, that the most brilliant success and the most eminent services in the capacity of a teacher, were a recommendation to any civil office, or to any station of public profit or honor? And, in the common intercourse of life, what political mendicant, what vapid and declaiming demagogue, does not fill a larger space in the public eye, and gather a larger share of public estimation?

Mark yonder feeble and decrepit old man, as, panting with fatigue, and grasping his staff with both his hands, he slowly makes his way along one of your public streets. He is a veteran teacher. He commenced his employment in early life, and the first scene of his labors was on a bleak and rocky hill-side, in the interior of his own New England. When the call of his country rung among his native mountains, he left his peaceful charge, to meet her enemies on the tented field, and to bring home her eagles in triumph from the scene of battle. After the achievement of our independence, he returned

to his favorite employment; and became one of a small band, who, with the axe and the rifle, plunged into the Western forests, and amid toil, and danger, and suffering, laid the foundations of a great and prosperous people. With his own hands, he helped to pile the logs of the first school house that was erected on the spot where now stands your proud and beautiful city; and having reared, he entered it, and with the devotion of an apostle, officiated as the instructor of many whose sons and whose daughters we may now recognize around us, as the founders of families and the pillars and ornaments of society. Thousands of youth, in his day and generation, has he taken from the paternal roof, and given back to their parents and their country, with a discipline and a cultivation worthy of both. They have gone out into the four quarters of the world; they may be found scattered through all the ranks of society, in all the arts and occupations of life, and in all the liberal professions, which they live to dignify and adorn. Better than the most successful candidate for popular favor, better than he for whom we erect triumphal arches, and whose path we strew with garlands, has he merited the proud title of benefactor of his country! But what is his reward? Throughout life he has struggled with embarrassment and want; and, forced at last by the infirmities of three score and ten years, from his profession, he lingers out, in an obscure part of your city, a stinted and companionless old age, with no consolation for a life of unrequited toil but the reflection that it has been *a useful life*—devoted, with fidelity and singleness of purpose, to the well-being of his country and his fellow men. Mark now, the generosity, the *justice*, of a grateful and discriminating public! This palsied and infirm

old man—this man who, more than statesmen or politicians, deserves to be honored with monumental marble, and days of public festivity and rejoicing—has come out to feel the warm light of the sun, and to gaze once more upon those new scenes which have arisen around him, and which so mournfully remind him that he is becoming "a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men." The young, the gay, and the fashionable, throng past him; but ungreeted, unnoticed, he totters on. The men of business rush by him, and jostle him as they go. Presently he hears a confusion of mingled voices, and then cries and shouts rend the air. Planting his staff before him, he stops: and, as he raises his dimmed eyes, he discovers a hurrying and gathering crowd. He inquires the meaning, from some passer-by; and learns that it is the gala-day triumph of some political adventurer—some heartless demagogue, who has obtained his ascendency by feeding the passions and flattering the vanity of the people:

> ——————"The statesman of the day!
> A pompous and slow-moving pageant comes.
> Some shout him, and some hang upon his car
> To gaze in 's eyes and bless him. Maidens wave
> Their kerchiefs, and old women weep for joy;
> While others, not so satisfied, unhorse
> The gilded equipage, and turning loose
> His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.
> Why? What hath charmed them? Hath he saved the State?
> No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.
> Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,
> And dedicate a tribute, in its use
> And just direction sacred, to a thing
> Doomed to the dust, or lodged already there."

But this inadequate estimate of the services of the professional teacher does not end with working individual injustice. It is a great and serious evil — an evil which pervades our whole moral and social system; and the very last to be reached

by the progress of educational reform. It cramps the operations of every department of instruction; it cripples the energies of the practical teacher, and cuts off from the profession many who, with abilities which might enable them to shine in any of the walks of life, naturally turn to that which offers the widest field to their ambition, and which yields back to toil and to sacrifice, the most generous returns. This is not mere theory: it is plain common sense. Water does not seek its level by a surer law, than that which diverts great abilities into the channel where they will meet with the best reward. Men of the most splendid talents and the most profound learning, are yet but men; and they are ruled by the same motives, the same principles and considerations of personal interest, that rule other men; with this difference—that they are much more strongly influenced by that vice of great minds, ambition. With such men, this is generally the governing passion; but the present is a sordid and money-getting age; and we now and then find one who seemed destined to nobler things—who once gazed with an unblenched eye like the eagle's, on some far and glittering summit of ambition—descending to mine in the base earth, and to mix in the vulgar scramble for gain. He has forsaken the objects of his earlier and purer worship, and has learned to bow the knee to Mammon. This then is the motive next in order: and by these two the world is ruled. The great heart of the universal world ever beats to these two master passions: the love of Honor and the love of Gain. The first governs the intellectual few; the second, the unintellectual many. Now, should not he who would devise a general scheme of education, proceed philosophically and practically, upon these two great elements of

human action? Not that such a system should be framed to encourage avarice or an inordinate ambition: but that, proceeding upon the known philosophy of human nature, and taking advantage of the strongest principles of human action, it should hold out such inducements as would attract and secure to itself the very ablest talents and the very highest qualifications that the country could produce, or rewards command. We boast of many such in the ranks of our professional teachers, even in the present state of things; men who would throw lustre around any station of private or of public life, and who have laid their country under lasting obligations. But we would have *all* of this character; from the dignified professor of the college or high-school, to the humblest schoolmaster, whose pupils are children of the tenantry of our new settlements on the farthest verge of civilization. We are not willing that any portion of these youth, in whom we behold the future *men* of our land, and who, in their moral and intellectual character, and their capacity to conduct the affairs of a great people, are to fill up the grand idea of the American Nation, shall be turned over for a week—no, not for a single day — to a cheap and drivelling instruction. We hold their education at a priceless estimate. To whomsoever we commit these youth, to them do we commit the destinies of the nation; and the stake is too mighty, the interests are too vast and momentous, to be entrusted in one instance to common hands.

In estimating the moral dignity of any work, there are three things which must be taken into the calculation: First—*the intellectual and moral qualities which it requires;* Secondly—*the nature and power of the individual agency which*

is exerted; and Thirdly — *the value and magnitude of its general results.* Taking these three elements, let us fix a standard; and thereby form a moral estimate of the office of the Professional Teacher.

The faculty of communicating knowledge, is itself a noble and high endowment. It is this which mainly distinguishes man from the brute creation: for, though endowed with understanding, how feeble would be the lights which any man could strike out by the operations of his own solitary, unassisted reason? Without the faculty of communicating, there could be no perpetuation of knowledge, no great improvement in art or science; and, by consequence, no progress of the human species. Writing and language are the instruments by which we hold inter-communion with each other; which make the thoughts and feelings of every individual mind the property of all; and which constitute the improvements and discoveries of each successive age, the birthright and inheritance of the whole human race. Thus we are all the preceptors of one another. We live only on condition of being taught by our fellow-men. In this sense also, all former generations of men are teachers of the present; and the lights which we acquire, we in turn do but hold in trust for future times. How admirable is that moral administration which, by a fundamental law of man's nature, makes his progress, and whatever elevates and ennobles him in the scale of existence, to depend upon each turning his own individual acquisitions into partnership stock, and upon this constant and universal interchange of feeling, and thought, and knowledge!

Moreover, this faculty of communicating, is a self-maintaining, self-improving power. It is like the sun of the

firmament; traversing in glory the moral heavens, dispensing floods of light in all directions, and illuming every orb which circles within its system, yet without the smallest diminution of its own original and exhaustless splendors. Rather does it acquire new lustre from every new dispensation of its glories. Like charity, it is twice blessed: It "blesses him that gives and him that takes." Thus by the law and appointment of Nature, man is made the teacher of his fellow-man; and from this necessary relation springs the chief moral dignity of his nature. How much more exalted, then, is that relation as it appears to him who is a teacher, not by nature only, but by choice and by profession; in whom it has been perfected by cultivation and philosophy; who has been prepared for his work by long years of patient and laborious discipline; and, perhaps at the expense of many noble and generous sacrifices, has made it the office and business of life! Such were Aristotle, and Socrates, and Plato, and Seneca, and all the great masters of ancient learning and philosophy. Such were the founders of the Christian faith. Such was our Saviour himself; who "taught as one having authority;" and who, when He was about to ascend in a cloud from the plains of Bethany, gave it as His last charge to his followers, "Go ye, and *teach* all nations." True, these last were teachers of *moral* truth: but moral truth and intellectual truth are allies; and a cultivated heart must be preceded by a cultivated reason. Moreover, the educator should be not less a *moral* than a mental guide. This, by our estimate, is the very first requisite of his profession; and it is this which, so far as qualities are concerned, stamps his office with its peculiar elevation. Were man a being of pure reason, a mere piece of

intellectual mechanism, he would be indeed shorn of half his dignity; but the educator might stop with the discipline and cultivation of his intellect. But he is made up, not of reason only; but of *will*, of *feeling*, of moral and social susceptibilities and domestic affections. *Reason* is a tree of sterner growth; but these are tender plants in a bleak climate — a climate of frost and storm; and they require the protection and cultivation of a careful and kindly hand, or in their early springtime they will droop and die. The educator, therefore, who overlooks or neglects this part of man's nature—though he should have made his pupil a prodigy of taste and intellect—though he should have enabled him "to speak with the tongues of men and of angels" — though he should have imbued his mind with the classic lore of all antiquity, and filled it with all the philosophy of the schools — has yet done but half his work: or rather he has *betrayed his trust;* for there is but one springtime of our moral existence; and he in whose charge it was to furrow the soil, and sow the precious seed, has permitted it to pass unimproved, and beyond recall.

Moreover, what is the great end and office of education, but to prepare man for the scenes in which he is to act, and to fit him for all the various duties of life? Let it then be considered how large a portion of these duties — duties which we owe to ourselves, to our kindred, to society, and to our Creator — spring from the social and domestic relations, and call upon the moral part of our nature; and how few of these duties there are, which require either great learning or rare intellectual endowments. If, then, it be the main business of education to fit us for the duties of life, how manifest it is that the professional teacher should be a *moral* as well as a

mental guide; and that, with the discipline of the intellect, he should also enlighten the conscience and cultivate the heart! But how shall he *do this*, except he be himself endowed with the same qualities which he undertakes to impress on the minds of others? Can the blind lead the blind? Can he be qualified to impart moral instruction, who has himself no cultivated affection, no perception of moral fitness, and no weighty and abiding sense of moral obligations? Let, then, the moral dignity of the office of the Professional Teacher be judged hereby: That its very first requisite is, MORAL GOODNESS—the quality which chiefly elevates and ennobles human nature, and most assimilates it to the nature of angels and of God.

It is unnecessary to enumerate all the other qualifications which are requisite worthily to discharge the functions of a teacher. Knowledge he must have, of course—ready, various, well-arranged and accurate knowledge; and when we consider what a host of subordinate qualities are requisite for its successful communication,—what diligence, what patience, what self-command, what gentleness, what firmness, what forbearance, what discrimination, what quickness of perception, what versatility of adaptation, what knowledge of the mental and moral constitution, and what entire devotion of the whole soul to the whole work,—we may well ask, "And who is sufficient for these things?"

But the moral dignity of this office appears, in the second place, in *its powerful and transforming agency upon individual mind.* The work of the educator has been compared to that of the sculptor, who carves out a beautiful statue from a shapeless block of marble. The illustration was common among

the ancients, from whom it was borrowed and very happily used by Addison; but I do not perceive that the subject is ennobled by the comparison. For, let the statue be never so perfect — let it be wrought by the hand of a Phidias or a Lysippus — let it be shaped into the most noble and beautiful proportions, and touched with the most exquisite finish — the figure is yet but *a figure of stone;* hard, cold, lifeless. But education does not simply excavate the mind from its native quarry, and cast it into "the mould of form." It works an entire change throughout the whole intellectual and moral nature. It forms the man anew. It elevates him into a loftier sphere of being. It creates new senses of enjoyment, new desires, new hopes, new aspirations, and forms the whole soul to a nobler and sublimer life. It is as if the statue, while the artist was yet bending over it with his chisel, should wax warm and start out from the marble; and the breast should heave with life, and the eye should burn with living fires, and every joint should play smoothly in its socket, and the blood should start on its red and rapid courses; even as if the Divinity had descended, and breathed into this cold and senseless stone the breath of life and the quickening spirit!

Do we overestimate the power of education upon individual character? Mark then the vulgar and untaught mind, imbedded in ignorance and animalism; and again contemplate the same mind after it has ascended the heights of science, and received the impress of moral cultivation. Upon such a view, we shall find the power of which we speak, developed in the subject of it, under three several aspects: First, *in its multiplying the sources of his happiness;* Secondly, *in his intellectual elevation;* and Thirdly, *in his improvement as a moral being.*

L. of C.

And First, in its multiplying the sources of his happiness. The uncultivated man is furnished with a set of social instincts, and a susceptibility to a certain grade of gross pleasures; but they all play within a narrow round of animalism; they are often embittered by jealousies, and envyings, and physical privations, and can hardly enter into any just notions of human happiness. Of the satisfaction which accompanies the exercise of the intellectual faculties, he knows absolutely nothing. Nor is he less a stranger to the happiness arising from a contemplation of the works of nature. Ten thousand beautiful and wonderful processes are momently going on throughout the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms: every blade of grass and every drop of water shuts up within itself a world of wonders; but Nature reveals none of her secrets to him. Stars rise and set over his head; moons wax and wane; the earth beneath his feet is everywhere covered with divine workmanship; but he stands amidst the whole "with brute unconscious gaze," and turns a sealed eye to the beauties and glories which are every where scattered through the deep universe about him. In vain, for him, has the hand of God decked the earth with beauty, or sown with stars the fields of ether. In vain, for him, do air and ocean teem with the wonders of microscopic life. In vain, for him, does Nature spread out all her scenes of beauty and of gladness, and pour around him the melodies of her ten thousand voices. Talk to him of these elevated and refined enjoyments, or of the pleasures which lie scattered along the paths of literature and science, and the description falls on his ear "like sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." You might as well undertake to describe the rainbow to a

man who never saw the light of heaven; or to one who was born deaf, the charms and melodies of music. Yet this very individual, moulded by the plastic hand of the professional educator, fitted, as we have described, morally and intellectually for his work, becomes a different being. He becomes the inhabitant of a different world; a world of thought, taste, intellect, imagination. With what rapture does he stand up in the midst of the glorious universe, which, when the Creator had finished, and on that primal Sabbath "rested from all the work which He had made," He beheld with infinite complacency, and pronounced it "very good." *He* looks abroad over the works of his Creator, and beholds light, and life, and joy, in everything around him. He gazes on the visible world, and thanks God that he has been created an intelligent spectator of its wonders. He turns his eye on the intellectual, and discovers that he is allied to his Creator, and to other orders of being; and exults in the consciousness of all that is beautiful and majestic in the mind of man. It is his to sympathise with Nature and "the quick spirit of the universe," and to appropriate all her variety of loveliness. He gazes with delight on the noble in man, and the beautiful in woman. He listens with rapture to the mingling and sounding elements; to the howling of the midnight storm, to the roar of the cataract, and the eternal thunder of the ocean. What value does *he* place upon that office which has thus caused the scales to fall from his eyes, and admitted him an enraptured spectator of the works of God! At what price would he consent to be thrown back upon his ignorance, his vulgar appetites, and his uneducated faculties? At what price would he

consent to relinquish the aspirations, by which he has alliance with all the great and good? to give up the pleasures thus made possible? to

> ——— "Renounce the boundless store
> Of charms which Nature to her votary yields,
> The warbling woodlands, the resounding shore,
> The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
> All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
> And all that echoes to the song of even;
> All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
> And all the dread magnificence of Heaven?"

Were it in the power of the teacher to bestow upon each of his pupils the fee-simple of a kingdom, he could not endow him with so rich and so noble a gift, he could not do so much for his permanent and substantial happiness, as by imparting to him that cultivation by which he is enabled to appropriate not a kingdom only, but *all* kingdoms and the glory of them; which makes, not the visible world only, but the empire of thought and imagination — the realms of art, and taste, and poetry, and fiction, and all the ages of the world, and all the dominions of universal Nature—his; his to understand, his to enjoy.

But, in the second place, we behold the power and moral greatness of this agency, in *the intellectual elevation of its subject.* Man, fallen as he is, seems "scarce less than archangel ruined;" and the meanest employments are dignified and made honorable by their usefulness to the human species. Next, then, to moral cultivation itself, what work can be nobler than the improvement of the human faculties? And their capacity for unlimited advancement opens the most exalted views of that power, which can bridge the chasm between the exercises of the most ordinary intellect and the sublime operations of a

Newton ; which can waken up the mean and common mind, and fill it with divine aspirations, and send it forward on a career of boundless progress. Contemplate that progress for a moment, as it is developed by education in its subject. The first elements of his knowledge consist in bare sensation, the impressions of external objects. Memory treasures up the perceptions of sensation, and thus lays the foundation for future thought. Here he rises from the mere animal into the intellectual. He now begins to compare ideas, and to make combinations and deductions. Thoughts multiply, knowledge accumulates ; and he already exults in the consciousness of an intelligent nature, and in the spontaneous workings and exercises of the living mind. And now the field of his intellectual vision clears up, and widens around him. He expatiates in the pictorial realms of the Imagination, or treads with more equal and assured footsteps over the fair and divine empire of Truth. He questions the elements of Nature, and carries the torch of philosophy throughout all her dark dominions. He opens the classic page, and holds communion with the illustrious spirits of past ages. He turns his eye to the broad heavens, and reads the power and wisdom of Providence, in the law and order which reign throughout the starry world. He opens the chronicle of history, and gathers as manna the lessons of wisdom from the experience of the past. He ranges the future with a prophet's rapture, and embodies the hopes which he gathers of human progress, and his visions of "the glory that is to be revealed," in the pages of a lofty and calm philosophy, or in the numbers of immortal song. And in all that he sees and feels — in the wonderful mechanism of the human mind, and in all that

perfect order and fitness which reign throughout the stupendous machinery of material nature — he beholds the hand of the Infinite Intelligence, and a type of the Infinite Perfection; and he learns to lift his thoughts, in grateful and devout contemplations, to the Great Architect, "forasmuch as He that builded the house hath more honor than the house."

But if such be the progress of this mind here, chained to a narrow spot of earth, and darkened by error and ignorance, what will it be when it shall be freed from imperfection, and shall spring into that new and sublime life which awaits it? For it is robbing the agency of the educator of more than half its dignity, to consider it as circumscribed by this low and temporal scene that is now around us. We must follow it to another stage of its development, and throw our eyes down the long range of its immortal being. Professional Teacher! whatever impulse you give to the mind of that pupil, now under your charge, it is an impulse upon a career that shall never end. He will soon be remanded away from your hands by the great Parent of all; called to stand upon a loftier theatre, and to take a part amid higher and sublimer scenes. It is yours to furnish him with a preparation for life; but *life itself*—what is it but a pupilage for immortality? As yet, we know but little of that, his future state of being; for we do but "see through a glass darkly," and "it doth not yet appear what we shall be;" but we have the strongest reason to believe, that the mind which you now cultivate with such anxiety and pains-taking, will then yield a spontaneous and perfect obedience to all the present laws of its nature. It will then, as now, be progressive; not indeed, as now, slowly, and laboriously, and fettered by these cares, and this coil of

mortality ; but, springing into its native element, and freed at once from every clog and cumbrance, it will sweep on towards perfection with an ever-accelerated progress, through eternal ages. To what attainments will it grow in that endless course! What infinite knowledge! What immense intelligence! It is a glorious anticipation, for both teacher and pupil ; yet not less true in philosophy than sublime in thought, that in the course of that unending progress, it will not only reach and overpass the grandest exhibitions of earthly mind, but that in its most ordinary exercises it shall even emulate the clear and all-comprehending intellect of the tallest archangel that "adores and burns" at the throne of God!

But, thirdly, if the moral dignity of this work appears thus exalted, in the intellectual elevation of its subject, it is yet more so in his improvement as a *moral* being. I have already spoken of the part which moral training ought to hold in a scheme of education ; but such is the importance of the subject, that I trust a few additional observations will be pardoned here ; and the more especially, since, amidst all the improvements which have been carried forward, and amidst the general prevalence of liberal and enlightened views on the subject of education, this feature yet stands almost entirely untouched by the hand of reform. The doctrine here set forth on this subject, is not an innovation of modern experimentalism. It lies deep in the philosophy of human nature ; and accordingly, we find it has been held by every great and philosophic mind that has ever been turned towards the subject.

Even Plutarch affirms, that "discretion, virtuous habits, and upright living," are the proper and ligitimate end of

education: and he boldly charges it to the reproach of his countrymen, that while their youth were "carefully instructed to read and to dance, to farm and to ride the horse, to pour out wine, and to prepare food," yet "the *object* for which all this was done, viz., *to live a good and happy life*, remained untaught, was without the direction of reason and art, and left altogether to chance." Might it not have been expected, that this doctrine should have gained some progress during the lapse of more than seventeen hundred years; or, is it an austere requisition, that our systems of education shall come up to the standard of a Pagan morality?

Milton, who wrote in an age of comparative barbarism—an age in which his immortal poem, the "Paradise Lost," sold for fifteen pounds, and its author, whatever of him was mortal, was suffered to die in obscurity and want—has left the following illustrious record of his opinion, in his letter to Samuel Hartlib: "The end of learning is to repair the ruin of our first parents, by regaining to know God aright, and out of that knowledge to love Him, to imitate Him, to be like Him, as we may the nearest, by possessing ourselves of true virtue, which, united to the heavenly grace of faith, makes up the highest perfection. But because our understanding cannot, in this body, found itself but on sensible things, nor arrive so clearly to the knowledge of God and things invisible, as by orderly conning over the visible and inferior creature, the same method is necessarily to be followed in all discreet teaching."

Lord Kames, in his "Hints on Education," observes thus: "It appears unaccountable, that our teachers generally have directed their instructions to the head, with so little attention

to the heart. From Aristotle down to Locke, books without number have been composed, for cultivating and improving the understanding; few, in proportion, for cultivating and improving the affections. Yet surely, as man is intended to be more an active than a contemplative being, the education of a young man to behave properly in society, is of still greater importance than the making of him even a Solomon for knowledge."

Well did this writer except Locke from the general censure of having misapprehended the great and principal end of education. The views of that great man were such as became the father of intellectual philosophy; and were more than a century in advance of the generation to which they were addressed. Throughout the whole of his "Thoughts Concerning Education," he takes it for granted that the cultivation of the heart is its paramount object. He utters the same complaint which is so loudly echoed in our own day, that "Latin and learning make all the noise;" and asserts that "the principal business of education is *to set the mind right;* so that on all occasions it may be disposed to consent to nothing but what may be suitable to the dignity and excellency of a rational creature."

In another part of the same treatise he observes, "Till you can find a school wherein it is possible for the master to look after the manners of his scholars, and can show as great effects of his care, in forming their minds to virtue, and their carriage to good breeding, as in forming their tongues to the learned languages, you must confess that you have a strange value for words, when, preferring the languages of the ancient Greeks and Romans to that which made them such brave

men, you think it worth while to hazard your son's innocence and virtue, for a little Greek and Latin."

Again: "I place *virtue* as the first and most necessary of those endowments which belong to a man or a gentleman; as absolutely requisite to make him valued and beloved by others, acceptable or tolerable to himself. Without it, I think he will be happy neither in this nor the other world."

The celebrated Dr. Priestly observes, on the same subject, that "the very first thing to be inculcated upon a child, as soon as he is capable of receiving such impressions, is the knowledge of his Maker, and a steady principle of obedience to Him; the idea of his living under the constant inspection and government of an invisible Being, who will raise him from the dead to an immortal life, and who will reward and punish him hereafter, according to his character and actions here. I hesitate not, therefore, to assert, on the plainest principles, that Religion is the first rational object of education. Whatever be the fate of my children, in this transitory world, about which I hope I am as solicitous as I ought to be, I would, if possible, secure a happy meeting with them in a future and everlasting life."

Such were the sentiments of these illustrious men; and did my limits permit, I might confirm them by quoting those of Hartley and of Bacon. Enough, however, has been said, to show that the term "new-fangled"—that vague and awkward epithet, by which mediocrity seeks to fasten odium upon every new trial which philosophy and benevolence make for the amelioration of humanity—cannot apply to them.

But I have said that these views are founded in the philosophy of human nature. Man is constituted of three classes

of faculties: the animal propensities, the moral sentiments, and the intellectual powers; and this division exhausts the whole of human nature. Of these, the animal propensities are by far the strongest; yet they are the seat of all vicious and criminal practices, and the source of a very great portion of human misery. Social and political organization, schemes of government and law, are the devices which reason has framed, to control their violent and unregulated action; and without which they would soon fill the earth with suffering and blood. The intellectual powers, strongly developed by education, will aid in holding them under control; but their directly antagonistic principles are *the moral sentiments.* It is therefore upon these that society must chiefly depend for its protection; and the cultivation of which is the principal object to be aimed at, in a scheme of education.

By way of illustrating our principle, let us suppose the case of one not yet hardened in crime, but who revolves darkly in his bosom some act of midnight robbery and assassination. The animal propensities, such as selfishness, cruelty, cupidity, urge him on to the horrid deed. They are strongly opposed by the reflective faculties, whose office it is to show him the real nature of the crime which he is about to perpetrate; its alarming consequences, and its true turpitude and dimensions: and, if strongly developed by education, they may come in to strike the balance right. But the criminal inclination finds its principal adversary in the moral sentiments of conscience, justice, benevolence, compassion; which exert all their force, native and acquired, to warp him from his purpose. But the whole man will move with the temptation toward crime, or be drawn with blessed attraction toward virtue, according as

the one or the other of these antagonist influences prevails: and in all cases, he will move in precisely that direction and with that momentum, which he shall acquire as the result of the mutual action and counteraction of these several classes of faculties. This is not barren speculation. The moral world has its laws, as well as the physical; and the principles which govern the mechanical forces are not surer in their operations and results than those which sway the action of a human being.

Now the whole object of moral training is, simply, to abstract the predominant force from the animal and selfish part of human nature, and to fix it on the side of the moral sentiments. If it be asked, *how* the moral sentiments shall be strengthened, so as to give them the balance of power in this struggle for the empire of the soul, I answer: by the same means by which all the other faculties, mental and physical, are strengthened; and that is, by being *frequently and intelligently exercised*, on their appropriate objects. If you would call out any sentiment or any faculty in its full vigor, *act upon it—exercise it.* The surest way to make a man a villain, is to *treat* him as one; appeal to his unworthy motives, to his selfishness, his appetites and his passions, and you will soon form for him a low and unworthy character. But if you would give him worth and elevation — if you would fill him with lofty impulses, and stamp him with a noble and generous nature — call often upon his moral sentiments. Let them be developed by rewards and encouragements; and, especially, let them be nurtured and exercised, under a pure and watchful guardianship, in early life. Thus you will give him to society, a useful and an active member; armed by the

masculine virtues, for the service of his country and mankind; capacitated by social feelings for pure and generous friendships; and softened by virtuous love, for the duties of domestic life.

And here let me pause, to ask a practical question. Is there any distinct and special provision of this sort in our public schools, at all adapted to the demands of society and the true philosophy of man? Of what avail is it, that the learned Professor, with some text-book in his hand — perhaps of bad morals and worse metaphysics — sits before a senior class, at college, and gravely reads from his chair a course of dull lectures upon Moral Philosophy? It may afford to the young men who assemble at his prelections, that sort of elegant entertainment which Nero loved, who always summoned his philosophers to wrangle and dispute before him, by way of amusing him after dinner, and helping his digestion; but how feebly will it bear against the power, if not of raging passions and profligate principles, at least of inbred selfishness, and vicious habits, and bad example! To control and counteract these, is, as I trust has been shown, not only the duty, but the great and essential function of the office of a teacher; to rescue the young mind from the dominion of evil propensities, and so to imbue and magnetize it with the principle of right, that amid all the storms which beset the tempestuous voyage of life, it shall turn, with steady and unwavering attraction, towards Truth and Duty. "To repair the ruin of our first parents," is the bold and characteristic language of Milton; embodying, in that single expression of the object of education, more profound philosophy than may be found in whole tomes of metaphysics. And where shall reason, shall learning, shall genius, be challenged to a nobler or worthier work? Can

there be a sublimer employment of the human faculties, than the moral elevation of human nature? It was a glorious work, and worthy of the Divine ambition, when the Almighty spoke out of nothing this globe on which we dwell; and ordered it with laws, and gave it to breathe with multitudinous life, and sent the stars on their burning and boundless courses, and hung out the sun on high. It was yet nobler, when in the midst of this creation He placed a being whom He clothed with its dominion, and illumined his face with the light of reason — a portion of His own intelligence — and gave to that reason a boundless progress, and an undying life. But greater and far more glorious than all, when He invested that being with the attributes of a *moral* life — conscience, free will, accountability; and in its affections and moral faculties, stamped it with the lineaments of a likeness to Himself. To restore this moral image of God upon the soul of man — to repair the ruin and waste which sin has made upon it — to redeem it from the thrall of evil passions — to fill it with goodness, and purity, and truth — what is this but a new creation? And he who undertakes this sublime agency, what does he become—I speak it with reverence—but an ally and co-laborer with God; and that, too, in His noblest work, the consummation of creative energy, the great crowning work of that glorious creation over which, when it was finished, the Infinite Mind rejoiced, and the shouts of angels, and the songs of the morning stars rose in the universal concert, the grateful and adoring Hymn of Nature!

But in the last place, we were to consider the moral greatness of this office, as it appears *in the value and magnitude of its general results.* And here a wider field opens before us,

than can even be glanced at on the present occasion. We might contemplate these results, as they appear in enlarging the empire of science, in the general diffusion of learning, in the advancement of the ornamental and useful arts of life; or in their relation to the perpetuation of art and knowledge, to the encircling of barbarous nations within the pale of civilized humanity, and the general progress of the human species. But, passing these fruitful and interesting themes, my concluding observations will be confined to one single view — the moral dignity which the office of a teacher derives from its relation to *the perpetuation of civil liberty*, and to the political interests of our own country.

If there be any one truth established by the experience of mankind, and attested by all the lessons of history, it is, that the only hope of governments founded on a popular basis, is in popular intelligence and virtue. And here let me digress, to observe that virtue and intelligence are allies. I mention this, because an idea has been started, in the discussions of the Convention, which, if thoroughly examined, must be seen to lead to the most monstrous conclusions. It is, that to enrich and discipline the intellect only, without a corresponding cultivation of the affections, is to furnish an aliment to depravity, and to arm it with all the instruments of evil. I cannot see that anything is gained, either to the cause of moral education or to the honor of human nature, by thus placing the cultivation of the heart and that of the intellect, like mortal adversaries, in conflict with each other. Knowledge ought ever to be made the handmaid of morality, for the reason that she is its natural ally, and may be seduced from her allegiance. But it should be remembered, that He who gave man

conscience, gave him reason also; and fixed them as coadjutors, side by side, in the constitution of human nature. They may become dissociated, as in the case of Byron; but it can be only by tearing them asunder, contrary to their natural affinities, and by severing with violent hand the bonds by which God himself has bound and interlocked them together. He gave reason to be the light and guide of conscience; and by cultivating the intellect, you not only multiply, by a thousand fold, the motives to good conduct, but you invigorate the moral sense, and set it as a quick and watchful sentinel at the heart, and thus act indirectly on the whole moral nature of man. It has already been seen that the moral sentiments conspire with the intellectual power, to resist temptation and to draw men away from crime. To say, therefore, that to cultivate the intellect alone is to enlist it on the side of wickedness, is to turn suicide to human nature. It is to libel the moral government of God.

But to return: We boast it as the distinguishing feature of our institutions, that all power lies with the people. This is well, while the people are capacitated to use it intelligently and wisely; otherwise, it is but a knife in the hands of a maniac. A Republic, in which the great mass of the people, who hold the sovereign power, are given up to ignorance and degradation, is the grandest treason that can be devised against humanity. It is like a volcanic mountain, murmuring with internal fires, which rage and swelter in its bosom, but which send up to the surface a genial warmth, that covers it with perpetual verdure; thus lifting itself in beauty and grandeur to the eye, and inviting from afar the humble dwellers of the plain, to climb its blooming sides, and fix amidst its loveliness

their treacherous habitations. Poetry has sung the praises of "the enlightened few:" but History is a sterner monitor; and she warns us, as we value our liberties and our political existence, to seek out the amelioration and improvement of the *many*. The French Revolution, of 1793, stands as a solemn and terrible example of an experiment toward freedom, conducted by "the enlightened few," while the great mass of the people remained sunk in ignorance and moral debasement. It has not been left for us to portray the Reign of Terror. It stands out, in dark and awful characters, upon faithful history, for a lesson to the latest posterity; unless posterity shall refuse to credit such a tale of depravity and horror, and treat it only as an ingenious fable of antiquity. The stage of French affairs, throughout the period of the Revolution — what was it for twelve years, but a great scaffold, streaming with blood and choked up with human heads? And seated around upon it, muffled in black robes and ankle deep in gore, *the enlightened few* — Condorcet, Robespierre, Danton, Marat, Roland, D'Herbois, Brissot, Barrere — presiding as priests at the sacrifice, and feasting the sense with the savor of a perpetual slaughter!

Let us be admonished by the lessons of history. It never was in the ordination of Providence or of Nature, that an ignorant people should long be a free people. With all the forms of freedom, they will become their own tyrants; and it is not to bold to say, that they may even elect a tyrant by their own free suffrages, and worship him in his tyranny. It is one of the modes in which Providence chastises a degenerate people, to give them rulers after their own heart. Augustus was praised as a god, while he trampled on the neck of Roman

liberty; and Napoleon, as First Consul, made his triumphal entry into Paris, crowned with flowers by the hand of beauty, and cheered with the plaudits of admiring thousands. Let us then no longer hug the delusion, that in a popular government, which is ever the mirror of the popular mind, imaging forth the *character* as well as the wishes of the people, a free constitution, and an impartial representation, are all that is necessary for the preservation of liberty.

I repeat, Virtue and Intelligence are the great pillars on which you must rest the fabric of republican institutions. But virtue and intelligence are not of spontaneous growth; they are the work of care and culture; and it is only competent teachers, themselves educated and set apart for this especial purpose, that can be spread as a leaven throughout the great mass of society, and thoroughly incorporated into the national mind. Hence it follows with a rigorous accuracy, that the teachers of our land hold the destinies of the nation in their hands. Has this vital and momentous truth fallen with its full weight upon the public mind? Is it felt to be the great principle on which the liberties, the happiness, the very existence of this people depend? Is it thus acted on by those who are the constituted guardians of the public weal — by the freemen who crowd the polls, by our State Legislatures, our Governors, and our Congress? Where have the candidates for office been required to pledge themselves to the fostering of common schools; or to vote appropriations for those infant colleges, which, like the one in this city, though they have attracted to themselves learning and abilities which might raise them to a glorious pre-eminence, and make them blessings to untold thousands of our fellow-countrymen,

are yet struggling into a feeble existence under the scanty support of individual benefactions? About what have been our long Congressional debates? What has been the great care of legislation, as shown by the public journals? The moneyed corporations of the country; her projects of physical improvement, and the operation of a petty, miserable, but disastrous and disgraceful war! Millions voted for public works, and millions more squandered upon fortifications and naval equipments, and the establishment of military posts! And are these the defences which statesmen and legislators provide to preserve and perpetuate the liberties of the nation? Well may we address them with the language of Hecuba to Priam, as she saw the feeble old king about to seize his arms for the protection of his empire, while imperial Troy was already sacked by Argive foes, and her mighty burning reddened all the Egean:

> "Non *tali* auxilio nec defensoribus istis
> Tempus eget."

Look abroad over this country; mark her extent, her wealth, her fertility, her boundless resources; the giant energies which every day developes, and which she seems already bending on that fatal race — tempting, yet always fatal to republics — the race for physical greatness and aggrandizement. Behold, too, that continuous and mighty tide of population, native and foreign, which is forever rushing through this great Valley towards the setting sun; sweeping away the wilderness before it, like grass before the mower; waking up industry and civilization in its progress; studding the solitary rivers of the West with marts and cities; dotting its boundless prairies with human habitations; penetrating

every green nook and vale; climbing every fertile ridge; and still gathering and pouring onward, to form new States in those vast and yet unpeopled solitudes where the Oregon rolls his majestic flood, and "hears no sound save his own dashing." Mark all this; and then say, by what bonds will you hold together so mighty a people, and so immense an empire? What safeguard will you give us against the dangers which must inevitably grow out of so vast and complicate an organization? In the swelling tide of our prosperity, what a field will open for political corruption! What a world of evil passions to control, and jarring interests to reconcile! What temptations will there be to luxury and extravagance! What motives to private and official cupidity! What prizes will hang glittering at a thousand goals, to dazzle and tempt ambition! Do we expect to find our security against these dangers in railroads and canals? in our circumvallations and ships of war? Alas! when shall we learn wisdom from the lessons of history? Our most dangerous enemies will grow up from our own bosom. We may erect bulwarks against foreign invasion; but what power shall we find in walls and armies to protect the people against themselves? There is but one sort of "internal improvement,"— more thoroughly internal than that which is cried up by politicians — that is able to save this country; I mean the improvement of the *minds* and *souls* of her people. If this improvement shall be neglected, and shall fail to keep pace with the increase of our population and our physical advancement, one of two alternatives is certain: either the nation must dissolve in anarchy under the rulers of its own choice, or, if held together at all, it must be by a government so strong and rigorous as to be

utterly inconsistent with constitutional liberty. Let the one hundred millions which, at no very distant day, will swarm our cities, and fill up our great interior, remain sunk in ignorance, and nothing short of an iron despotism will suffice to govern the nation; to reconcile its vast and conflicting interests, control its elements of agitation, and hold back its fiery and headlong energies from dismemberment and ruin.

How, then, is this improvement to be effected? Who are the agents of it? Who are they who shall stand perpetually as priests at the altar of freedom, and feed its sacred fires, by dispensing that knowledge and cultivation on which hangs our political salvation? I repeat, they are our *teachers;* the masters of our schools; the instructors in our academies and colleges; and in all those institutions of whatever name, which have for their object the intellectual and moral culture of our youth, and the diffusion of knowledge among our people. Theirs is the moral dignity of stamping the great features of our national character; and, in the moral worth and intelligence which they give it, to erect a bulwark which shall prove impregnable in that hour of trial, when armies and fleets and fortifications shall be vain. And when those mighty and all-absorbing questions shall be heard, which are even now sending their bold demands into the ear of rulers and law-givers, which are momently pressing forward to a solemn decision in the sight of God and of all nations; and which, when the hour of their decision shall come, shall shake this country — the Union, the Constitution — as with the shaking of an earthquake; it is they who, in that fearful hour, shall gather around the structure of our political organization, and with uplifted hands stay the reeling fabric till the storm and convulsion be overpast.

Nor is it this generation alone, of which they will be the guardians and benefactors. The institutions of learning and science which they build up and adorn, will stand as beacon-lights for future times. Their influence in the formation of mind and character will endure to the remotest age. The spirit of liberal learning which they foster, is a creative spirit; and it will spread and multiply itself without measure and without limit, among the countless millions that shall succeed us. This is moral dignity indeed. This it is to be truly great. "I shall go down to posterity," said Napoleon, after he had bathed his banners in the blood of an hundred battles, "with this Code in my hand." That conqueror and tyrant, after all his victories, and after rising from the obscurity of a Corsican peasant, to become the distributer of the crowns of Europe, saw and felt that it was not in his power as an Emperor; not in the glory which he had brought away from fields of carnage, but only in his utility as a legislator for France, that he could safely trust to redeem him from oblivion. He reasoned rightly: and well had it been for mankind, if his reason had served him with this conclusion, before it had become blinded by a grasping and murderous ambition.

In the moral progress which awaits the human race, the characters which make such figure in history will be brought to a higher bar; and posterity will most surely reverse, by one consentaneous and irrevocable decision, the judgment which the present age has passed upon that grand robber and murderer of his kind. Nor was Napoleon without some premonitions of this sternly retributive judgment of posterity. Even *he* saw, with aching eye, the light of that new moral day

which should burst upon the world — a day whose broad and ascending sun should wither the laurel on the conqueror's brow, and eclipse all the glare of military glory. He foresaw, deluded as he was, that a revolution was at hand far greater than any which he had wrought out, with his army of mercenary millions; that an era was approaching, in which there should be "a more liberal basis of social things—a higher morality—a more wide-spread philanthropy;" and especially, an era in which *glory* and *greatness* should be estimated on juster principles; and be distributed by the universal suffrages of mankind, to those who should be the *benefactors*, not the *destroyers* of their species.

It may not be for our teachers to give to the people a code of laws; but it is theirs to give them virtue and intelligence; and therewith *freedom*, without which law-givers are but tyrants, and law itself is an oppression. Those who now crowd the busy scene of affairs, will soon have passed from the stage; and their places will be filled by the men of a new generation. It is theirs to mould the character of that generation; to prepare it for the high trust which will fall into its keeping; and to preserve in it the spirit and virtue of our illustrious ancestors. And, in all the ages to come, it will be theirs to perpetuate those social and political institutions, and those principles of civil and religious liberty, which render us "a peculiar people;" to stand up, as it were, between the living and the dead, and, as the successive generations of men advance and disappear from the stage, to pass forward the common inheritance, not only unimpaired but enriched with fresh accessions for posterity, so long as it shall please a gracious Providence to give us a place and a name among the nations.

CHAPTER V.

HIS LITERARY TASTES AND PRODUCTIONS.

MR. EELLS, though apparently absorbed in the stern duties which were connected with professional and practical life, and pressed by them so that there seemed to be no opportunity for other things, ever kept warm and bright his interest in purely literary pursuits. Here he found his recreation. Upon these beautiful fields would he disport himself, when weary of toil on the hot and dusty highways of life, and, with harness off and work ended, indulge in the verdure and the rest that were most grateful. Indeed, the air, the scenes, the exercise, on these fields, were all native to him, and from them he gained exhilaration and vigor as well as delight. In charming classic style does he express his feelings on this subject, in a letter written from the midst of his most exhausting legal work, to his friend Dr. Kendrick, dated Nov. 12, 1838: "I am right glad to know that you continue so high in favor with Apollo, for I mean to avail myself of your kind offices in interceding for me; since well I know that it will be entirely from his partiality for you, if he condescends to reserve for me any,

even the smallest, niche in his temple. Verily, I have been but a sorry worshipper of late; and I shall hold it a matter of special grace, if, when he finds me in my wanderings, he do not let fly one of his arrows at me, with a more "dreadful clangor" than ever yet rung from his Silver Bow. If you see any such motion, pray be my go-between, and receive the dart on your own broad and impenetrable shield. Moreover, the first time you find him in a good humor, his quiver over his shoulder and his bow hanging at his side, please venture on some explanations to him of my apparent defection. Tell him, that if, from the high Empyrean where he sits, he has seen my humble altar too often vacant of its incense; if he has discovered me kneeling to a strange god—a bastard deity that never sat with the immortals on Olympus—it is not the fault of my inclination, but of that dire necessity which calls less for anger than for pity. "*Sic Parcæ volunt*," remind him, is the "*ultima ratio*" among mortals. Tell him that the fatal Sisters—those old maids who, despite the gallantry of all the gods, have been "withering on the virgin thorn of single blessedness" for these thousands of years—have woven a skein of black thread into the woof of my destiny. Before he visits me, therefore, with too dreadful wrath, he should call to account these daughters of Night and Erebus, where they sit at their everlasting spindles, and weave the inevitable thread of human life. Tell him that I have not forgotten my first love; but I am like a fond girl whose sweet and virgin affections cling, like the tender rings of the vine, to a tall and comely youth, but whose cruel guardian, smit with the love of acres, has wedded to some bony and strapping son of the soil from the vulgar herd. Tell him, in fine, that though I

am a stray sheep from the fold of Admetus, I have been over strange mountains, and my bowels do yet yearn for all I have left behind; that even in my dreams I do often find myself depasturing, of a sweet summer afternoon, in the green herbage of the "Thessalian Tempe," or lying in the shade by the waters that do gush in music from the fountain of Arethusa. Then, do you not think the god will relent? If he do, if his knotted brow relax but for a moment, if you see one beam of kindness, one symptom of compassion, do you who have power to prevail, who sit in the sunshine of his daily face, follow up your advantage, and give him this my prayer:

"O Thou, born of Jupiter and Latona upon Delos, where the shining Cyclades are washed by the Egean wave; God of the Silver Bow, of Poetry and of Medicine, of Music and of Augury; thou who didst slay the Pythian monster, and didst avenge the impiety of the children of Niobe; who didst aid thy uncle Neptune in building the walls of mighty Troy, beguiling the toil of the laborers with thy lyre and songs; and who didst succor thy father Jupiter himself, in his war with the direful Titans! O Magnus Apollo! I ask not of thee gold, which is but dust; nor beauty, which is a snare; nor pleasure, which is a cheat; nor even life itself, longer than it may be had with honor and illustrious well-doing. But this, O thou immortal and præpotent divinity, is my petition and request. Inasmuch as the inexorable Fates have driven me far from my early and favorite haunts, upon a thorny and rugged path, unfrequented by the Nine, and unblessed by the love of the gods — that thou wouldst, of thy benignity, grant that what has been written of me I may

endure with patience; and that under thy favoring auspices I may nobly accomplish the decrees of Fate. Give me to understand Equity and to know Justice; give me to search out all the deep and ancient foundations of the Law; give me wisdom and ripe judgment; give me prudence in action and sagacity in council; give me learning and understanding; give me eloquence and argument; to be a friend to the stranger, and an avenger of the injured; a helper to the needy and a shield to the defenceless! Grant that in the fullness of time I may bring all these thy gifts to the support of whatever is good and worthy, in Society or State! And finally, when these weightier duties are no longer required, and my childhood shall return upon me, from infirmity or age, with it return thou its studies and its delights. Then be thou present, and bring with thee Mercury and the Muses, the Graces, and the dancing Hours! Stand ye all around me, when I prepare my later votive offerings, and rekindle your fires on the cold and long-forsaken altars of my youth!"

There is in the desires which have this expression a clear perception of what would be demanded by the profession he had chosen; and a resolution that to the full this demand should be answered. Yet back of this, as if unwilling to be ignored, though crowded into a subordinate place, the genuine love for literature which he would not wholly repress. He delighted to drink of the Pierian spring, and would not be denied the privilege. He exulted in the pleasure of occasional excursions over the wide domain of classic lore. He left volumes of fugitive pieces, and more elaborate articles, with which he had refreshed himself in the brief intervals allowed by increasing business. He gladly accepted invitations to

deliver public addresses upon general themes, when these would not interfere too seriously with the engagements of his office. And in all these writings sparkle the pure taste for which he was distinguished; while there is scarcely a piece, even the most off-hand and unstudied, that is not fragrant with the spirit of devotion to some worthy end that rendered his whole life a blessing. It is not appropriate to a volume like this that such contributions should swell its pages, and therefore none of them will be introduced; yet it is against the earnest wishes of some warm and perhaps partial friends, that they are excluded.

There is one poetical production, however, which has been printed—though, as will be seen from the introductory note, not designed to be published—that really claims a place in this Memorial. It is the only specimen of his composition that is given; indeed Mr. Eells, as he tells us, did not regard himself as possessing the poetic faculty. Yet it has such merit, and withal so abounds in sentiments which reveal his heart, that it has been thought none of those for whom the book is specially prepared will feel that it should have been denied a place here, notwithstanding the substance of the poem relates ouly to personal and family affliction. His brother Henry, next older than himself, had always been sacredly dear to him; and when news of his death by drowning came to him, the shock was terrible. He writes respecting it: "I was in the Court Room, when an old negro waiter handed me the letter, with a black seal! I opened it, and read the first line, when I dropped the letters, docket, papers, everything I had, upon the table, and rushed out of the house to my own room, which I have not since left. The world

seems blank to me! What a transient thing is life! It floats before me like a phantom, ready to be blown away by the first breath! I try to compose the troubled ocean of my sorrow with the reflections of religion, and become somewhat calm; when again my loss rushes upon me! Poor, dear brother! So mild, so kind, so faithful, so forbearing, so magnanimous, of such devotion and generosity, such simplicity of manners, such purity of life, such elevation of moral and intellectual character, such perfect nobleness of mind and heart! He has been more than a brother to me. Our mutual love and confidence were uninterrupted. We had no secrets between us. All our plans and hopes were open to each other as the light. Our sentiments on all subjects were interchanged with such freedom that nothing was too delicate or too sacred for the ear of fraternal trust. What pleasure did we anticipate in each other's society, through many long and happy years, as co-partners in each other's fortunes, whether of trial and difficulty or of usefulness and honor. How is all dashed forever! What a commentary on the folly of all hopes which are not built on surer foundations than the inconstant and treacherous elements of this vain and fleeting scene!"

These exclamations make known in some degree the grief that overwhelmed him, and will serve to give all the explanation necessary, as the Poem is read. The further facts are made known in the note which he has placed as a preface.

Rev. James Henry Eells, the subject of the following humble tribute, was drowned in the Maumee River, opposite Perrysburg, in attempting to cross on the ice, on the evening of the 7th of December, 1836, at the age of twenty-seven. In the freshness of his early prime, in the full enjoyment of perfect health, and in the midst of his useful and honorable years, he was cut off in a moment, and summoned to his last account. Gladly would I here sum up the character of one whose learning, talents, and accomplishments, and whose warm and noble heart, purified by the grace of Christ, rendered him universally respected and beloved; but those who knew him will never cease to remember what he was, and to those who did not, a faithful delineation of his character would seem but the extravagant panegyric of a partial and blind affection.

It need scarcely be added, that the following piece was not designed for the eye of criticism, nor is the printing of the few copies of it which are struck off intended as a publication. It was written mostly during a season of severe sickness; and though composed in verse, it lays no claim to poetical merit. Poetry is not my gift; and my vocation is one which has never been celebrated for its fellowship with the Muses. A piece, however, may derive interest from the subject matter of it; and from those who were personally acquainted with the deceased, and for whom alone these lines are intended, anything which may serve to recall his image—to cherish the memory of his talents and his virtues, of his devotion to the cause of his Master, and the bright example of his pure and consistent life—cannot fail to meet with an indulgent reception.

Cincinnati, October 30, 1840. S. E.

TRIBUTE TO HIS BROTHER.

"Before me there
He, the Departed, stood! aye, face to face —
So near, and yet how far! — his form, his mien,
Gave to remembrance back each burning trace
Within."

"He who counts alone
The beatings of the solitary heart —
That Being knows how I have loved thee ever."

Midnight so soon! Hark! 'Tis the City clock,
That numbers slowly o'er its fullest stroke,
And tolls the hour. How solemn are these sounds!
They are the measures of departing Time,
That beat his grand funereal march, and fall
Upon the ear like voices from the dead,
Strange echoes waking in the human breast.

I will throw back the casement, and will woo
The bland air of this soft and summer night
To my flushed brow. What holy solitude!
How wide the vacant streets! These dingy walls,
That lately rang with tramp of myriad feet,
And ponderous wheels—how high and still they stand

Upon their giant shadows! Not a sound,
Save the lone watchman's distant footfall, breaks
The silence dread. Even the festal lamps,
Whose pendent prisms through half the livelong night
Shook to the merry viol, and the feet
Of youthful dancers, where light-hearted Mirth,
And Beauty, with the rosy-footed Hours,
Held jocund festival, have ceased to burn.
The latest guest has bade the hall Good-night!
And sought his home. Locked in profound repose,
The City sleeps. Her mighty heart is still.
Sweet is the universal rest, and Peace,
Like a kind angel, broodeth over all.

Midnight, I love thee! Whether thou spread'st above
Thy kindling heavens, and thy cool dews descend,
Mixt with the soft light of the virgin moon,
Or tempests blacken on thy awful front,
Pregnant with lightnings, and with whirlwinds dire,
I love thee still: in all thy changeful moods,
Or fierce or mild. A Power invisible
Doth ever walk thy wide and shadowy realm,
Whose sceptered touch is magic to the soul;
Moulds it anew; arms it with angel strength;
Stirs it with heavenly visions, and the hope
Of glory, and the taste of endless joy;
Gives it grand converse with the mighty dead;
The awful mystery of Life reveals —
The life that now is, and the life to come.
Beneath the gairish day we learn the world,

And how to treat with all its busy cares:
But this wide silence, and these dewy hours,
Are the soul's teachers; legates sent from Heaven,
To give it grand revealings — lessons high
Of Life and Death, Eternity and Time;
To tune its grateful voice to sweet accord
With seraph songs, and notes of heavenly harps,
And wondrous symphonies that stir through all
The glorious universe, and whisper praise
And worship in the Eternal ear.

And now —
Adieu! this feverish vigil, and these tomes
Of learned lore! This thought-perplexing mass
Of briefs and parchments, lie ye undisturbed
Until the dawn. And all ye earth-born thoughts,
And anxious schemes of this our little life;
Ye raven Cares that flap the incessant wing,
And stretch your hated shadows o'er the soul —
A motley brood — I beckon ye away.
And all ye airy flattering hopes — ye dreams
Of young Ambition that in glory loom,
And in life's dim perspective tempt the heavens,
Like distant mountains, reared against the sky,
Whose golden tops burn in the evening sun,
Begone! These hours, snatched from consuming toil,
And, Night! baptized by thee in holy dews,
I dedicate to sacred thoughts. Full oft,
At this auspicious time, I wander forth
To gaze on Nature's varied loveliness:

The terraced gardens, and suburban shades,
This beauteous river, and the circling hills,
With brooks and paths and winding glens between,
The far-off purple woods, and, stretched above,
Yon boundless heaven with all its starry fires;
To stand within this temple of the sky,
And worship Nature at her thousand shrines;
To feel her touch divine, and, kneeling, drink
The deep abundant river of her joy.

But neither vales, nor shades, nor purple woods,
Nor the still gardens, nor thy glorious hills,
Ohio! nor thy bright and crystal flood,
Nor yet yon radiant concave of the sky,
Sprinkled by God's own hand with stars and suns,
Command me now. From all this nightly pomp
Steals my fond thought to spiritual realms;
And HIM, a dweller bright beyond the spheres,
Shrined in my inmost soul.

Oh, sainted One!
Who mak'st beyond those everlasting lamps
That light the sky thy brighter home, I give
These hours to Memory and to thee. Redeemed,
Immortal though thou art, and standing up
In thy high place among the sons of God,
My heart yearns fondly for thy love, and longs
To pour toward thee, the full unwasted tide
Of its affections. Hither bend thy wing,
Pure Spirit! I would feel thy presence now.

Impatient of its clay, my spirit spurns
The earth, and now in this glad hour, would strike
Its fetters off, and mount with thee. Oh, come!
Attend me in this solemn-thoughted hour;
List to the throbbings of this bursting heart,
And grant this once thy Spirit's sweet commune:—
A boon which my soul covets far beyond
The dower of princes, or their bauble crowns.
Wilt thou reject the offering? Dost scorn
The humble tribute of a brother's love?—
This votive hour, these longings of the soul,
These suppliant hands that would embrace again
Thy form, as erst they did in life's sweet morn,—
Our pure and sunny childhood, when no cloud
Crossed our bright heaven, when hope and love were young
Within our hearts, which oft and fondly met,
And throbbed together in tumultuous joy?
And have these memories faded? Hast forgot,
Mid angel friendships, and the joys above,
Thy dearest, earliest friend? Hath the pure light
Of those celestial realms etherealized
Thy lofty being, and refined it so,
That sympathy with earth and earthly things
Would stain its nature of diviner mould?
That it may feel no fleshly ties, no sense
Of kindred, and no touch of human love?
Hath it aught less of tenderness and truth,
Since it hath dwelt within the smile of God,
And shared the blest affinities of Heaven?

Hark! A low murmer steals along the air,
Like the soft rustling of an angel's wing.
The agitated ether fans my cheek,
Shed with celestial odours. Hark, again!
Aloft are voices of attendant Ones,
In quick and changeful measures mingling soft,
Concordant with the touch of pipes and harps,
And melodies retreating. 'Tis enough!
Thy faithful spirit witnesseth with mine.
A sensible Presence fills the conscious air.
My prayer is heard on high, and—THOU ART HERE.

But here delay we not. These populous walls,
These streets, where daily pours the living tide,
Familiar with the sounds of art and trade,
And babbling voices of contentious men,
Our sacred interview but ill befit.

On earth, thou Nature lovedst, in all her forms
Sublime, or beautiful:—the golden Sun,
With all his radiant sisterhood of stars;
The great green sea, heaving eternally;
Heaven's blue and bending dome; and the glad change
Of Seasons, children of the rolling year;
Morning and evening; mountain, cloud, and storm.
The spirits of the peopled universe,
To thy purged eye, had clear and palpable forms;
And thou didst love them, and didst dwell with them
Familiarly, as with thy kind.

Beyond
The City's precincts, is a hallowed spot ;
Which, hadst thou still thy mortal mantle on,
Would touch thy spirit with a holy joy.
Thou seest this amphitheatre of hills,
Which, like a rampart, gird the city round.
Its giant shade we enter even now ;
And still the slope ascending, gentle airs,
That nightly wandering have kissed the dews
From many a forest, and in fields afar
Held dalliance with a thousand odorous shrubs,
And summer blossoms, greet the expectant sense.
Yonder the place we seek. A sweet lone dell,
Deep in the bosom of the embracing hills,
Which wall it in on every side, save where
It spreads with soft expansion to the plain,
Giving the glimpse of spires and distant dome,
And the bright winding river, and, beyond,
Of cultured fields, and beautiful blue vales,
And forests vast and dim that crown the hills.
On either side of this wild sheltered glen,
That never echoed to the sounding axe,
The primal forest stands. Across the chasm
The patriarchal trees do interlock
Their friendly arms, and weave a verdant roof
Fleckered with stars and sky. Its narrow bed
A crystal brook divides. Flags fringe the banks,
And nameless plants, whose tall and bending stems
Dip their obedient blossoms in the wave,
Which, as it glides along its slaty floor,

Or with short, quick fall drops from stair to stair
Of polished stone, responds in liquid song
To the deep cadence of the woods around.
These are sweet Nature's voices. Other sounds
Have never vexed these tranquil shades, since here
The painted Indian lurked, and on these heights
Kindled his watchfires, or with stealthy step
Stole on his game. No trace of man is here,
Or sign of life, save when on rushing wing,
Some weary bird, scared by the hunter's gun,
Or flying from the heats of sultry noon,
Descends into these depths of shade, and sits
Smoothing his plumes, and ever and anon
Pours his melodious notes on the clear air.
Nature reigns here: and when the breeze is down,
A deep and holy hush seems circumfused,
As if a Spirit tenanted the glen.

Needless these ineffectual words: for lo!
Here at our feet the bosky valley spreads.
Welcome, sweet dell! Welcome your grassy seats,
Your thickets brown, and rocks, and woods, and flowers!
Stooping once more along the accustomed path,
Beneath this bushy canopy, I come
To pay my nightly worship at your shrine,
And softly tread your sacred shades again.
Even as the loves of kindred and of friends,
Each tree, each flower, each trunk, and mossy knoll,
Hath a familiar being. Ye are linked
With blessed memories, sweet, holy thoughts,

Strange musings that could never come to words,
But which have made my bosom beat, and burn
As with a Seraph's fire. Oh! I have gazed
On your inanimate forms,—fancy the while
Intensely busy in a world of dreams,—
Till ye have seemed to hold a kindred life;
A mystic sympathy with human hearts;
And while I gazed, your spiritual forms
Grew to my being as a second self.
Friendship—how rare on earth! Yet ye are friends:
Mute faithful friends; for ye have shared my heart;—
Its hopes and fears, its fancies strange and wild,
Its secret joys, and its unspoken griefs,
The sigh, the vow, the tear, the whispered prayer,
Those inarticulate musings when the soul,
Feeling the disproportion vast between
All she can reach on earth, and her keen wants,
Struggles against her prison-bars, and pants
For infinite things, and longs to fill her powers
With nobler action, and sublimer life.

Such life is thine,—my Brother. Here, beneath
These holy stars, while yet the lingering Night
Wraps her dark mantle o'er a drowsy world,—
Here, with no witness but the all-seeing God,
Here, where no living voice is heard, no sound
Invades, save from these overhanging woods,
Whose tops wave in the night-wind and reveal
The bright-eyed sky, or from the softer brook
Which purls and babbles like a child at play,—

Teach me somewhat of that diviner life,
And tell the mysteries of the World Unseen.

Oh, say! since that dark, dreary, wintry night,
When from the watery depths of cold Maumee,
Thy eagle spirit cleft the sky, and soared
Up to the gates of Light, what hast thou seen,
And felt and heard? What high commissions had,
Sealed with the signet of the King of kings?
What errands hast performed to worlds afar?
What wondrous deeds, what journeyings wide and vast,
Since thou hast had the freedom of the skies?
Hast thou as with the bold and lightning step
Of an Archangel trod from sphere to sphere,
And made the circuit of the universe,
Along that mighty shoal of suns which belts
The encircling Ocean of unbounded space,
And still pursued thy exploring flight, till thou
Hast learned the whole geography of Heaven,
And reached Creation's bound, and overlooked
The wall into black chaos,—utter void,
Depths which no line has sounded, and no ray
Of morning pierced, nor seraph's starry eye—
Where is nor thought, nor substance, sight nor sound,
Where nought of real is, except the still
And Awful Presence of the resting God?

On earth, what men call Science, shared thy love.
Thy eager eye did range the universe
In quest of Truth and Knowledge. Now it found

A world of wonders in a blade of grass:
Now asked its gentle secret from the flower;
Now scaled the skies, and learned their lore sublime.
To thee all nature spoke with thousand tongues;
Ocean, and Earth, and Air, and all their tribes
Of myriad life: mountains, and trees, and brooks,
And morning clouds; zephyr and tempest; all
Spoke to thy spirit with a living Voice,
And thou didst gather wisdom from them all.
But chief the wonders of the midnight sky
Shared thy admiring gaze, as speaking most
The glory and the majesty of Him,
Who formed, sustains, and guides, and rules the whole.

Still hangs the chart upon my study wall,
With curious calculations covered o'er,
Cycle and epicycle, plot and line,
Described by thine own hand with studious care,
On which in many an hour of midnight toil,
Thou didst forecast the movements of the sky,—
The planets' times, their revolutions vast,
Transit and node, conjunction and eclipse.
This, men call SCIENCE—but what sayest THOU,
Since, with an eye purged from these mortal films,
Thou hast surveyed the whole stupendous frame
Of visible Nature: all her realms explored;
Weighed every force, and measured every line,
And traced the circles vast of every orb
That shines, or darkly floats; and learned the laws
Of all material things;—how the leaf grows;

How rise the juices from the solid earth,
To clothe it o'er with forests, or to form
In fruits and flowers:—hast seen the essences
Of things; what matter and what spirit is;
What is effect, and cause; and what the chain
That links them each to each, throughout the vast
Of being; and then, returning to the goal,—
Him great first Cause, author of all effects,
Stood in His presence with adoring eye,
And at His footstool cast thy golden crown?

He is the All in All:—Centre of Light,
And Life, and Love. Minute and vast are all
Alike to Him. Omnipotence discerns
Nor great nor small. His hand with equal ease,
Or paints the lily and the insect's wing,
Or rolls the tides, and balances the spheres.

Hast thou ne'er witnessed His creative power
Prompted by love? Hast never seen thy God,
When, prodigal of glory, He hath called
Up from the dreary nought, world after world,
Moulded them o'er, and from His red right hand
Flung them abroad on their eternal rounds,
And lighted up the realms of ancient Night
Millions of leagues afar, and peopled all
With joyous life; then resting from His work,
With infinite complacency the whole
Surveyed, and called it "Very Good?"

Say, then,
Hast thou not marked the ages of the stars,
And learned the epochs of things done in Heaven?
Of mortal deeds men have their histories,
And monuments: embalm with infinite pains
The memory of events, that future times
May have a full account of things that were.
Say! hath not Heaven its history too? Is kept
No record there? that spirits later born,
And souls redeemed, may know what things have passed
On high? Doth not some mighty Chronicler,—
Some tall First-born of the angelic host,
Standing forever up at God's right hand,
With glory-smitten brow, and eye that burns
Eternally like the sun, and aye explores
Those wide and glorious realms, take note of all
His goings forth from everlasting? Mark
His counsels, plans, and their fulfillment vast,—
Each new-created orb, that, clad in light,
Rolls from His hand; each angel's birth and name,
And all their deeds, and every coming up
Of raptured saint to take his golden crown;
And with a pen of braided lightnings, give
To everlasting Record each and all?
Say! hast ne'er found that History divine,
There where it lies outspread before the Throne,
Volume immense! and ever gleams and burns
With the reflected glories of a God?
And hast thou not as with an angel's strength,
Heaved o'er its leaves of massy gold, and learned,

The vast and mighty cipher which enlocks
The wisdom of the skies? Hast ne'er explored
The page which tells the primal birth of aught
Created; when, at the life-giving Word,
The first of all the sons of God that saw
His Maker's face, before Him stood in light
And highest glory,—or, when the first globe
Rolled on its glowing axle through the depths
Profound; or, farther on, the eventful page
Which tells the war with rebel hosts,—what deeds
The heroes of the faithful did that day;
Gabriel, and Michael, and their valiant ones:
And how the traitor-legions, with their Chief
Defeated, turned and fled; and still pursued,
Rushed headlong to the horrid gulf; and peace
Was had again in Heaven?

But oh! one leaf
I know thou hast discerned, and o'er it bent
In wonder oft, and gratitude, and love.
'Tis that which tells the tale of mortal sin—
Man made upright, and given his happy seat
In one fair planet that obeyed the sun;
There tempted, fallen; but yet again restored;
Redeemed by blood, and made the heir of Heaven.
Wonder of wonders! Condescension vast
Of infinite Love! That the eternal Son
Should lay his glories by, and dwell in flesh,
And bow his head in death upon the cross,
That man might live!

GOD MANIFEST IN FLESH!
This is the mystery of mysteries.
"Herein is love." Too short eternity
Will be to comprehend the height, the depth,
The length, and breadth of the amazing plan.

But from the exploring of these wonders vast,
What services engage thine active powers?
Hast thou not wrought in worlds that shine afar,
Or, on this earthly ball, where once thy home
Thou hadst, the agencies of Him who makes
His angels spirits, and his ministers
A flame of fire, and through his empire vast
Commands them forth to do His various will?
Oh! once I saw, or thought I saw, a form
Resembling thine, doing a work divine
Upon the sky; and ever since, as oft
As I recall the vision to my mind,
Unlike a dream that fades with years, it grows
More and more real upon each review.

It was a summer eve. A copious shower
Had cooled the sultry air. The golden sun
Was sinking to the West; but still the storm
Hung in the Orient. I dropped my toil,
To walk abroad and taste the new-born life.
The air was soft and calm: gardens, and woods,
And fields, breathed balmy odours. Beast and bird,
The insect race, and even the reptile world
Came forth rejoicing. With a brighter hue

The emerald meadows shone: each drooping stalk
Revived, each gentle flower lifted its head,
And smiled. Oh! 'twas a blessed hour: and while
I tasted it, I felt my heart grow soft
Within me: and my spirit seemed to live
A younger and a holier life. It lived
Among the joys of other days,—the scenes
Of early childhood, and the names of friends—
The loved, the left, the absent, and the dead.

While thus I mused—Behold upon the cloud
The Bow of promise! Then I thought of THEE:
How we had lived, and loved in early days;
Straying by brooks or through the pastures green,
To revel on the charms of earth and sky,
What time the stars came forth, and the young moon
Bent in the still blue heaven her silver horn;
Or gathering clouds, all fringed with red and gold,
Marshalled in glory round the coming sun:
And how, together, we had often gazed
On such a scene: from our dear garden walks,
Or from the old paternal door, admired
That beauteous arch, and marked each melting hue.

But now I gazed alone: and while I gazed,
A form stood half-revealed amid the cloud.
An instant more, and a familiar face
Appeared; but quick as thought the humid veil
Closed it around. A moment there it hung,
And trembled; then, like a thin rolling mist,

Descended slow along the painted arch,
And as it sunk, gathered its colors up,
And softly rose and mingled with the cloud.
Still there I stood, and clasped my hands, and gazed:
And I was even as a little child:
Fluttering my heart with wonder, love, and joy.
I looked again. The cloud had passed away,
And not a floating vapour left behind.
Blue sky and the soft evening stars were there:—
No more!—I dropped upon my knees, and prayed.

Let me be bold, and put a question now.
Whose face was that I saw? Wast THOU not sent
On that sweet evening errand? Through realms immense
Of glowing worlds, and countless as the sands,
To bend thy flight toward thy native ball,
And, carrying 'neath thy wing a precious urn,
Filled with the fount of Everlasting Light,
To paint His bow upon the storm who made
The gracious promise to the sons of men;
And when they had seen anew the living sign
Pencilled on high, to bring its glories home?

On earth, thou wast the ambassador of God.
Charged with the embassy of love, thou stoodst
Before His altars, and its holy fruits,
Which ever dropped as from the Tree of Life,
Proved thy commission. Scepticism heard,
And straight flung up his darkling doubt, and caught
On hopes immortal. Down the cheek of Vice,

And Profligacy, rolled repentant tears.
Despondence raised his weary head, his eye
Brightening the while, and as thy silver tones,
That breathed the story of a Saviour's love,
Melted in music on his captive ear,
Clapped his glad hands in blest unmeasured joy.
The iron brow of veteran Wickedness
Relaxed, then beamed again with holy love.
The scoffer listened, trembled,—then rejoiced.
Strange fearfulness the hypocrite surprised;
And holy men woke to a holier life.
"'Tis good that we are here;" all hearts exclaimed:
"This is none other than the house of God;
This is the gate of Heaven!"

Yet not alone
The sacred mission occupied thy care.
Thy sacerdotal robes thou well didst keep
Unspotted from the world, and yet the poor,
The widow, and the fatherless, those whom
None else befriended, found a friend in thee.
The drear abodes of Sorrow and of Want
Blessed thy exploring footsteps. Thy kind eye
Melted in pity for the mourner's grief.
Woe raised her pallid face to meet thy smile,
And in its sunshine, all her tears exhaled:
And starveling Penury kissed thy liberal hand,
And gave thee back—oh, priceless recompense!—
The benediction of the grateful poor.

Do not like ministries engage thee still ?
Angels and souls redeemed from mortal thrall,
Are they not ministering spirits, sent
To minister to them who shall be heirs
Of Life? Those dear departed ones—our friends
And kindred, who, while yet on earth, partook
Our joys and griefs, our struggles and our toils,
Do they not love us still; and night and day,
Hovering about in the invisible air,
Keep holy watch above us, guard our way
Through life's dark maze, and with sweet influence draw
Us upward in our progress to the skies ?
Oh, say ! when that last bubbling prayer closed up
Thy desperate struggle with the ice and waves,
Did not celestial Ones wait round the spot,
To catch thee up, and on impatient wing,
Bear thy freed spirit to the blest abodes ?
And there arrived, did not the sainted form
Of HER who gave thee life,—immortal youth
Upon her brow, her radiant face wreathed o'er
With welcoming smiles,—stand at the starry gates,
Which from her hasty hand flew swift and wide,
To give thee entrance ? And thy Fathers too—
That long ancestral line of holy men, (*)

*Colonel Samuel Eells, a British officer, came to America from England in the latter part of the 17th century, and was the progenitor of all persons in this country by the name of Eells.

His son, Rev. Nathaniel Eells, was graduated at Harvard University, in 1696, and was settled as a Clergyman over the Presbyterian Church in Scituate, Mass.

His son, Rev. Nathaniel Eells, Jun., was graduated at Harvard University, in 1728, and was settled as a Clergyman over the Presbyterian Church in Stonington, Conn., where he died in the 53d year of his ministry, and the 76th year of his age.

Who broke to starving souls the Bread of Life,—
Didst thou not mark their tall and reverend forms,
Standing in order round about the Throne,
Clad in white robes, and bearing in their hands
Great golden harps, and boughs of living palm?
Did they not from their seats of glory bend
To greet the coming up of their new guest?
Embrace with joy their son, latest arrived,
Give thee thy harp and crown, and lead thee up
To thy fair seat among the Sons of Light?

Oh! if such aids to mortals here be given,
Impart thine own; for much my spirit needs
Thy ministry of love. This world, alas!
Is not the world I saw in my young dreams;
Its pictured joys, its fond and fairy scenes
Of pleasure and of hope, its visions bright
Of Love and Fame, that starred the cloudless sky
Of early childhood, and that made my life
One long gay dream of sweet expectancy,
Where are they now? Gone like bright morning clouds,

His son, Rev. Edward Eells, was also graduated at Harvard University, and succeeded his father in the ministry at Stonington.

His son, Rev. James Eells, was graduated at Yale College in 1763, and was settled as a Clergyman over the Presbyterian Church in Glastenbury, Conn.

His son, Rev. James Eells, Jun., was graduated at Yale College, in 1799, and was settled as a Clergyman over the Presbyterian Church in Westmoreland, Oneida Co., N. Y., in 1804, where he continued till 1830, and then removed to Ohio.

His son, Rev. James Henry Eells, was graduated at Hamilton College, N. Y, in 1828, and was first settled as a Clergyman over the Presbyterian Church in Elyria, Lorain County, Ohio, and afterwards settled at Perrysburg, Ohio, where he was drowned December 7, 1836. He was the sixth educated Presbyterian Clergyman in the direct ancestral line: and has left one son, Samuel Henry, now about four years of age.

Or like sweet garden flowers which frost and storm
Have blighted to the root and borne away,
Withered and crisp upon the wintry winds.
My hopes are dead. My joys are in the dust.
My early friends sleep in their scattered graves.
In youthful fervors spent my spirit flags,
And all its bold aspirings are no more.
That young Ambition which would once have dared
To climb with eagle flight the blackest sky,
And bathe its wing in tempests,—that aspired
To mix among those glittering forms who won
The heights of everlasting Fame, and there
Walk like the gods upon the mountain tops,
Is quenched and dead.

One star in life's young morn,
One beautiful bright star rose on my soul,
And filled my being with a blessed light.
But while with fond idolatry I gazed
Upon that radiant orb, and my young heart,
Paupering itself like any prodigal,
Poured all its golden treasures out, dark clouds
Rose round it, and I saw it set at last
In funeral glooms: and darkness like a pall
Hath shrouded all it shone upon. And now
My desolate heart mourns its quick-perished hopes;
And in the tide of joy that pours around,
Refuses to be glad. My very life
Hangs wearily and I could wish——but no!
I check that bold and wicked thought. 'Tis true

I am no longer what I was; but yet
I am what Heaven designed me, and I bow
In sweet submission to its blessed will.
Why thus cast down, then, art thou, O my soul?
Why art thou thus disquieted within?
There is a world whose joys shall never fade;
Whose orb of light shall never set; a world
Where neither sin, nor death, nor pain, nor change,
Shall ever come: whose everlasting names,
Graven in light upon the throne of God,
And shining there eternally, shall mock
This miserable cheat that men call Fame;
A world where tears are wiped from every eye;
Where friends shall meet to part no more; where all
That we have loved of beautiful and pure,
And more than ever dwelt in human dreams,
Gathered at last unto its blissful home,
Shall be our own forever.

Henceforth now
I trample earthly joys beneath my feet,
And fix my hopes on high. Why should I cling
To this dark pilgrimage of life, or give
This deathless spirit to the things of Time?
All human joys, all sublunary pomp,
Beauty, and Wealth, and Fame, and titled Power,
Are but the heritage of Death. The Earth
Is but one mighty sepulchre. One sound
She sends for ever up—the solemn tread
Of generations marching to the grave.

Death heads this vast procession of our race,
And from its myriad millions,—who shall miss
My dropping off, or note the number less?
What is this little life I rate so high,
To the great mass of being? 'Twill expire,
As fades a leaf in some lone wood? as breaks
The frailest bubble on the Ocean's breast,
When rocked with storms: or as a spark is quenched
In some wide conflagration. Oh! I feel
That this is not my home. A few short days—
And I shall close my eyes upon the sun,
And the bright garniture of earth and sky;
And all this world shall hold of me, will be
But one small handful of forgotten dust.
But oh, the immortal part! This spark divine
That burns within, and shall outburn the stars!
Eternal God! God of my life! to Thee
I give that better part. Its hopes and fears,
The spectral doubts that haunt its twilight glooms,
And give it strange unrest,—its longings high,
Its aspirations for a better life,
Its weakness and its wants,—Thou knowest all;
And Thou alone canst fill its vast desires.
From Thee I had my being: unto Thee
I consecrate it back with all its powers.
Henceforth be thou my Comforter and Guide;
My Light, my Life, my Portion and my All!

But lo! the early mists ascend the hills,
And the flushed steeples greet the purple dawn!

Thus shall the final Morning break. Yet not
As this, to rend our souls with fond adieus.
This calls me to my toil, that to my rest.
This dawn divides us: that shall join our hands
And hearts forever. When the Archangel's trump
Shall thunder round the globe, and summon up
The affrighted nations from their iron sleep,
When Earth and Ocean shall give up their trust,
The elements dissolve before the breath
Of the descending God;—when His right hand
Shall roll the heavens together as a scroll,
And gather up the stars as golden dust,
Then shall we meet to part no more. O then,
Regenerate through the living Sacrifice,
We o'er the general wreck shall rise, and stand
In glory up as Kings and Priests to God,
And serve Him in His temple day and night,
With goodly fellowship, and songs of joy,
And praises evermore.

Brother—Adieu!
To-night I've seen thee darkly through a glass:
Then, face to face. Now I but know in part:
Then shall I know, even as I am known.

The last Oration of any length, prepared by Mr. Fells was delivered before the Biennial Convention of Alpha Delta Phi Society, at New Haven, Aug. 15, 1839, on "The Law and Means of Social Advancement." This was a theme of great interest to him, as appears from his frequent allusions to it in papers that are not published. Those who were intimate with him will remember, also, with what enthusiasm he was wont in conversation to express himself, when a vision of what is to be dawned upon him. The address embodies much of his riper thought on the subject, and it is interesting to observe how the advance of the intervening thirty-five years has confirmed the sentiments he then expressed. Extracts from it were spoken at the preceding Commencement of Hamilton College, where he was a candidate for the Second Degree, and by many who heard it was regarded as his most finished and able literary Address. With it this portion of his Memoir will close.

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

BIENNIAL CONVENTION,

AT NEW HAVEN, CONN.

One of the most interesting questions which can engage a speculative mind, is that which regards the progress and destiny of social man. Our earliest and strongest curiosity centers on ourselves, and the conditions and allotments of our own individual being; but with the enlargement of our sphere of reflection, it embraces a wider field and contemplates the course and destiny of the species. We awake, as it were, out of nothing into the mystery of life; formed to know good and evil, to become responsible for our actions, to feel and to reflect, to enjoy and to suffer, and with the certain foreknowledge of our doom, to witness a few revolutions of the sun and pass away. For what purpose, then, have we been summoned to the shores of being? What is this wonderful nature that has been given us? Whence hath it come? Whither doth it go? It is a mighty and universal instinct of the human soul which prompts it to this solemn inquisition; which incites man to comprehend himself — his individual destiny; to know the good or the evil which awaits him. To

satisfy this craving of his nature, he has bowed his godlike reason before brutes and plants; he has questioned the winds and the stars, and the elements of nature; he has called upon religion and philosophy, the Augur and the Oracle.

But succeeding to this question, arises one of far greater moment; that which concerns the destiny — not of our individual being, but of humanity itself. Human society — why doth it exist? What is its purpose, its course, its destination? Has it any high moral end to accomplish, or is it merely an association of a better sort of animals brought together by a common instinct, and subjected perpetually to the sport of passion and of chance? Is it progressive or retrograde? Or is it wholly without law or plan, doomed to be forever tossed by convulsions and revolutions, and to alternate between certain fixed limits of progress and decline? This inquiry involves the former one; but it belongs to a more advanced stage of intelligence and of moral progress. It is comparatively of modern date; and is itself a symptom of melioration, since it evinces how much those regards which formerly centered on the individual, have expanded into philosophy, and merged in a solicitude for the general well-being.

The most cultivated of the ancients seem to have bestowed but little thought on this great and interesting subject, the progress of the human race; and still less on any direct means for its moral melioration. Viewing society only in detached masses, with no connections but such as grow out of a community of origin, or out of political alliances, they were satisfied with tracing the history of particular nations, without regarding the general course of events, or the laws and limits of human progress. Occupying themselves the eminence of

society, and accustomed to look down on the great mass of their fellow creatures as sunk in irrevocable stupidity, how could they entertain any reverence for their species, or any high and generous confidence in the capabilities and destinies of man? Incurious and indifferent as to the future, they seem generally to have cherished a contempt for their own times and an unbounded reverence for the past. Virgil takes it for granted that to have been born in the early ages, was to belong to an heroic race of men; and that the ancient monarchs of the Trojan line must have been infinitely superior to the family that filled the throne when Pyrrhus stood before the walls of Ilium.

> "Hic genus antiquum Teucri pulcherrima proles
> Magnanimi heroes nati melioribus annis"

Horace improves on the sentiment of his master, and in three brief and graphic lines intimates the dreary doctrine of a perpetual declension of the species. Even in the days of Solomon, all superiority seems to have been conceded to antiquity; since we see the father of wisdom directing his reproofs against an over-curious speculation into what he intimates was the great and prevailing question of his time — "Why the former days were better than these?"

We of the present day have it in our power to form a more just and a more generous judgment of mankind. We hold a position from which, illuminated as it is by the lights of history, we may survey our own times with an impartial eye, looking at the past without idolatry, and to the future without despair. And from the survey which we are able to take, we gather hope and courage. Amidst all the evils and wickedness which abound in the world, we yet hold a high and

cheering faith in the destinies of man. We believe that there exists in society a native tendency which nothing can subdue, towards a higher and more perfect state; that amidst all its reverses, it retains a certain recuperative virtue by which it perpetually tends to recover, and more than recover, what it has lost; that its *law*, in fine, is the law of progress — of melioration. We believe that the great drama of this mortal stage has been planned by a Supreme Wisdom, which controls its whole movement, and which will guide it ere the curtain fall, to a glorious issue. Ages of darkness may intervene; a long dreary night in the calender of time, in which the earth may be filled with violence and torn and shaken by convulsions; but a Divine Voice will at last be heard above the storm, commanding the elements to peace; the stars will again look brightly through the breaking and retiring clouds, and the morning of an auspicious and perpetual day will dawn upon the world.

We shall proceed to state, in the first place, the grounds of our confidence in the progress and destiny of humanity: and in the second place to demostrate what we consider the only means by which that destiny can be fulfilled.

The first ground of the expectation which we indulge, is in the fact that some sentiment of this kind has prevailed in all ages, and seems indeed natural to the human heart. Even those poets and moralists who have professed to despair of human nature, placing the golden age of the world in a remote antiquity, have taken good care to embalm their despondency in strains which they fondly hoped would be immortal. Herein they become swift witnesses against themselves; attesting thereby, that a hope in humanity is at least

a vague sentiment of their hearts, if not a profound conviction of their understandings. Every anxious thought cast towards future times, every desire of an honorable remembrance with posterity, every yearning of the spirit for immortality, is but a testimony to the strength with which the hope of a higher and better order of things is seated in the human heart. Doth not ambition herself, though covered with treachery and blood, thus stand up a mighty witness for human nature? Art has ever committed her glorious creations to the most enduring materials, despairing often of contemporary praise, but ever yearning with the sublime confidence of genius, for the juster judgment of posterity. The man of science, in the midst of an age of darkness, discovers some new and grand truth; and struggling, like Galileo, with the assaults of malice, ignorance and envy, he bears it like a sun on high. Persecution lights her fires, and he marches with it to the stake: amid the wreathing and crackling flames he calls on future times to witness the sacrifice which he makes, speaks out that truth with his latest breath, and leaves to distant ages the sublime appeal. Reformers wrestling with the demons of ignorance, superstition and error, statesmen propounding to the world better schemes of government and law, the martyrs in every age to liberty, to philosophy to religion, the traduced of every name, whose crime it has been to stand in advance of their times,—how have they all risen above the malice of persecution, and with the prophetic intelligence which points to a higher system of humanity, and the development of a more perfect order, calmly reposed on the verdict of posterity their justification and their fame!

This universal and concurring sentiment of all ages, that

the course of humanity is on an ascending scale, and that Light and Truth will finally triumph in the world, is strong and cheering evidence that such will be the result. It proves that the doctrine of social progress has its foundation in nature. We are led to expect it by a sort of natural prescience; and that can hardly be a false sentiment which has thus possessed the great and noble spirits of every age, and which so exactly harmonizes with the constitution of man.

In the second place, our belief rests on the testimony of historical experience. It is with society as with individuals; experience is the universal condition of advancement. It is the law of our present imperfect state that we may not reach truth and good, but by trials and sacrifice; by oft-repeated experiments; by much baffled and toilsome endeavor. The changes which have passed over the world—its wars and convulsions, its epochs of refinement and barbarism, of degradation and of glory,—what are they all but a series of experiments upon humanity; in which the great truths that appertain to it are developed, each in its place and order to be gathered into the general treasury of human knowledge, and committed to history, for the instruction of future ages. A false theory of morals or of philosophy obtains at a particular epoch, and is reflected in disastrous colors upon all the institutions of the age. It passes away at last, and with it the fame of its founder: but humanity, which never dies, is the gainer from the trial. The errors of one age make the wisdom of the next; and what is lost to the individual by the defeat of his system, or to the age by the evils which it introduced, has been gained to the world by enlarging the common stock of human experience. The errors of the Aristotelian logic

pointed Bacon to the true philosophical method; and those of the earlier astronomers were the guides of Kepler and Newton, in demonstrating the true structure of the universe. Mahomet was not less a reformer in his day than was Luther in his; and who does not observe in our own times, the gradual introduction of a more tolerant theology, and a more liberal and enlightened religious sentiment, than ruled the era of the Protestant Reformation?

Do we less mark in government, than in science and religion, the subjection of every movement, and of the whole course of events to the great law of social progress? What in fact has been the history of human liberty? The earliest form of oppression was that of the oriental Theocracy; the despotism of the sacerdotal order; and as it began with perverting and crushing the best part of man,—his moral and religious nature,—it was incomparably the most hopeless and deplorable. To this, succeeded the Greek and Roman slavery; a system far milder in its principle, inasmuch as it based its claim only on the right of conquest, and did not pretend to consecrate its dominion by the sanction of the gods. This form of subjection was broken up and carried away in the wreck of the Roman empire; and in its place came the servitude of the feudal system, in which we see the relation of tyrant and slave mitigated into that of lord and vassel. Again, the yoke of feudalism was broken, and in its stead rose an hereditary nobility, and the aristocratic forms of modern Europe; while we, of the present day, may behold the aristocracy itself,—that last modification of arbitrary power, slowly crumbling on its foundations, and yielding, though reluctantly, to the demands of popular sovereignty

and the republican sentiment of the age. Such, in brief, has been the course of civil freedom. Man has ever struggled with his thrall, and at every great epoch, has loosened one or another of his chains and thrown it off.

That the course of free principles will continue to be progressive, is manifest from the philosophy of man, as well as from the tenor of history. It is not in human nature to submit, in patient and willing endurance, to injustice and oppression. Among the most abject people, the sense of right and justice can never be utterly extinguished. In the most tyrannous times, men have bowed reluctantly under burdens; and if they have not asserted their rights by force, it is because they saw the only prospect of enfranchisement in a temporary, though involuntary submission to the law of a stern necessity. The despots who, even at the present day dare to trample on the liberties of Asia and of Europe, and who repose for immunity on the apparent apathy, the tame and subdued spirit, the easy good nature of the people, do but sleep — let them know it — over volcanic fires. The millions of their oppressed subjects will, one day, bring them to a terrible reckoning. Even now their hands are full of wrath and retribution; and if they postpone the day of their deliverance, it is only that they may make it more signal and more sure; that they may gather strength for the conflict, and add glory to the triumph. They will

> "Wait for the glory of a brighter day,
> And snap the chain the moment when they may."

From our knowledge, then, of the nature of man, we may reasonably conclude that free principles will continue to make

progress; but he who believes that Christianity is to become the prevalent religion of mankind, cannot have a doubt that its triumph will be also the triumph of human rights, and that in its progress over the world it will give light and freedom to all nations. The spirit of the New Testament is that of a pure and genuine democracy. It enjoins us to "call no man master." It speaks everywhere its abhorrence of oppression, and espouses the cause of the weak against the strong. Its fundamental precept, "Do unto others as ye would have others do to you," is nothing else than an assertion of universal and absolute equality. Like its Divine Author, it is "no respecter of persons;" but it passes the same conditions upon all, and estimates all by a common standard. It tramples with contempt on all those artificial and vain distinctions which divide society; judging all men solely by their moral character; apportioning praise and blame, reward and retribution, by the same eternal and inflexible rule. It goes abroad over the world like an angel from heaven, proclaiming light to the blind, liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; and while it gives freedom to the nations, giving also that virtue which alone can secure and perpetuate it — without which liberty degenerates into licentiousness, and equality is but a watchword for universal piracy and rapine.

This view of the prospects of civil society is confirmed by the change which has been taking place from the earliest ages, in the object and character of wars. The first great revolutions originated mostly in physical wants; in the pressure of external circumstances or the blind impulses of a transient enthusiasm. The early wars were chiefly wars for mere

physical ascendency; and were much like the struggles of wild beasts for the empire of the wilderness: while those of modern times originate in an intimate persuasion of certain great political truths, which have become attested by the experience of ages, and for whose sake men hold it their highest glory to suffer and to die. Compare, in this respect, the Trojan war with the expeditions of Alexander; the wars of Alexander with the Crusades; and the Crusades with the revolutions of modern Europe and of America; and the progress of this change must be very manifest. It may be expected that in proportion as society advances, the character of its revolutions will become more refined and spiritual; that they will be struggles, not so much for privileges as for principles; that they will be directed, not so much to the acquisition of territory, or to humble the power of rival states, as to redeem and fix beyond the reach of change or accident certain great fundamental truths which are interwoven with the fates of the human race.

> "Truths serene,
> Made visible in beauty, that shall glow
> In everlasting freshness, unapproached
> By mortal passion; pure amidst the blood
> And dust of conquests; never waxing old,
> But on the stream of time from age to age,
> Casting bright images of heavenly youth."

If we descend to more particular views, will they not confirm the same general fact of history? What political experiment has ever been tried, whether successful or not, from which have not been extracted the elements of a future and happier trial? What form of society, what civil constitution, has not left its lights and monitions for the instruction of mankind? What state or empire has ever existed, which

has not developed some high and momentous truths, for which it came into being, figured its hour on the stage, and passed away?

Take an extreme case: A nation long abused and trodden down by despotism, suddenly becomes possessed with the idea of its freedom; and rises to reclaim and avenge its violated rights. Millions of hearts beat with a common sentiment of resistance. Every rock is made a rampart; and on every hill the flag is shaken out to the air, inscribed in letters of fire, "*Resistance to tyrants is obedience to God!*" Here is a great, a sublime movement; and all that is dear, and noble, and holy, seems staked upon the issue. Can it prove, in any event, ultimately disastrous to the well-being of mankind? Suppose, then, the worst possible result. After a desperate struggle, checkered with the various fortune of war, misfortune clouds the hope of freedom; and defeat, signal but not ignominious, extinguishes it forever. If any gallant spirits survive the strife, in whom there yet lurks the spirit of rebellion, without the power of resistance, they are chained in dungeons; or hunted into perpetual exile; or immolated on the scaffold. The spirit of the nation is thoroughly subdued; and she either sinks down under a despotism more absolute and iron-handed than the first, or her wasted territory is parcelled out among neighboring powers, and her very name is blotted out from under heaven.

Is this a calamitous result? In itself considered, it *is* calamitous and mournful; but never yet was a drop of blood wasted that was shed for freedom. Never yet fell a hero in her cause, who did not, like Samson, slay more by his death than in all his life. As was said by Pericles, of the Athenians

who fell in the Samian war, "the whole earth is the sepulchre of such illustrious men; and their memorial, better than all inscriptions, is reposited in the eternal and universal remembrance of all mankind." This struggle, therefore, has not been a dead loss to the world. The liberty of this particular nation is entombed; but a light burns over its grave, strong and quenchless as the sun, which will lighten the nations to freedom through all ages. What she hath sown in tears, she will reap in joy; and though her heroes may rot unburied on her battle-fields, yet their avenging ashes, far as the winds can bear them through the world, among all its subjugated nations, will become the precious seed of rebellion and deliverance. This particular experiment has failed; but, taking it in all its connections, civilization and human liberty have suffered no discomfiture. A new and glorious chapter has there been opened in the moral history of man. A mighty sentiment has been developed on that field of carnage — the sentiment of Liberty, its worth, its power, its glory. This is the great truth which that nation was born to realize in her sublime and melancholy history. To reproduce it, to give it an imperishable form, and make it glorious in the eyes of men, this was her mission; and she hath fulfilled it even to the letter. She hath written that truth in her blood, and hung the record out on high. Ere the characters have faded, the eye of History catcheth the inscription, and she transferreth it to her immortal page, to be a witness through all time and to all people, of the value of that freedom, for which a nation wasted its blood and gave up its life.

Perhaps history does not furnish a more forcible illustration of this subject, than in the subjugation of the Roman Empire

by the barbarians. To comprehend it fully, let us consider what had been the course of civilization at the commencement of the Christian era: after Spain, Greece, Egypt, Sicily, the Carthagenian Empire, and a large part of Asia, had been subjected to the Roman. Commencing in the interior of Africa, she had descended into Egypt on the bosom of the Nile; thence crossing the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, she had spread her dominion over Asia to the Indus, and over the whole north of Africa to the Pillars of Hercules. Here had been the mighty field of her ancient triumphs. Babylon, Nineveh, Palmyra and Persepolis, Thebes, Memphis, Tyre and Carthage, had been successively the seats of glory and dominion; and each in its turn had been ravaged by conquest, or abandoned to decline. Banished from this field of her labors, she had next appeared north of the Mediterranean, where, like the sunrise in equatorial regions, she had burst suddenly and full-orbed on the country of Greece. Importing hither the results of her past experience, and combining them with the fresh and vigorous elements which she found among that recent people, she had here tried her experiment anew, on a new race of men, and in a country pre-eminently adapted to the perfect development of individual and social man; a country

> "Where Science struck the thrones of earth and heaven,
> Which shook, but fell not; and the harmonious mind
> Poured itself forth in all-prophetic song;
> And music lifted up the listening spirit,
> Until it walked exempt from mortal care,
> God-like o'er the clear billows of sweet sound;
> And human hands first mimicked, and then mocked,
> With moulded limbs more lovely than its own,
> The human form, till marble grew divine."

But even here she had been doomed to the same fatal experience. After a brief but glorious existence, Greece passed into

the condition of a Roman province; and her arts, literature and institutions were transferred to grace the proud Capital of her conquerors. Hither, then, to this new seat of empire, and to this new trial of her own destiny, were the eyes of humanity now turned. Here she had collected all her elements of strength.

> "——————————Hic illius arma,
> Hic currus fuit; hoc regnum dea gentibus esse
> Si qua fata sinant, jam tum tenditque fovetque."

Every former experiment had failed; every ancient field of her enterprise had been abandoned; and Rome, "built with the riches of the spoiled world," the natural heir of Grecian civilization, as Greece in her day had been of the civilization of Egypt — Empress of the Ancient World, the home of Sculpture and of Painting, of Taste and Literature, of Eloquence and Arms, of Law and of Philosophy, gathering in her bosom the arts and opulence of all nations, holding at her clemency all kings and kingdoms from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, and from the Deserts to the Rhine — seemed to stand forth, the last great representative of the civilized world, and to hold in her single hand the fortunes of the human race. What event, then, could have appeared more inauspicious to civilization than that this last and noblest field of her labors, this which she held as the depository of all the Past, and the only pledge of the Future, should be overrun by invading and barbarous hordes, and and at last given back to the dominion of savage man?

Yet this event, apparently such an irrecoverable step toward primitive barbarism, was the means of saving civilization from extinction; and of carrying forward that very progress which,

on every principle of moral probability, it threatened to arrest forever. It brought a new, and, compared with the Roman in the days of his degeneracy, a noble and independent race of men into contact with the principles of social and civil order, and the arts of cultivated life. It furnished a native and vigorous soil for the seeds of such of the Roman institutions as were worthy to survive the people who had proved themselves unworthy to be entrusted with their preservation. It broke the universal thraldom of the Roman yoke. It originated that municipal system which has become the foundation of the jurisprudence of modern Europe. It spread among distant nations the seeds of freedom, law, and social improvement. It intermingled the blood of the northern and southern nations, and thus produced just that energetic, active and well-tempered race of men, than which none other could have effected the wonderful advancement of modern times.

The case is so with all human vicissitudes and revolutions. They are the essential steps of that progressive experience by which alone humanity can ascend. Considered by themselves, they may appear unfortunate and baleful beyond measure; but they are all the evolutions of one fixed and perfect scheme, and indispensable elements of progress. Nations may rise and fall, but never till they have fulfilled their destiny. Civilization may wane and decay; but the principle of its regeneration is immortal. Human society itself may dissolve and perish; but its very dust is vital, and a new social order will spring out of it, like a Phœnix from the ashes of his sire. Thus in the material world do we behold, in its renovating processes, a perpetual type of the Resurrection; youth succeeding age; beauty springing from corruption; the face of nature ravaged

by the elements, or yielding to slow decay, only to be replenished anew, and imprinted with a younger life and a fresher glory.

Again: it is only on the doctrine of progress that we can rest any clear vindication of the moral government of Providence. Without it, how inexplicable, how melancholy has been the course of human events! We stand on the grave of six thousand years, and we look back over the whole grand and solemn history of man. What a spectacle opens to the view! What mournful succession of human generations! What wonderful vicissitudes in human affairs! What wars, what convulsions, what revolutions! How has the whole globe been written over with the lessons of mutability, and ravage, and decay! How have light and darkness, like night and day, divided the empire of the world! Now we behold some splendid constellation of genius ascend the heavens; but even while we gaze, the light expires from the sky, and midnight gathers over it like a pall. Now the eye rests on some favored epoch, some golden age. Knowledge and cultivation have dispelled the rudeness of primitive times. Every where stand the monuments of human intelligence and skill. Splendid cities rise on the shores of every sea. Invention walks hand in hand with Science. Miracles of Art start forth, and Commerce spreads her wing for the remotest climes. Anon the wave of barbarism sweeps over the scene, engulphing all its glory and improvement, or perhaps bearing the wealthy ruin to some distant shore, to be framed anew by the labors of another generation, but only to be again undermined by the flood and swept away.

Now without the doctrine of a necessary progress of the species, what an enigma have we here! What in fact do we see in the Past, but one continuous scene of violence and disorder, where Fraud and Rapine have held the empire, and where, if Virtue has ever obtained a doubtful advantage, it is only to be lost by the first mischance; perhaps to fall before some gory triumph of Ambition — some wide and wild havoc, at which Philanthropy covers her face and turns away! In such a moral chaos there is no substantial good; nothing on which the mind can repose; nothing that is worthy of human affection or regard. The very successes of humanity, the achievements of Art and Science, the triumphs of Civilization and Religion, are the mere casualties of a temporary good fortune; records written in the sand, which the next wave of change may obliterate forever. They are barren of all ties that can link them permanently to the human heart. They teach no lessons of the superintending care of Providence. They inspire no hope. They offer no pledge to future generations.

But admit the doctrine of social progress, and all is harmony and light and order. History ceases to be a riddle. The direst calamities are made the instruments of advancement: present losses are ultimate gains; and wherever an accession is made to the dominion of Truth and Virtue, it becomes irrevocably the property and sure inheritance of the human race. Amidst all the apparent confusion and derangement which prevail, we discern the hand of an infinite and presiding Intelligence, administering the moral government of the world for the highest good of the human family, controlling all

events, even the most untoward, and subjecting them to this high and beneficent purpose of the system :

> "From seeming evil still educing good,
> And better thence again, and better still
> In infinite progression."

But again : it is manifest that, in the constitution of this scheme of humanity, there are opposite elements of good and evil ; and that, by the imperfection of man's nature, his judgments — even on the highest questions of moral duty, as well as those which relate to the practical conduct of life — are everywhere diverse and contradictory. Truth and Virtue are everywhere opposed to armed adversaries ; and thus the history of the world has been a history of conflict. That strife between good and evil, which passes in the breast of every human being under the eye of his consciousness, is but a type of those mightier struggles and revolutions which take place on the theatre of nations. Nor is this casual to the moral system under which we are placed. It is its characteristic and necessary element. "It must needs be that offences come." But has the great Author of this scheme — He who formed it as it is, and who formed human nature as it is, various, limited and imperfect, who ordained from the beginning this conflict of the moral forces, this shock and collision of ideas and of opinions — Himself retired in indifference from the field of strife ? Takes He no superintendence of its results, no care of the issue ; an issue which, by His own wise appointment, involves the interest and destiny of the whole human family ? Here we strike a foundation on which to rest our faith and our hope. Either we must resolve with the fool, that "There is no God," or we must believe that a Being

whose nature is beneficence and truth, and who delights in the propagation of His image, will ever preside over this conflict to give victory to the right; that by His own eternal ordinance, those ideas and sentiments which most nearly represent the realities of things, which are most just, most beneficent, most truthful, though baffled and smitten down, shall rise again, and ultimately vanquish and prevail.

To complete the argument thus derived from the natural concurring sentiments of all ages, from the whole experience and history of man, and from the moral government of Providence, let us add finally the testimony of the Scriptures of Truth. The pages of that "sure word of prophecy" ever glow with the promises and anticipations of a future reign of universal peace and virtue — an era surpassing all that has been fabled of a golden age. Not the philanthropist in his brightest visions, not the poet in his boldest flights, not the most extravagant dreamer of perfectibility, has ever framed such conceptions of the future happiness of the world, as have been unfolded in the Christian Revelation. So clear and striking is the concurrence of the sacred writers on this subject, they set it forth with such distinctness, earnestness and precision, with such energy of language, such force and splendor of illustration, and in a manner so consonant to what has been the actual course of events, as to furnish one of the highest proofs that their word and mission were divine.

Philanthropy, then, does not delude herself with a beautiful but baseless vision in anticipating the era of human regeneration. She sees in man himself a capacity for boundless improvement, and that both the desire and the expectation of it are native to the human heart. She sees that his whole past

history, taken on a complete scale, exhibits not a retrograde, but a progressive movement. She discerns, moreover, in individual events, even those of the most baleful aspect, the marks of a moral providence, the tokens of a beneficent design, which appears to be the law of the whole scheme, and in obedience to which He who "seeth the end from the beginning" administers the moral government of the world. She sees how the most violent concussions have terminated purifying the moral atmosphere, and arousing humanity from a fatal torpor; how those revolutions, which threatened the extinction of liberty and civilization, have carried them forward with a fresh progress; how cruel and unjust wars have been made the means of diffusing learning, commerce, and the arts; how states and empires, which have perished by corruption or by the sword, have all accomplished their destiny, and given place to new and better forms of social order.

In the constitution itself of human nature, she marks a certain conservative arrangement; designed evidently by the same Power which controls outward events, for the restrain of evil and the protection of the great commonwealth of humankind: an arrangement by which the most violent and corrupt passions of the heart are so distributed and balanced as to counteract each other, and thus to maintain the equipoise and harmony of the whole moral system; like those celestial forces whose mutual counteraction holds the masses of the material universe to their orbits, and preserves in beautiful and eternal order the stupendous mechanism of the sky.

It is not, however, to be understood that this inevitable progress of the human species is a uniform progress, by a rule that is always exact and constant to itself. The future course

of society will, doubtless, be like the past, subject to fluctuations and reverses; but it is the general scope of its entire history which must determine its destination and its law. There are eddies and counter-currents in the advancing wave of human affairs. The seeds of improvement may lie buried under the accumulated mould of ages, without impairing the germinating principle, and waiting perhaps but for some dire convulsion to bear to them the refreshing waters, loosen the soil, and turn them up to the showers and to the sun.

Neither by the perfection of which we speak, must be understood a state in which the laws of man's present constitution will be dispensed with; a state in which, like that of the angels, he will be without wants and without cares, discharged from labor and from all social and individual necessities, and wanting nothing to fill his capacity for knowledge and for enjoyment. Man has, doubtless, been created with reference to some end. His existence, therefore, must be subject to certain laws and conditions which are given and immutable. These are the measure of his perfectibility; the pre-ordained and eternal boundaries which encircle all progress, all improvement. By that social perfection which is reserved for society, is therefore intended, not an *absolute* but a *relative* perfection; and it consists in the universal and perfect development of all the human powers; of man himself under the laws of his nature, as a free, intelligent, social, moral, and accountable being. This perfection is, doubtless, the final cause of man, and of the whole visible creation in the midst of which he is placed. This is that glorious consummation toward which tend all the forces of Nature and all the events of History; and which History itself will be one of the chief

instruments in accomplishing; the sun and sovereign force of the moral system, attracting all the parts unto itself, binding them into central obedience, and diffusing over them light and glory; as the solar orb controls the complex and stupendous movement of the physical universe, bends the reluctant planets to their courses, and is the dispenser unto them of light, and life, and joy.

But because the progress of society is thus secured by a fixed plan, does it therefore follow that we may repose idly on the wisdom and benevolence which conduct that plan, and quietly wait the development of the immutable order of events? Assuredly not. Evil is not the less evil because overruled for good. The ultimate ends of the system are indeed benevolent ends; but it is not on that account indifferent by what *means* they shall be effected.

Hitherto, man has advanced chiefly by fierce and prolonged struggles with his fellow-man, and almost every inch of human progress has been won by force and by the sword. Deprecate wars as we may, they have been the effective, and, as human affairs have been, the necessary instruments of social progress. Revolutions have ever been fruitful of genius and true heroism; and it is from them that Liberty, Knowledge, and Civilization, date their successive epochs of advancement. As it is only when torn by the tempest that the ocean heaves up its buried treasures to the shore, so it is only in the agitations of society, its storms and commotions, that man has been exhibited in his highest developments, and those truths which are most precious to him have been rescued from obscurity. It is in such periods that society is born anew. Men's minds rise at once into activity, freedom, and independence. The

despotism of old opinions is broken up and displaced. Humanity is reproduced under happier auspices, and starts with hope and vigor on a fresh career.

Is not such the voice of History? Do her great names — those master spirits who, in different ages, have broken up the old order of things, and given new impulses to the human mind and new hopes to the world — cluster around those periods of universal calm and tranquillity, when, as revealed to the prophet in vision, "all the earth sitteth still and is at rest?"

Without wars, the history of man would have glided away in one long flat monotony, in which the human mind would have been controlled from age to age by a single set of ideas, and the dominion of error would have become inveterate and hopeless. We believe, indeed, that society is destined one day to advance without this stimulant of wars; but then it must be by virtue of an entirely different order of causes; by substituting the action of certain great moral truths and sentiments for that of those passions which have been the seeds of sanguinary conflicts. It is not enough that these horrible and wide-wasting commotions are made to result indirectly, and by the laws of the system, in the general advancement. Action there must be; but not that selfish and belligerent action which arrays man against his fellow-man, which tears society asunder, and dashes the disrupted masses one against another; but that peaceful and benevolent action which, full of divine vigor, and glowing with the zeal of all great and noble enterprises in the cause of human happiness, seeks earnestly and directly, and exclusively, the highest temporal and spiritual well-being of the race. The motive force of the social system

must be subjected to nobler instruments, and to higher and holier purposes. The appeal must be from selfishness, and ambition, and passion, and rapacity, to those sentiments and principles which link man to his fellow, and endear the general welfare to all human affections; which, partaking the grand benignity of God, draw the great family more and more cordially together under smiles of the common Parent, and bind it into one universal and holy brotherhood of fellowship and love.

Let it not be doubted that such principles exist; wrought originally into the constitution of human nature, as pledges of the world's salvation. Mankind have indeed run a wide cycle of depravation; yet with what force Right and Truth still hold their dominion over the human mind, what illustrious witness! What glorious and immortal records! There is not a chapter in history so foul with guilt, that it does not exhibit some honorable testimony to human virtue; some bright spot that looks out from the gloomy and deformed page, as a star looks through the raging tempest of midnight, from the depths of its blue and beautiful home. Truth, which represents universal good — Liberty, Art, Science, Religion, Philosophy, and Improvement — has never been left upon earth wholly without witness. Her cause is that of humanity itself; and what a world of sacrifice and martyrdom attests her holy power among the children of men! Amidst the grossest idolatry of error, there have ever been found kneeling in her wide temple some pure and humble worshippers; and in the darkest and most corrupt times, her altars have smoked with willing blood. War indeed calls humanity into action, and, though at an infinite sacrifice, developes and carries it

forward: but God Himself is in Truth; and wherever it works on the human soul, there He also works, to enlighten and purify it, and exalt it into the image of Himself. That spirit of conquest which has aroused, and intermingled, and carried forward the nations, is a mighty passion; but doubt not that Truth is both mightier and bolder than Ambition; and when Ambition, with the world for his theatre and his prize, has exhibited his best — when, sated with triumph and with blood, he has lain down the sword and the sceptre, and has retired from the scene — then Truth, like an angel, will walk the stage, and after shifting all its sable scenery, will eradiate it with her own glory, and in the day of her pure and bloodless victory, will bless the world with peace, and light, and ever-during love.

We turn now to the inquiry, What are the *means* by which society is to be carried forward to this era of its perfection? And the principle which we set forth is, that they do not lie within the compass of any of those sentiments which prevail, almost universally, respecting the improvement of society; that no means are adequate to raise man to the highest dignity and felicity, but moral influences acting on his interior condition — on the inward, spiritual character. We hold that all real and permanent improvement must begin from within and work outwardly; that the fountain of all social progress lies in the moral nature of man; and that every civilization which has not its foundation and support here, must decay and come to an end.

It must be acknowledged that this simple and essential truth seems, as yet, to be scarcely apprehended. Yet it is written

everywhere. It is the paramount lesson of all philosophy, all history. It is traced on all the monuments of departed greatness. It speaks in a thousand voices from the hoary past. And society will have taken one of the greatest steps which it has ever made towards its perfection, when this one fundamental truth shall become firmly seated, as it ultimately must, in the convictions of mankind.

And in the first place, we affirm that the perfection of the social state does not depend on *the perfection of the useful arts;* or on any triumphs, however splendid, of mere physical achievement.

Art, in its earliest state, is but a rude handicraft wherewith man supplies the first necessaries of nature. In its more advanced stage, it adds a thousand articles of ornament and convenience; and in its maturity, it comes to the aid of the most refined civilization; heaves its marble piles to the sky, covers the sea with ships, and the land with cities, and temples, and monuments of public enterprise and wealth. And when the nation that has reared them has passed away, she leaves behind her these high and memorable traces of her passage to oblivion. They affect strongly the imagination; travelers carry the astonishing description of their ruins into every language; and History celebrates and mourns over them, as the exponents of a national greatness which has been, but which is now departed forever from the face of the earth. We are thus led to estimate a nation's glory by the greatness and magnificence of its monuments; and to consider the state of Art as an index to that of humanity itself.

But let us take a nearer view of this matter; and let us ask, soberly and practically, What has all this pride and pomp of

achievement done for the advancement of the race — for man's highest ultimate well-being? The temples and works of this wonderful people — the proud mausoleums built to lock up a few handfuls of royal ashes — hold they any pledge for posterity, any secret of human melioration? Is, then, this mouldering masonry all the legacy which this people has bequeathed to future generations? And even this barren inheritance — how soon must it all dissolve and pass away! Decay and oblivion are written on the wall of adamant. Even those stupendous and time-defying piles which prop the Egyptian sky, must crumble at last, and waste into their native sands:

> "We turn to dust; and all our mightiest works
> Die too. The deep foundations that we lay,
> Time ploughs them up and not a trace remains.
> We build with what we deem eternal rock:
> A distant age asks where the fabric stood;
> And in the dust, sifted and searched in vain,
> The undiscoverable secret sleeps."

Of what account, then, to humanity are all these magnificent erections — these trophies of art and strength? Do nations come into existence, like the ant and the beaver, only to build? Have they no higher purpose to fulfill, than to appear on the stage of being, gather power and opulence, pile up a few masses of brute matter, and pass away?

But there is a more serious consideration. Physical improvements depend on public wealth. They reciprocally produce each other; and the highest state of both has ever been regarded as that national prosperity which is the chief and ultimate end of government and of society. But the era of national prosperity has ever been that of degeneracy and corruption. The mind is then drawn off the spiritual world and absorbed in the material. It is filled with the pride of

power, and the passion for gain. Temptations multiply and strengthen, while the power of resistance is diminished. The empire of reason and of the moral sentiments is weakened by the encroachments of artificial wants, and finally gives way to that of luxury and the dominion of all selfish and sensual passions. The appetites of man are stronger than his reason; and let him be placed in the center of a general prosperity — spread before him art, and opulence, and all the means of gratifying his passions — and unless you place within him the dominion of a supreme moral law, a power that will enable him to control himself, and divert this overflowing abundance into its proper channels, he will infallibly make it the means of self-debasement and self-destruction. Alexander was a prince of wonderful energy and self-command; but he who subdued himself to all the hardships of the camp, and through perils and difficulties almost incredible overcame all nations, was himself overcome by the manners and vices of the vanquished. After entering Babylon in triumph, we find him yielding to the pleasures and effeminacy of that corrupt city, and at last closing his wonderful career in a fit of drunkenness at a royal banquet. Alexander conquered the world, but he could not subdue himself. *"Armis vicit, vitiis victus est."*

History is full of such examples; but they all demonstrate a principle which is universal, and which applies even more strongly to masses of men than to individuals. The Athenian state never exhibited such an external show of opulence and prosperity as in the age of Pericles; and if there were any virtue in the arts to effect a permanent social melioration, we might expect to see it developed in the times of him who lifted the columns of the Odeon and the Parthenon. It was the

ambition of this man to raise trophies and monuments, temples that might worthily be dedicated to the gods, and whose greatness and splendor should eternize his own memory, and the glory of the Athenian name. When he was accused of too lavish an expenditure on the public works, he said: "Let the sums which I have expended be charged to my account; but let the edifices be inscribed with my name." The fickle multitude replied, that they were content to own the glory of these achievements, and that he "might expend of the public treasure as much as he pleased." We see here exhibited the spirit of both ruler and people. The triumph of the ornamental and useful arts, as well as of the letters and philosophy of Greece, was in the age of Pericles; yet Socrates and Plato both testify that it was under his administration that the decline and corruption of the State began.

The same truth is demonstrated by the Roman history. The Romans surpassed all the world in the splendor and magnitude of their public works; but it was at precisely the period when their wealth was most abundant, and their arts had reached the highest perfection, that corruption seized upon the State. This indeed is the natural course of what is called national prosperity; for it is in the very lap of abundance that the fatal foe is nursed and warmed into life. Luxury is not the growth of an early state of society. She is the child of a late and overgrown prosperity. She is born in palaces; and arrays herself in all the charms of a perfected art—in the gold and purple of a ripe and cultivated age. In Rome, as in all the states of antiquity, corruption first took possession of the capital of the Empire—the seat of art and refinement—and extended gradually to the provinces. Pliny dates the decline

of the State from the victory over Antiochus by Regulus and L. Scipio; which contributed, perhaps more than any other, to the aggrandizement of the Roman name. Cato himself, who shared the glory of the Asiatic conquest, foresaw its consequences to the manners and fortunes of the Roman people; and we hear the inexorable sage, in the same breath, denouncing the profligacy of the times, and imploring his countrymen to cease running after the pictures and ornaments of Asia, and to let the statues of Greece stand in peace on their pedestals. But the reign of degeneracy had commenced, and his admonitions were given to the winds. The conquest of Asia introduced Asiatic vices and effeminacy; and luxury, stronger than the arms of Antiochus or of Hannibal, avenged the conquered world.

"—— ——— ———— Sevior armis
Luxuria incubuitque uleiscitur orbem."

These examples demonstrate, if any can, that wealth and the arts, so far from securing the permanent progress of mankind, carry within themselves the elements of their own destruction. They abridge the labor of man, by subjecting to his service the power of natural agents; but is it clear that the happiness of the race is in the inverse ratio of the necessity for labor? Is it the perfect state of man to live in perfect inactivity, with all his selfishness and brute passions about him, like the idle gods of mythology? Labor is the great primary law of our condition; and the absence of it is a blessing only when the wealth, leisure, and refinement, which are the fruits of a high state of civilization, are snatched from the voluptuous appetites, and made the ministers to moral improvement, to the development and cultivation of individual man. The

glory of a State consists, not in its monuments, but in its men.

> "Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
> Thick wall or moated gate;
> Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned;
> Not bays and broad-armed ports,
> Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
> Not starred and spangled courts,
> Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride;
> No! *Men, high-minded men*—these constitute the State."

Wealth and the arts are valuable, not in themselves, but as means to an end; and that end is a *moral* end—the development of man's spiritual nature—the highest moral well-being of the human race. The splendid civilization of the present age, with all its wonderful improvements—its triumphs of art, genius, invention, and discovery—must be tried by this test; and if, when weighed in these balances, it be found wanting, it has failed of its end; it is spurious, must pass away. You may indeed give it to posterity; but as you give withal no principles of progress or of perpetuity, posterity, like a spendthrift heir, will squander and destroy its own inheritance; and as the children of each generation build the sepulchres of their fathers, so the civilization of each age, while it continues untempered with the leaven of this high moral purpose and character, will be buried by its successor in the same eternal and changeless cycle of progress and decline.

In the next place, we affirm that the means of perfecting the social state do not consist in mere *intellectual cultivation.*

It would seem to be a very obvious truth, that all methods of man's real and highest improvement must be adapted to his real nature, and be commensurate with all his capacities. Were he a being of pure reason, without moral qualities or emotions, without passions or sensuous inclinations, the perfection of his reason would be the perfection of his nature; and

intellectual cultivation alone would be the legitimate means and measure of his progress. But we know that he has a two-fold character; that he is a moral, as well as a rational being; and, moreover, that his moral nature, though it be essentially the superior and diviner part of him, is the seat of all the disturbing forces — all the derangement and diseases of humanity. The miseries and evils of the world — the wars that have desolated it, the oppression that has enthralled it — come not from the feebleness of human reason, but from the selfishness of the human heart. Herein lies man's whole difficulty and disorder. It is, not that he cannot discern the right; but, as a heathen poet has beautifully acknowledged a great moral truth, it is, that though he sees and approves the right, he nevertheless pursues the wrong.

"————————Video meliora proboque,
Deteriora sequor.————————"

Even an Apostle, in surveying his own internal constitution, was obliged to mourn over "a law in the members warring against the law of the mind." We are therefore led necessarily to seek for a different end and method of man's improvement, and to treat him with a higher order of influences, adapted to his multiform and wonderfully-compounded being. And the question becomes simply this: Whether, in the highest possible cultivation of the intellectual faculties, there is a power which will reclaim and renew the moral nature; which will subdue the selfish and obdurate will; correct the sensual appetites; chain the raging passions; eradicate all the vicious and perverse propensities of the human heart, and enstamp it anew with the moral image of the Divinity? If any such power existed, its proofs would be clear and positive; for

wherever we turned our eyes over the face of society, we should find mental excellence and moral worth keeping equal and exact pace with one another. Knowledge would then be the inseparable ally of Goodness; and we should ever see the noblest forms of intellectual development associated with the greatest inward purity and the most scrupulous practice of the moral virtues. Reason would then be the great central luminary of the moral system, and all the virtues, drawn by its fond attraction, would gather to it, and circle around it beautifully and forever, like the bright planets around the Sun.

But is such in fact the law and system of humanity? Let us ask this question, first, at our own breasts; and take the testimony of our inward individual history. Who can affirm that with the steady enlargement of his faculties since the period of his infancy, there has been developed a corresponding law of moral progress, and moral melioration: that during all his life, he has only been improving on the innocence of his childhood; that with his daily advancement in thought and knowledge, he has become proportionably a more conscientious, a more scrupulous, and a better man?

And, to turn our observation abroad over society and over the history of mankind — do we find that the mere knowledge of moral obligation universally brings to itself the practice of what is true and right, and just? Have the sublimest efforts of genius always been associated with the greatest purity of life and morals, and have they been dictated by a comprehensive and benevolent regard to the well-being of mankind? The French philosophers of the last age — mark their pale and thoughtful brows, as they come out of their closets, knife

in hand; and, flinging up the red caps of revolution with a shout, rush hot upon massacre, or fall quietly into their places around the guillotine! Do we not know that men of the noblest order of intellectual development have been often, like Napoleon, Alexander, and Hannibal, men of cruelty and blood? Have we not seen the most powerful and cultivated minds enslaved to the most degrading vices; the most noble and ethereal genius enthralled in brutal dissipation; illustrious orators and statesmen governed by the maxims of a crooked and corrupt policy; and godlike talents of every order and description, stimulated to action by sheer selfishness, and made the willing instruments of sensuality and vice?

Among nations, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact, that the ages of their intellectual refinement have been also those of their moral degeneracy; and, as in Athens under Pericles, and Rome under Augustus, we see a beautiful and polished literature, a subtle and mature philosophy, and an exquisite relish for the productions of art and taste, reflected in their brightest colors, like the last glories of the evening sun from the clouds, over the verge of darkness and decline!

It is conceded that mental cultivation, within certain limits, has a general salutary influence on the moral character of man. It softens and refines his manners, regulates his social intercourse, and raises him from the rudeness of savage life to a perception of high enjoyments, and a sphere of noble and elevated pursuits. These are great and happy effects surely; but they are produced only up to a certain degree. They do not rise to the fountain of human action. They do not change the essential elements of the human character. They do not reach into the inward, spiritual life. And the question here

is, not whether intellectual cultivation has any power to *mitigate* the social condition, but whether it is an adequate remedy for all its disorders; whether it has power to eradicate all depraved appetites and passions, and to extinguish in the human heart the very elements of evil? Where are the proofs of such a power? In the whole history of mind, where is the instance in which this mighty effect has been realized? You see no such example among the living. You will ask it in vain from the records of the dead.

In this sympathetic and wholesome action, which is admitted to exist, of the intellectual on the moral man, we discover that beautiful and mysterious connection which prevails in the mixed constitution of humanity; and which, though it falls far short of being an adequate remedy for the social condition, is yet just sufficient to reveal the wisdom, the order, the sublime unity of the original design. In man as he is, we behold a shattered fabric — a splendid ruin; but as we survey the sculptured glory that lies prostrate — column, capital, and architrave, which some direful shock has swept away, and whose inert fragments can never of themselves rise up again into their places — we see that they are all parts of a glorious whole; we detect their harmony and proportions, and we learn how fair and perfect was the work as it shone fresh-formed from under the hand of the great Master Builder, and under the light of an approving and benignant Heaven.

But again: we judge of a remedy only by its actual operation and effects. If intellectual cultivation be the universal sanative that we are seeking; if, in fact, it have the power to redeem and regenerate humanity; then Literature, in all its forms, would be seen as the actual instrument of this sublime

end; adapted in its own nature to produce it, and working it out everywhere with a vital and omnipotent energy. How has Literature satisfied this test? Has it acted, in fact, as a grand specific for the moral malady of the race? Take it in its most glorious periods — the Elizabethan, the Augustan, the Alexandrine, the Periclean eras. Has it borne the impress of a moral purifier; and has it always gone forth on its holy mission to reform and regenerate mankind? It cannot be disguised that the great mass of literature has, in all ages, been itself contaminated with the very disorders of which it is claimed to be the cure. To the vices and passions of the heart, it has been rather a subject, than a ruler; reflecting, at once, man's intellectual glory, and his moral degradation. The gratifications of literary ambition, the thirst of applause, the indulgence of that ardent enthusiasm which is the temperament of genius, sordid calculations of gain, and the dreams of posthumous glory,—these have been its motives and its ends; its inspiration and reward. Controlled by such influences, Literature has ever taken the cast and color of its time. It is moulded by present passions, and the prevailing tastes of the age. It consults the inclinations of man rather than his duties; and excludes, or softens down all truths and sentiments which are unpalatable to the perverted heart. In short, it adapts itself to *man as he is*, without any purpose or thought of elevating him into *man as he should be.*

Is this the omnipotent agent that is to regenerate the world, and restore it to the golden age of primeval happiness and innocence? Let us be assured, if we trust to it, we lean on a broken reed; we climb stairs of sand. The stream cannot rise higher than its fountain: and Literature itself must flow

from a loftier source;—must be made up of purer elements, and be governed by a nobler order of motives, before it can become the honored instrument of redeeming man from the thrall of moral bondage, and leading him forward to the perfection of his nature.

What an era will that be, when the intellect of man, with all its glorious and immortal powers, shall become the minister to his highest moral well-being; when Literature, instead of ever feeling the popular pulse, and following ignobly in the wake of popular opinion, instead of pandering to his follies, vices and passions, shall enter on its great office of restoring him to the moral image which he has lost: when History, Poetry, Eloquence and Philosophy, and the whole sisterhood of art and letters, shall join hands with Faith, and Love, and Reverence; and, like a band of singing angels, reflecting only the Beautiful and the True,—consenting with all that is excellent and divine, shall win his affections from whatever is gross, selfish and sensuous, and, leading him upward along the course of an infinite spiritual progression, shall direct him to the fruition of the eternal and all-perfect One, as the consummation of his good, the true end and glory of his being!

But in the next place, the remedy of the social condition is not to be found in *forms of government;* or in any systems, however perfect of law and civil order.

Government being a natural and necessary want, mankind, as if by common consent, have seemed to fix their highest hopes of social melioration on the improvement of civil constitutions;—on ideas of legal order and political prosperity. For the perfection of these civil forms, they have undertaken

wars and revolutions; and studied and toiled and bled from age to age. The most sagacious and powerful minds have been concentrated on this single idea. They have had no idea beyond it: as if it were a primary and universal conviction that the perfection of the social state consisted in a perfect system of civil government:—a system all the powers of which should be so balanced and distributed as to secure at the same time the greatest personal liberty, and the most implicit obedience to the public will.

A single consideration must demonstrate the fallacy of such expectations. Government pre-supposes the necessity of restraint: in other words, it supposes passion, violence, corruption: that is to say again, it supposes that very state and condition of humanity of which we are now seeking the remedy. Take, then, the most perfect constitution that reason can devise, and by what provisions will you eradicate these elements of disobedience and misrule: or, retaining these, what security do you give against agitation and dissolution?

Such systems have been often attempted. Men of every order of genius,—the sage, the statesman, the philosopher, have toiled day and night, in putting together the frame-work of a perfect body-politic; adjusting the harmony of the members; bracing it with nerves and sinews; fitting all the parts with most exquisite and laborious reason, till they have become pale and bloodless as their own abstractions: but when they have brought out their beautiful model from the closet, and animated it with the passions of our common humanity,—put within it the blood and movements of common life, they have seen it torn limb from limb, and its fragments flung high in air.

To abridge our inquiry on this head, it may be confined to governments of the popular form. We assume the natural equality of all men as a primary and indisputable truth; and that all civil constitutions are just and perfect, adapted to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, exactly in proportion as they conform to this original and fundamental principle of all just government. And we conclude, therefore, that if governments founded on the basis of the popular will and of personal freedom, prove incompetent to perfect human society, we must abandon all hope of securing this end by the agency of civil and political forms.

Government, as it supposes restraint, also implies power: and power, wherever it be lodged,—whether it be concentrated in the few, or parcelled out among the multitude,—carries with it an inherent tendency to licentiousness and corruption.

The whole diplomacy of modern Europe is founded on the admission of this unhappy truth. The system known as the "Balance of Power,"—what is it but an universal acknowledgment that the States of Europe stand to one another in the attitude of beasts of prey?

> "Tigris agit rabida cum tigride pacum
> Perpetuum sævis inter se convenit ursis."

What is it but an acknowledgment of the lawless rapacity with which each would seize upon the rest, were it not deterred by the jealousy of its neighbors, and by that equality of strength, which, and not the sense of right, or the faith of treaties, is the common security of all?

Tacitus has observed of Vespasian, that he was the only man that was ever made better by the possession of power:

but for one Vespasian, how many has it converted, like Nero, into monsters of wickedness and oppression!

Power then corrupts; but how? Corruption is not a *necessary* element of power. There have been good rulers in the world, and the administration of the universe is carried on in infinite love. Were the heart of man pure, power would be but another name for beneficence: and it corrupts only because it removes artificial restraints, and administers to those sensual passions, which exist primarily in the human breast independently of the fact of power, and independently of all social and political regulations.

This again throws us back upon the source of all the social disorders:—the original and deep-seated selfishness of human nature.

Is the difficulty at all relieved by distributing power among the mass, under the forms of a popular constitution? Is not the mass made up of the same elements, and subject to the same passions as individuals? Do the majority never tyrannize? Or is the rule of an hundred tyrants better than that of one?

Where is the Republic that has always exercised its power with moderation; with a just and scrupulous regard to the rights of other states, or even of its own people? Look at the ancient democracies of the Athenians, the Spartans, the Thebans, the Achaians, the Macedonians, each in its turn, and as often as it had the power, aiming at the subjugation of all Greece. Look at the republics of Rome and Carthage; each eyeing the other with inveterate hatred, and each grasping with insatiable ambition the empire of the world. Look at the popular revolutions in Spanish America for the last

thirty years. Look at those "republics without number, which rose in Italy during the middle ages; whirled on their axles, and foamed, raged, and burst like so many water-spouts upon the ocean." And the greatest, the most popular, the most perfect Republic the world has ever seen;—would to God she might be excused from the category of those free States whose power has been used to oppress the weak, and which have known no law but the law of the strongest! But can we pass her by? Is not the stain of a great national robbery upon her;—on her public journals, on her whole history? What has been her course of policy towards the original proprietors of the soil; who held it by that highest of all titles, a charter from the God of nature;—the right of original and immemorial possession? By craft, by rapacity, by the repeated and flagrant violation of the faith of treaties, and finally by armed force, they have been hunted from forest to forest, and from river to river, through a period of more than two hundred years. Now while I speak, the miserable remnants of these once powerful tribes are climbing the farthest mountains; carrying with them nothing but their household gods, and the bitter memory of accumulated wrongs.

From yonder summits of everlasting snow, they turn to take a last look at the broad and beautiful land of their fathers. But the sword of the white man pursues them, as the sword of the angel pursued the exiles from Paradise. Beckoning a sad adieu to their ancient hunting grounds, to the graves and glory of their ancestors, they descend the Western Slope into the wilderness which skirts the Ocean; and history, willing to do a late redress to an injured and exiled people, looks in vain for any memento of their race

among the shadows of the setting sun. Melancholy indeed, but stern and decisive, is the lesson which we gather from these examples.

While, therefore, the tendency of power is invariably towards corruption, and this not less under the popular than under the regal and aristocratic forms, it is now received as a political axiom, that Republican governments above all others, require the support of morals and virtue, and can stand on no other foundation. A monarchical government may become corrupt and fall to the ground; and yet the foundations of social order not be entirely broken up. A revolution happens. It may be the work of a single night,—of a single dagger.—The title under which the new sovereign ascends the throne, is written in royal blood, while the masses who have had no share in the administration of the government, scarcely feel the shock of its transfer. But in a Republic, the people are in every thing the actors. It is theirs to legislate and to annul: to fix and to change; to build up and to pull down: and it is theirs, too, to endure the weight and suffering of all public calamities. Corruption in the people, therefore, is a disease which fastens at the very life of a free government: it inflames and festers at the heart; and there is no prescription in the whole pharmacopeia of political philosophy that can restore the vital organs, or save it from dissolution.

Political freedom supposes the self-government of individuals: and self-government is but another name for virtue. All human legislation, so far forth as it is just and perfect, is but a transcript of that supreme and immutable law which is written on all hearts, and whose obligations extend over all rational beings. He who recognizes the sanctions of this

divine code, will not need the restraints of human legislation. He is a law unto himself. He has the root of all obedience in his own will. He carries in his own breast, at once a perfect government, and a perfect freedom.

"He is the freeman whom the truth makes free."

These truths were boldly proclaimed by Pope Pius VI, during the popular frenzy and commotions of the last century. "That virtue," says he, "whose duties are prescribed by the light of nature, and more fully brought to light by the Christian dispensation, is alone capable of bringing mankind to perfection and preparing them for supreme felicity; and it alone can be the foundation of a prosperous democracy. Clothed with mere moral virtues, we should be but imperfect beings. It is religious truth which can alone supply the graces which are requisite for general self-government. The foundation of such a system must be, that every one is to respect the rights of his neighbor as much as his own: which is but another way of stating the Christian precept to 'love your neighbor as yourself.'" Perhaps this generation is not yet too wise or too good to learn something from a Pope.

It is said that the great safe-guard of popular government is in the responsibility of its rulers to the people: but what is the security against corruption in the people themselves? "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" If it be essential to freedom that rulers shall be held responsible to the people, it is not less so, that the *people* in their turn shall hold themselves responsible to Him who is the Supreme Legislator and Sovereign of nations. A sense of the paramount obligations of the moral law,—an active, intimate, personal sense of

moral accountability in the individuals of the mass, is the only security of a free government against itself;—the only middle-ground on which it can rest between anarchy and despotism.

All History is a verification of these truths: but we shall cite one great and decisive example in which they were fully tested before the eyes of the whole world;—an example the most terrible in its development, and the most fruitful in its lessons of any upon record. The first French revolution was an experiment on popular institutions which, in its objects and the causes from which it sprang, combined all the elements of a great and successful reform: and the cause of its direful miscarriage stands out therefore, conspicuous and undoubted for a lesson to all nations. A corrupt and oppressive government supported by a taxation which exhausted the people; a military despotism which even a servile soldiery could not brook; judicial decisions and offices of every description set up to public sale; justice standing with her golden scales, to weigh—not the proofs of the case—but the value of the bribe;—the occupations of the laboring classes looked on with contempt, while half their earnings were wrested from them by royal prerogative and by ecclesiastical exactions, to maintain a corrupt court, and an imbecile and licentious clergy;—these made up the great cause of the revolution. These were the grievances for whose redress rose that cry of "Liberty!" which echoed from the Capital to the Alps, and from the Alps to the Ocean. With such a cause, supported by a great and powerful people,—a people distinguished for their fertility of genius, their enthusiasm, boldness and valor, nothing seemed wanting which might give to

France a free constitution; and through her to every nation in Europe. One thing, however, she did want:—a moral and virtuous people; and wanting that, she wanted every thing.

> "The sensual and the dark rebel in vain,
> Slaves by their own compulsion. In mad game
> They burst their manacles, and wear the name
> Of freedom graven on a heavier chain"

Henry the Fourth had publicly declared that he held himself amenable to two sovereigns,—God, and the laws. But the French people began their reform by renouncing allegiance to both. The spirit of resistance was tempered up with no reverence for religion. Not only was it barren of all those sentiments which are the peculiar fruit of Christianity, but it scorned that natural and devout reliance, common even among barbarous nations, upon Him who is the God of battles, and who holds in His hand the destinies of all people. Clubs were formed in every part of the empire for the propagation of Atheism; and more than twenty thousand persons, including those of the highest literary distinction, were employed, hour by hour, in exterminating all sense of moral obligation, and every sentiment of private and public virtue. The Encyclopedists were the impersonation of the spirit of the revolution: and as Condorcet himself boasted in after times, they had employed learning, talents, wit, philosophy, and eloquence, for the abolition of two equally odious things; royalty and religion. They proceeded throughout upon the principle that Christianity and republicanism could not subsist together. This frightful doctrine they wrought every where into the national mind; expecting to hold its terrible volcanic power in check and control it to their purpose, by

such devices as a representative convention;—skillful operations of finance; a political establishment on the theory of natural right; and more absurd than all,—a *national oath* to be renewed by all Frenchmen every fourth year of the New Calendar, "to live free or die." Infatuated men! Illustrious dupes of impiety and folly! What virtue do you expect from your "national oath" after you have thus extirpated every sentiment and every principle that can give it solemnity or sanction? What barrier will you raise against the tides of popular fury, when they have ceased to obey the attraction of the skies?

But that nothing might be wanting to make this experiment complete and final, or to show that it was made by the whole nation in its corporate capacity, the Government by a solemn public act, renounced its allegiance to Heaven, and established impiety by law. It decreed that all religious signs, whether in public or private places, which might serve to remind the people of their ancient faith, should be annihilated. It voted death an eternal sleep. It abolished funerals, and decreed that all deceased persons should be buried like the carcasses of brutes, without ceremony or religious service. It abolished the Sabbath; and gave up all churches and places of worship to plunder. It ordered the Bible to be publicly burnt by the common hangman; and, as if to extirpate the very memory of scripture history, it instituted a new calendar, in which the divisions of time should be marked by no reference to the Christian era or to Christian institutions.

The world stood aghast at such a bold and shameless desecration of every thing pure, and venerable, and holy. Men's hearts failed them for fear; and they waited for the

event in fixed astonishment, as they wait for the avalanche or the earthquake. Those who managed the vessel of State had thrown chart and compass overboard, and madly put out on the sea of revolution. They had hailed the rising sun of liberty with joy: but now that the ocean swelled, and the air darkened, with what terror did they behold his broad blood-red disk climb a sky black with tempests, and sounding with loud thunders from side to side! It has not been left to us to record the horrors and crimes of that eventful period; when Paris, the seat of art and elegance and fashion, became a great slaughter house, and the throne and the altar floated in blood away from their foundations. When one executioner tired with his horrid work of chopping off human heads, another was called to stand in his place;—and another,—and another. No love was left. Every man was an assassin; and the murderer of to-day, while his hand was yet upon the axe, was marked the victim for to-morrow. And thus the Republic, drunk with blood, staggered on under her load of misery and crime, towards the gulf of military despotism;—an abyss dreadful and profound as hell. Anarchy is always impatient for a tyrant: and in a State so fruitful of monsters as France had been, he could not long be waited for. There was a brief, and fearful pause; when lo!—girt about with darkness and clad in complete steel, a stern and solitary figure, bred out of the seething mass of national corruption,—the offspring and very image of the times,—rose on the highest wave of revolution, with the imperial Eagle in his hand! The Tribunate hailed him as the supreme head of the nation. The Senate entreated him to accept the purple. The army followed, and laid the glory of a thousand victories at his feet. The

people shouted, "*Vive L'Empereur Napoleon!*" and—the French Republic was no more.

The revolution was not simply an essay towards a new constitution for the State. It was a great moral experiment on the nature of man; to prove its capacity both for wickedness and for suffering; to try what might be its rage and convulsions,—what its madness and its woe, when moral restraints should be thrown off, and every trace of religious sentiment, so far as nature could suffer such a violence, should be obliterated from the mind of man. The world had never witnessed such an experiment, and it will probably never witness it again. The eye aches as it gazes at that fearful tragedy through the glass of faithful records: and those dark and gory forms which rule the scene, seem more like the horrid phantoms of a fever-dream, than like human beings moving and acting on the real stage of human affairs.

Time is a kind and lenient judge of human actions. It softens and mitigates their guilt: and while it brings forward into the foreground whatever is worthy and noble, it forgets all common vices; all but the most enormous wickedness. But the deformities of this picture only show in broader and bolder feature with the lapse of time. Under the pen of each successive chronicler, that story of guilt and blood stares forth in more fearful characters; and it will stand out on the page of history to the eye of the latest posterity, as it does to ours: unrelieved and alone; without a parallel or a likeness.

Let this revolution be contrasted with that which, just one century before, had abolished the tyranny of James II. and placed William III. on the throne of England. The latter

had its foundation in those very sentiments which it was the first business of the former to crush and extirpate. It was dictated not more by the love of civil liberty, than by a prevailing sense of those obligations which are paramount to all human authority; by a sacred regard to the rights of conscience and the religious institutions of the country. "We have nothing before our eyes,"—said the Prince of Orange, in reply to his memorable invitation to the throne,—"in this our undertaking, but the preservation of the Protestant religion; the covering of all men from persecution for their consciences; and the preservation of their laws, rights, and liberties, under a just and legal government. We do therefore hope that all men will judge rightly of us and approve of these our proceedings; but we rely chiefly on the blessing of God for the success of this our undertaking, in which we place our whole and only confidence."

It was not possible that a revolution founded in such sentiments should end in anarchy and disaster. While the French people, as Burke observed in the English Parliament, "had only made their way to a bad constitution through the destruction of their country," the English, by a tranquil and bloodless revolution recovered their liberties, restored the fundamental law of the State, established the constitutional succession to the crown, secured to every subject the freedom of speech and of conscience, and opened the way to a career of unexampled national prosperity and glory.

We have thus far sought in vain for the means of reclaiming and perfecting human society. We have seen that if this power reside any where, it is not in wealth; nor in the arts; nor in physical improvement; nor in knowledge and philosophy;

nor finally, in political freedom, or systems of law and government. "The depth saith it is not in me; the sea saith it is not in me." As often as the structure of society has been reared from these materials,—a beautiful and resplendent fabric built upon the sand,—the tides of violence and passion have burst up from within and drowned out its foundations.

The great States of antiquity combined all these elements; and realized every thing that can be attained by acting on the merely external and social condition of man. Why is it, then, that their decay and fall have become the mournful theme of history? Why have the splendid civilizations of former ages,—the African, the Asiatic, the Greek, the Roman, all perished and passed away "like a tale that is told?"

If we turn our eyes from their dazzling exterior, and look steadily at their internal moral foundations, we shall find the only solution which can be given to this question. They were not indeed entirely beyond the dominion of those great moral truths which lie at the foundation of all social order: but those truths were seen with an unsteady and bewildered vision; they were allied to the most revolting superstitions; and the civilizations which sprang from them, while they shot up a luxuriant growth, exhausted the moral vigor of the soil till it had no power to perpetuate or renew them. What idea must we form of the morality of the celebrated nations of antiquity, when we find that they all—the Egyptians, the Phœnicians, the Persians, and even the polite Greeks and Romans at some periods of their history, made human sacrifices a part of their religion! We are told that Hamilcar, in his engagement before Hymera, spent the whole day in piling up living men like logs of fuel on the fire to propitiate

the gods. It was the glory of a Carthagenian mother to bring her little infant to the brazen statue of Saturn, and without a sigh or a tear, lay it in the red and horrid arms of the burning god, and see it consume to ashes before her eyes. History tells us that at the seige of Carthage, two hundred children of the first families were laid upon the flames, and that more than three hundred of the best citizens voluntarily rushed into the arms of the burning and bloody Moloch and expired. It is well known that the Lacedemonians, so renowned for their pure and simple manners, encouraged theft, doomed feeble infants, the sick and the aged to destruction; and in imitation of the old Asiatic superstitions, even scourged their own children to death in honor of the goddess Diana. The celebrated Spartan virtue was but the virtue of a shrewd order of savages;—the result of a school of discipline whose sole object was to conquer in battle; and which guarded against a depravation of manners only because it tended to enervate the state. Lycurgus himself never had an idea of cultivating morality among his people for its own sake, and on the ground of its own intrinsic worth and obligation. No matter how much his institutions violated the moral law, so that they promoted boldness, subtlety, fortitude, and address,—qualities upon which he fixed the foundation of the State.

And what shall we say of the morality of the Athenians; to whom the very *name* of a just man was a reproach not to be endured: who always flattered their tyrants, while they rewarded their best citizens, as Miltiades, Socrates, and Phocion, with fines, banishment and death? And that very Aristides, celebrated all over the world as "The Just,"—of

whom it was said by Plato, that "of all the illustrious men of Athens, he only was worthy of real esteem," could set at naught every obligation of natural justice when he thought it for the interest of the commonwealth. It was he who advised the Athenians to break the articles of confederation which had been ratified among the allied states under the sanction of the most solemn oaths; at the same time distinctly admitting that by that act, both he and they incurred the guilt of a deliberate perjury. And on another occasion, when it was proposed in council that the public treasure, which had been deposited in the temple of Delphi at Delos as a common fund for the protection of all Greece against the barbarians, should be removed to Athens,—this renowned Aristides rose in his place and said: "the action is not just, but it is expedient;" and by his influence and counsels he carried that measure, in violation of the very terms of the treaty of alliance, in contempt of the national faith, and of the oath which he had himself taken in behalf of the whole Athenian people. Had the moral views of this man been based upon any true foundation, had they sprung from a scrupulous and conscientious reverence of the right for its own sake, he would have felt the obligation of justice to be perpetual and without exception: he never would have admitted the doctrine of *expediency* as opposed to the rule of right; nor would he have tolerated that other pernicious maxim, that what would be injustice and perfidy in individuals, is in some sort purged and sanctified by passing under the seal and authority of the State.

If we now turn to the Roman character, we shall find it still more essentially defective. Of all the names in the

Roman history, Cato, Cicero, and Seneca, if not the only ones that are worthy of consideration in this respect, are at least the most favorable representatives of the moral state and character of the people. Of these the first, as we shall presently see, was not incorruptible. Seneca, with all his beautiful moral precepts, which however, he could not himself reduce to practice, was a sycophant to Nero, and a suicide. Cicero indeed was in this respect an exception to all antiquity. In the midst of a profligate and corrupt age, he seems to have been guided by a divine light; and both in his writings and example, to have foreshadowed that pure and perfect morality which was then about to be revealed to the world in the Christian faith. But to show how little sympathy the Romans themselves had with such a character, we need only consider that they drove him into exile, confiscated his estate, and could not be satisfied till they had seen his hands and bleeding head fixed up to the public gaze, on the very rostrum where, at the hazard of his life, he had snatched his country from destruction. The men whom the Romans loved and honored were such only as brought into their Capital the spoils of vanquished nations;—those whom the world calls *heroes;* and who, as observed by Seneca, "have been not less the pests of the human race than fire and flood."

One of those famous depredations was the robbery of Ptolemy, King of Cyprus; and it is noticed here, not so much on account of the thing itself, which was of a piece with the whole Roman policy, as to illustrate the character of the principal agent in the transaction. Under the false pretence that the kingdom of Cyprus had been annexed to the Roman dominions by the last will of Alexander, grandson of Physcon,

king of Egypt, and which, if true, should have bound them still more inviolably to its protection as a Roman province, they order a deputation thither to depose the king, and bring immense treasures to Rome to be laid up in the public treasury. In justification of this robbery, they alleged that Ptolemy was a miser and that he was a cruel and bad man. And who invested the Romans with the censorship of the morals of a foreign potentate on his hereditary throne, and living at peace in his own dominions? Or if cupidity be so foul a crime, which conduct is the more execrable; that of Ptolemy who amassed his possessions by the slow degrees of a minute and toilsome economy, or that of the Romans themselves, who rush upon those very possessions like a vulture on his prey: seizing them with both hands and with boundless rapacity; and who to obtain them, dethrone the lawful prince and drive him to suicide; rob a people both of their treasure and of their sovereign, and devote their State to ruin?

And here we have an accusation to lay at the very door of Roman morals in the person of the younger Cato. Not to mention certain acts of his domestic life too shameful to be told in this assembly, nor his cowardly suicide when he saw the victorious Cæsar approaching the gates of Utica, and which might find some apology in the Stoic philosophy which he had embraced,—it is enough that this celebrated Cato,—whom Plutarch pronounces to have been "the best and most illustrious man of his time,"—courted by the nobility, by statesmen and philosophers, as if in his person were reflected all the probity, the moderation, the justice, and generosity of the Roman character,—lent himself to this infamous plunder of Cyprus, and was the very life and blood of the whole

abominable transaction! What judgment ought we to form of this Cato, the austere, the veracious, the incorruptible, when we see him after he had stowed the treasure in his galleys to the amount of seven thousand talents of silver, bringing out the furniture and effects from the royal apartments, and selling them off under the hammer with his own hands, and over the very coffin of the deposed king, like any common huckster to an auction rabble; keeping accounts of sales to the very smallest article, by way of showing to the Romans that he had not embezzled the fruits of his piracy, but that he had discharged his stewardship with clean hands; and at last embarking from the plundered and defenceless island, to receive the reward of his vile mission in the congratulations and honors which he is to receive from the senate and people of Rome; boasting to them that he had brought more treasure to the commonwealth from Cyprus, than Pompey had from all the wars with which he had ravaged the world!

There cannot be more infallible signs of the depravity of national character, than acts of great public injustice obtaining apologists and supporters in those private individuals who are reputed the most illustrious for probity and virtue. It may safely be asserted that while Rome held the supremacy, she never in one instance exercised her vast power with the purpose of improving and elevating the condition of mankind. She has not left on record, even by her own partial historians, a single action, nor a single trait of policy, which did not centre in her own aggrandizement and the subjugation of all nations to her arbitrary will. As her wealth increased and her empire extended, she became more and more haughty,

imperious and tyrannical; till she reached that perfection of wickedness,—that last stage of national depravity, when bloated power raises its head without a blush and spits against the heavens; when perfidy and cruelty and oppression scorn even the gloss of specious pretences, but are acted with a high hand, and in the face of day.

Is it wonderful, then, that those ancient forms of society should all have fallen to pieces and passed away, since they were so essentially defective in the only conservative virtue; the only principle of a permanent and progressive melioration?

We hold the religious sentiment in man to be the basis of all civilization. Laws, manners, government, institutions, are but the external realization of internal humanity. All the various forms of civil order and social life are the embodiment,—the sensible expression, of inward ideas and sentiments: and of these latter, the most important,—those which give to the resulting civilization its character and direction, are those which relate to man himself; and to man as a spiritual and religious being. No human creature is so stupid or so vile, as not to have some notions of right or wrong; of a superintending Providence; of a future state; and accountability for human actions. These ideas,—the sacred and eternal archetypes engraven on the hearts of all mankind, make up what we call the religious sentiment. They are native to the human soul; and if their dominion were withdrawn from any form of society, that society could not subsist for a single hour. Among barbarous and savage tribes, where the religious sentiment is vague, wandering and imperfect, their laws, habits and institutions, must be of the same character; unsettled and rude: and it is precisely

because they have no clear and accurate perceptions of the great truths of their moral nature, that they remain barbarous and savage. In proportion as these religious ideas conform to what is right and true, to the realities of our spiritual being, in that proportion will the resulting civilization be real and enduring. It originates in them: they fix its character, and preside over its destiny.

It follows hence, that no civilization but that which is founded on a *perfect system of moral truth*, can be stable and perpetual. Such a civilization must necessarily supercede and survive every other. Every other,—no matter with what splendors it may have exhibited itself, no matter what achievements it may boast, or how it may seek to link itself to the only progressive and abiding life,—hath not the living principle within it. Its period is marked, and it hastens to its destiny.

In conclusion, it is our purpose to show that such a system really exists in the world, and is every day working out those mighty moral changes on which alone the hopes of humanity rest.

The primitive religion of the East contained some of the elements of the Christian faith. In all its forms,—even the most absurd and barbarous,—were manifested and acknowleged distinction between right and wrong; the ideas of a future existence, of a Supreme Governor of the world, of moral accountability, and of expiation for disobedience: and it is to the power of these primitive and fundamental sentiments, —natural to all men, that we are indebted for all the splendid but short-lived civilizations of the ancient world. It was the office of the Christian mission to rescue whatever of religious

truth yet survived in the Pagan world, from the debasement of ignorance, fear, credulity and superstition, with which it was blent up, and to teach it again in its primitive purity: and further, by elevating man's reason to a clear perception of his moral wants, and furnishing a solution of those great problems connected with his nature and destiny, which had ever haunted his imagination, but which his philosophy had never been able to resolve, to lay down a perfect and infallible law of moral conduct.

Such, then, was Christianity: on the one hand, it was a republication of natural religion: on the other, it was a revelation of such new truths as were necessary to the perfection of man's nature, but which his reason alone had not been able to comprehend. In its primitive state, it was merely a system of moral precepts, given to the world, and left to work out its regeneration by acting on the conscience and character of individual man. There was no tie among its adherents but a moral tie;—the sympathy of a common faith: a fellowship which was intimate and strong; but simple and personal;—without creeds, discipline, or organization.

It becomes necessary here, to note a clear distinction between the *principles* of the religious body and its *government*;—that artificial organization which was wholly of human origin; and which, falling as it often did, into the hands of ambitious and bad men, was the author of all the enormities of religious persecutions. This discrimination is not only just in itself, but it is essential to our forming a proper estimate of what Christianity has done, or is capable of doing for society.

The Church indeed, assumed the power of punishing for heresy, and for ages the robes of her priesthood were red with

the blood of saints. For her intolerance, bigotry and persecution, we offer no apology or palliation. It is the right of reason to be free: of opinion to be free: of conscience to be free: and every act of human authority to restrain or coerce either, is a wrong done to the whole human race, and treason against the moral government of God.

The Church then persecuted; but *whom?* Where did she find her victims, but in those varieties of sect and creed which were continually springing up in the great body of believers; and which, while they demonstrated the moral activity and vigor of the Christian faith, were a perpetual declaration of the independence and freedom of the human mind. Where there is no liberty, there are no sects; and heresy itself, which drew down all the terrors of ecclesiastical vengeance, was but another name for intellectual and spiritual freedom. Surely we must discriminate between the tyrant and the victim: between the spiritual government which usurped, and the great mass who were the subjects of her usurpation; or those free and bold spirits who, as Huss, Wickliffe, Zuinglius, Luther, and Melancthon, were but representatives of the popular spirit and the popular convictions. Christianity, so far from being chargeable with the enormities of the Church, was always their suffering and protesting victim. In the terrors of the rack and the dungeons of the Inquisition,—in the martyrs whose purple life bubbled out under the axe, or who for the truth walked with steady foot into the fire,

> "—— —— whose ashes flew
> No marble tells us whither,"

we behold her sublime testimonials to the supremacy of conscience and individual reason; to the freedom and dignity

of man; and against every act of cruelty and persecution which has been charged upon her, she has left her own solemn protestation on immortal record, sealed with blood and with fire.

We make no enquiry here as to the genuineness or authority of the sacred writings; but taking Christianity simply as a system of human opinions, let us now briefly trace its connection with social advancement, as that connection has been developed in the progress of events. In its infancy, it withstood the persecution of the Roman Emperors, bitter and bloody beyond all parallel in history; in less than four centuries from the time of its foundation it had abolished the idolatry of the whole Pagan world. When the barbarous nations of the North swept like a tempest over Italy, and the whole world seemed given up to anarchy and violence, Christianity not only stood her ground, but rose with new vigor and undertook the work of subduing to her mild and peaceful reign the barbarians themselves. It was not by means of any great and powerful organization that she maintained herself against those successive torrents of invasion, which swallowed up an immense nation; its laws, customs, its very language; which swept away every ancient establishment, and all the institutions and glory of the Empire. It was by virtue of her own peculiar and primitive spirit,—her native adaptation to the moral wants of humanity,—to the nature of the universal man, barbarous and civilized, that in those ages of anarchy, she survived the general wreck and conquered the conquerors of the world.

During the period which succeeded the overthrow of the Western Empire,—that long, dreary night of time, which it

seemed nothing could survive that did not hold within itself the principles of an immortal life, she carried in her own protecting bosom all the elements of social improvement, and brought them safe across the gloomy and desolate abyss. "Religion," says Hallam, "alone made a bridge, as it were, across the chaos, and has linked the two periods of ancient and modern civilization." When the world began to emerge from the slumber of ages, we find her concerned in the very first movements of awakening reason. Religious creeds and systems of theology are the first product of intellectual activity, and the first voices that we hear are the disputations of the schoolmen. Then, with Dante at its head, rose the brilliant period of Tuscan literature; and contemporary with him, we hear Roger Bacon, a Franciscan monk of England, laying down the principles of the inductive method, in as clear and exact terms as those in which they were afterwards expounded by his more illustrious namesake of the sixteenth century; and who, without acknowledging his indebtedness, has won to himself all the glory of the new philosophy.

It is true that under those renowned Doctors and Dialecticians of the middle ages, Christianity did not make a rapid progress; nor did she add very considerably to the domain of letters and philosophy. She was but just beginning to recover from the universal lethargy. The cumbersome habiliments of barbarism were yet upon her: and though she was thus early struggling to throw them off, she had not yet learned to stand erect. The rod too of the Papal power was over her; but worse than all, she was bound down under the iron yoke of the ancient philosophy, and forced to feel her way slowly toward illumination under the shackles of a barren and

technical logic which had taken possession of the Universities, and which held a despotic rule over human reason even until the time of Francis Bacon and Des Cartes.

Looking, then, at the scholastic Theology, as a means of awakening the human mind, and comparing it,—not indeed with the enlightened philosophy of modern times, but with the profound torpor, the universal midnight which had preceded it,—it appears as a star heralding the dawn; the first blush of morning that is to spread and redden with the advancing day.

There is one fact connected with the history of this period which must not escape our observation. From the tenth to the fifteenth century, the corruption and profligacy of the Papal power were beyond all parallel in history. Its depravity and its ambition were alike unbounded. It assumed all temporal—all spiritual authority. It made traffic of nations. It usurped the thrones of kings. It gave away crowns and continents; and its dominion over the fortunes of Christendom, over life, liberty and conscience, was the most atrocious despotism that was ever wielded by the hand of man. If any thing could have extirpated Christianity from the earth, it must have been the atrocities which were acted in her name for a period of five centuries; and it is no mean proof of her inherent vital power, that she not only withstood the corruptions of the Romish hierarchy, but as they became more and more inveterate, her own spirit and principles grew proportionably active and vigorous. Amidst all the confusion and profligacy of the times, the leaven of a pure faith was doing its work in the great mass of the people which composed the Christian nations

of Europe; bringing together the detached elements of the social system; creating general interests and general sentiments in place of those which were local, partial, and individual; centralizing the great moral forces of society, and daily ripening it for that revolution which, more than any other, has secured the freedom and happiness of mankind.

Christianity was the parent of the Reformation; and through it, of all that is wonderful and mighty in the civilization of modern times. The voices of the Reformers sounded like the resurrection trumpet over the world; and the dead nations started into life. The darkness of ages rolled away; and learning, art, taste, commerce, discovery, and philosophy, rose in glory from their sepulchres, and walked the earth with the beauty and majesty of immortals. Whatever there is in modern civilization to command our surprise and our reverence, to excite our faith and our hope; whatever it hath of greatness or of glory in its history; whatever that adorns the human character, and gives elevation and dignity to man, must be ascribed to the revolution of the sixteenth century: and to that pure faith, and the force of those great moral ideas which brought that revolution into being.

The next great impulse given by Christianity to social progress, is before our eyes, and is a part of our own glorious history. The discovery of the New World was one of the first fruits of the great struggle of the human mind to achieve its freedom; but the splendid part that was to be acted here in the great drama of human progress, was reserved for a riper age. The early settlement of America by the Puritans is the most remarkable event in history. Its simple and severe grandeur surpasses all that has been fabled of the heroic ages;

but its sublimity is derived wholly from the motives and moral character of the enterprise. The pilgrim fathers were not mere colonists: they were not adventurers for gain; they were not discoverers; nor navigators; nor commercial factors, sent to draw forth the opulence of a distant and barbarous country to enrich the parent land. They were voluntary refugees, who for their worship and their faith, wandered from country to country, and found no rest, till they had placed the dividing Ocean, with its dark and vast solitudes, between themselves and the vices and oppression from which they fled. Like the "Father of the faithful," they went out into a land which they knew not. They brought their altars with them into the wilderness; and while ferocious savages and hungry beasts of prey gathered to that strange spectacle, they set up those altars on an inhospitable shore, under an open and inclement sky, and there kneeled for the first time in peace, themselves, their wives and their little ones, to the God of their fathers. They were spirits of a kindred stamp with the Reformers;—men of a sturdy and iron mould who understood their work, and who counted not their lives dear unto them, so they might accomplish their great apostleship. They seem to have struck home at once, as by a divine instinct, to all the great truths of religion and of government. The one was the purest form of republicanism, as the other was the simplest form of faith; and those great moral ideas for which they had forsaken their pleasant homes beyond the ocean, and every object that was naturally dear to human affections, they wrought up into their civil constitutions, and made them the basis of the whole social and political system.

Then, as a necessary consequence, followed the struggle of the revolution: for religious freedom and civil liberty must stand or fall together. But the result was sure; the burden of the work was already done. England waged her mad and unnatural war, not with men, but with principles: the very principles which, but a few ages before, had triumphed over barbarism and renewed the face of Europe; principles which had already become incorporated into the character and moral life of the nation; and which, once thoroughly perceived, and firmly seated in the convictions of any people, no power on earth can extinguish or subdue. *Ideas* were the rebels which she undertook to crush. Subtle and invisible foes they; and omnipotent withal: like Milton's angels,—

> "————————Spirits that live throughout
> Vital in every part,————————
> And cannot but by annihilating die."

The success of the American arms only consummated the work which the pilgrims had begun; and all this mighty and prosperous civilization which, after a little more than two centuries, we behold poured abroad over the continent from one ocean to the other, is the fruit of that social and civil organization whose foundations were laid by the Pilgrim fathers in suffering and in faith.

It can scarcely be doubted, that a system so intrinsically adapted to humanity, which bears within itself such powerful elements of social progress, which has already run such a career of conquest, and so essentially transformed the face of human affairs, must be that perfect system of moral truth which we are seeking; that it is the great and only remedy of the human condition; and that it is destined one day to

regenerate and take possession of the earth. Such are the relations of Christendom to the rest of the world, social, commercial and political, such its physical and moral superiority, such its vigor, enterprise, and restless activity, that this result must fall ultimately into the natural course of human events. But Christianity herself moves in advance of her own civilization; and does not wait the tardy operation of philosophical causes. Conscious of her power over universal man, and that she holds the world's destiny in her hands, she has undertaken, as a specific object, and as her own proper work, the reclamation,—not of provinces or of continents, but of all nations;—all the millions of humanity. Possessed by this august idea,—an idea infinitely surpassing in the grandeur of its conception, every project of ambition, every dream of universal empire,—she has surveyed the enterprize from all its points. She has marked out with an astonishing boldness and precision her plan of operations, and moves to its execution with a fixed and steady eye; with boundless energy, and inextinguishable faith. Already she is in occupation of seats of power in every division of the globe, and speaks to its swarming multitudes in two hundred languages of the many-tongued earth. In Africa, she has taken up her line of positions from Cape Palmas to Port Natal; and in Asia, from Constantinople to Ceylon; and thrown a belt of moral light like a galaxy over either continent. She has touched the iron sceptres of Brahma and Mohammed, and they crumble from their hands like ashes. She gathers her school on the Acropolis of Athens, and works her printing presses under the shadow of the Pyramids. She has kindled her lights among the Islands of the Southern and Pacific oceans; and the

Polynesian cannibal comes running from his native woods, and sits at her feet clothed, and in his right mind; eats her sacrament, and worships at her altars. And wherever she moves over the world, she carries with her all the fruits of that civilization which she has spread over the face of Christendom;—its liberty and its literature; its arts and its opinions; its commerce, agricultnre, knowledge and philosophy. Thus she is commingling and assimilating all the races of men; and by acting at the fountain of all social improvement, on the interior and moral life of man, she is building up a new order of society, and securing it on deep and imperishable foundations. The Spirit of Him who said "Let there be Light," is moving over the face of the moral chaos, and it will not return void. It will bring light out of darkness, and order out of confusion. It will summon into being a new world, more beautiful and glorious than that over which angels and the answering stars shouted on the morning of creation;—a world of harmony and love; where humanity will hold fellowship with heaven; in which the Spirit of Truth will preside to guide into all truth, and over which it will reign with a serene and holy dominion forever.

Gentlemen, Brothers:

It is ours to witness the coming-on of this era of man's regeneration. As yet we are tenants of the Valley of Shadow; but we live in promise of the dawn. Its twilight is already breaking around us. We feel the fresh air of morning. We see the steps of Day upon the mountain-tops.

Gentlemen: We stand in sublime connexions with the past, and with the future. We hold the former by history; the latter we possess by anticipation and by hope. Our own age is the product of all the past, and is itself pregnant with all that is to come; and when that great and benevolent design in which the scheme was conceived, shall be realized in the perfection of man's moral and social condition, the end will meet the beginning, and the cycle of humanity will be complete. In our own age, each of us bears his part in the development of its events, as each event bears its part in the development of the series. Thus each of us represents a portion of universal humanity: and the influences which he communicates to it can never be extinguished, but by the extinction of the race. In this high and spiritual sense, he lives perpetually among men—a sublime and imperishable life. The individual dies: but the *man* does not: at least no part of him that is necessary to society, or worthy to survive. A power originates with him, which is nevertheless superior to him and beyond him. His thought, his ideas, and the example of his life, which are the strict and proper representatives of himself, go forth to the world, and no power on earth can call them back. They attach to the aggregate of human intelligence; enter into universal combinations, and as they work out their effects on society, each effect becomes in its turn a cause more active and mighty than its own, and thus on in an increasingly complex and everlasting progression. Gentlemen, we shall live and act, every one of us, on the condition of man and on the world's destiny, when an hundred generations shall have trod on our insensible ashes. A fearful, yet glorious heritage, is this social immortality:—a descent cast upon us by the law of our moral

being. Even if we would, we cannot rid ourselves of the heirship; and He who imposed it, will hold us chargeable with it at the last account.

Let us comprehend the whole extent of our relations. Why should a man,—a rational and immortal man, with the image and superscription of God upon his forehead, made but "a little lower than the angels,"—wrap himself up in these sordid and vulgar cares, this ever-besetting littleness of life, and play away his great existence? O let our spirits rise and range! Let them live, and be at home among these great conceptions; these stupendous realities which attach to our moral being; these sublime relations which we bear to human destiny, to God, and to universal existence. While we survey the progress of events, while we glory in the onward march of revolutions, let us not forget our individuality, or our obligations to the world of mankind. Let us ever bear in mind that the true idea of human regeneration, is that of a *moral empire*, to be established by moral means, over the hearts of men: and that he who would hasten this consummation, must begin by setting up that empire first in his own breast, and then extend it throughout the sphere of his action, over his fellow beings. In this voluntary moral power, exerting itself in individual and associated effort, lies the whole philosophy of human progress. This is the instrument by which the world is to be enlightened and redeemed. And, Gentlemen, to seek this perfection of the human race through the agency of its moral regeneration, is the chief end of man:—the "supreme good." This simple formula contains the answer to that momentous question which has ever perplexed and baffled the speculations of the wisest philosophers. It is the summing up of all

knowledge;—all real wisdom. He who has formed a just estimate of human life,—who, after surveying all the ends for which men live and labor, has discerned this to be the only one that is truly valuable and worthy of his nature,—has comprehended the whole mystery of his being; and he who labors for this end with a faithful and true spirit, fulfills the designs of his Creator; and, though he should be cut off in the midst of his days, he will not have lived in vain.

CHAPTER VI.

HIS PROFESSIONAL LIFE AND SUCCESS.

IN February, 1835, Mr. Eells commenced the practice of Law in Cincinnati, with such prospects as are indicated by his remark: "I am entering on the duties of an arduous and crowded profession, with no experience, dependent on it for my daily bread, with a host of competitors all interested in holding me under water; poor, friendless, a stranger in a strange place, doomed to hard work and little or no pay, for a time at least. But I am a young man, free as the wind, with a tolerable education, inured to hard study by long habit, and capable of bringing to the work not great talents, but what will supply their place, viz.: great assiduity, diligence, application, exclusive devotion to the duties I attempt, a prompt and unwavering self-sacrifice, and withal a free high, spirit of native and unconquerable independence that bows to nothing but God." For several months he did not have a case, and his first opportunity to appear at court was assigned him by the Judge in defence of a man without money or friends, indited for larceny. By degrees, yet very slowly, he attracted the attention of some of the eminent men who at that time occupied the Bar in Cincinnati, and in November of that year he was invited by Salmon P. Chase to become his partner.

This was more than his ambition could have anticipated, far more than he had dared to hope. Mr. Chase had been in successful practice for several years, and even then had given promise of the distinction he has since attained, so that it was justly regarded by the young man to whom he was attracted, as an evident indication of good, when a position in his office was tendered him without solicitation. He realized the necessity now imposed upon him to task every power to maintain himself, and to do justice to the duties that were at once thrust upon him. As an advocate he was likely to succeed, because of his fondness for forensic address, and his gifts which specially qualified him to affect those before whom he might so appear; but as a counsellor he needed much thorough study, and the more established habit of discriminating thought; and he resolved in this respect also to excel. His success may be best learned from the words of some of the distinguished men who knew him well, and after thirty years of public duty and professional care remember one who was their associate but for so short a time.

Chief Justice Chase, in reply to an invitation to attend a Convention of Alpha Delta Phi, writes thus:

"It would gratify me much to be able to meet the brethren of the Alpha Delta Phi, who will celebrate the Thirty-fifth Anniversary of the Fraternity in Cleveland; but it is by no means likely that I can enjoy that pleasure. Should I be absent, however, I shall not the less cordially sympathize with those who may be present. The generous aims and noble purposes of the Association must needs endear it to all its members. In my thoughts and feelings it must ever have a special interest, derived from my intimate relations

with Samuel Eells, who took so large a part in its original organization. During some of the earlier years of my practice of the law he was my partner, and his rare gifts and uncommon attainments gave promise of a brilliant career. To a most persuasive and prevailing eloquence, he joined the grace of high literary culture, and the strength of profound legal knowledge; while in the walks of private companionship he was equally endeared by his tenderness and his manliness. His highest title — and it is the highest title of the most exalted of men — was Christian; and his faith was at once serene and sublime. He died young, but the career begun among men is continued among angels. Pardon this inadequate tribute to my friend, and accept it as the best proof of my affectionate interest in the Fraternity."

The following short letter should also have a place here, written after the above, and in the midst of the thronging labors of his official station:

WASHINGTON, May 26, 1866.

My Dear Sir: I will enclose your letter immediately to my partner, Mr. Ball, whose memory is better than mine. Between us I hope something may be produced of what your brother was in Cincinnati. If I were to rely wholly on my own recollection, the account would be brief indeed; but it would be all eulogy — a sun that scarcely rose above the horizon ere it hastened to its setting, but during its brief course all radiant with the light of mind, and its setting with new and softer glories from the world which needs no sun.

Yours truly, S. P. CHASE.

REV. JAMES EELLS, D. D.

Hon. W. S. Groesbeck adds to this affectionate expression of remembrance from Judge Chase, some further words of interest, in a letter which will complete the testimony that need be recorded respecting the position held by Mr. Eells during his professional career:

CINCINNATI, June 11, 1872.

My Dear Sir: I knew your brother, Samuel Eells, very well, and admired him very much. He was an extraordinary young man, and if he had lived would to-day have been known and honored throughout the nation. He had every quality to make himself distinguished. He rose here, at our Bar, very rapidly; and had a reputation which has never been surpassed among us, by any one so young. Young as he was, he made to the Courts and Juries some as able and eloquent arguments as I have ever heard. I never missed an opportunity to hear him in any important case. It was a great pleasure to hear him; he was logical and classical, and at times very grand and eloquent. He was with us but a short time, and at once took high rank. With his preparation, and talents, and ambition, it could not have been otherwise. His death seemed very premature, and we felt it as a great loss to us and to the country. I heard him the last time he appeared before the public. His health was then broken, and it was certain that his career was to be short. He knew it; and he had turned away from the world, from his profession, and from all his ambitions in connection with this life. The occasion was an anniversary of our Bible Society, and it was a very sad occasion to me and to others. I saw him shortly before he died. He was brave, hopeful and resigned. There was nothing foolish about him, and he was equal to any

situation in which he found himself. He succeeded in life, his death was a success and triumph. It is not often we meet such a man. Once known, he can never be forgotten.

Very respectfully,

W. S. Groesbeck.

Lapse of time and increasing success did not gather any charms about the profession, as Mr. Eells became more familiar with it, nor did he ever regard it as other than a necessity which he accepted, and in which he was determined to achieve the most possible, while he sacrificed as little as possible in doing this. In all his letters that contain any reference to it, and in his conversations with friends, when he expressed himself always with great frankness, there was evidence that although he admired the science of law, and the study of it, in its widest range, gave him great delight, he found a large part of its practice but little in harmony with his nature. Of it he says: "It is a great school in which to learn men. I believe I have taken more useful lessons of that kind during the short period of my practice than I ever did before, yet there are many things in it that are very unpleasant. It introduces one to a very dark part of human nature; fraud, perfidy, and rascality of every kind and degree, must be directly encountered, and sometimes we find ourselves pledged in defence of rascals. I never put myself in that condition with my eyes open, and if, on opening the evidence, it is found to be a case of this kind, I submit it, after examination of the witnesses, to the jury without argument. There is more of honesty and principle in the profession than I had been taught to believe. There is here a strong disposition to frown down every dishonorable attempt to frustrate the merits of a good

cause, or to defeat the ends of justice. I am much rejoiced that this is so, and if I shall ever have any influence as a professional man, that influence shall always be so exerted. A lawyer's life is one of severe and incessant labor, and there is no shirking from a jot or tittle of the labor which it demands. He must be ready at all times, and on all occasions. He must lay every portion of his cause in the right place and the right direction. He must be prepared against surprise in a hundred different particulars. He must understand, not only the direct and proper law of the case he may have, but also, so that he can have at command all the collateral law and learning that may by possibility arise in the development and discussion of the various questions. And he must be armed, cap-a-pie, with every sort and description of forensic weapons, heavy arms and light arms, short sword and broad sword, eloquence, wit, sarcasm, fancy, and "the power of speech to stir men's blood,"—knowing, moreover, how to use these weapons, when to draw each one, and how to wield it with the best effect. It is not too much to say, that every cause of any magnitude demands all these qualifications, and all this preparation."

It is not surprising that he succeeded, while under pressure of these convictions, notwithstanding the profession failed fully to satisfy his wishes. He remained in partnership with Mr. Chase for about three years, during which time the business of the office increased, and he became so well known that it was evident he would be wise to assume an independent position. After consultation with his friends who advised to this course, yet with much doubt respecting his health, which the result proved to be well founded, he withdrew from

associciation with the most excellent and firm friend, whose kindness and established reputation had been of so much advantage to him, and whose interest in his success continued while he lived, and opened an office of his own in November or December 1837. His business multiplied beyond his strength, and was of a most desirable kind. His acquaintance soon became extended. His reputation passed beyond the limits of the city to which he had so lately come as a perfect stranger, and the path seemed open to the realization of the most brilliant visions his ambition had ever pictured.

On the threshold of such a future, the frail constitution, which had often before been treacherous to his hopes, and which finally yielded to the relentless demands of his energy and resolution, gave unmistakable signs of its inability to bear him on. In the court room, in the midst of a suit which greatly interested him and tasked his powers, he was attacked by pleurisy of a severe and aggravated form. With difficulty he reached his lodgings, grew worse for a few days, and was at length told by physicians in the plainest terms, that his labors must be abandoned for a time, must be diminished for the future, even if he ever resumed them, and that probably he could live in the most favorable circumstances, but very few years. Without delay he secured Jordan A. Pugh, a young man of fine promise, who was just entering upon the profession, as his partner, and made arrangements for absence from Cincinnati during the months of the succeeding summer. With a heavy heart he turned his back upon the prospect that a little time before seemed so attractive to him, and on horseback journeyed by easy stages towards the northern part of Ohio, where his father then resided, hoping that rest and the

associations and comforts of home might drive away the fears that were a weary burden, and restore the health which he now regarded as one of the chief blessings of life.

He found relief, but not restoration; and after a season of great, yet melancholy satisfaction, both to the family and himself, with the hope, rather than the conviction, that he might give attention to some departments of his business that needed his care, he returned to the city and resumed his duties. For a time his will seemed to conquer the stern foe that had opposed his progress from his youth, as had been true repeatedly before; but not many months had passed in the struggle when it became apparent that his enemy was stronger and more firmly entrenched than before, while he was weaker, and less able in all respects to resist. What others saw with deep sorrow, did not escape his own observation, and at last he reluctantly accepted the advice of his physicians, and determined to seek in a more propitious climate the boon for which he longed, but which seemed further than ever from his grasp.

He lived less than six years in the profession of law, if we reckon those fragments when he was absent, and when he was disabled though attempting to do something in his office, yet it is believed that few young men in our country have reached more satisfactory rewards, and left more eminent and abiding proofs of success, than did Samuel Eells.

A few extracts from forensic addresses in cases of special interest, will serve to illustrate his skill in dealing with juries, and his versatility in popular speech.

PERORATION IN A CASE OF ASSAULT.

"Our business, gentlemen, is not so much with the defendent, as it is with the public peace and safety, with the interests

of the community in which we live. Let not this man imagine that it is entirely on his account that we have brought here the officers of the law, the constituted guardians of public justice, and organized this solemn judicial assembly. Let him not flatter himself that this dense multitude, crowding and bending forward, almost breathless with expectation, are fixing upon *him* as the object and center of their solicitude. No! What little interest they might have felt in the defendent has expired long since, (I saw it fading from their faces while the evidence was being given at the stand,) and their minds are now occupied only with a feeling for the public safety, and with that retributive justice with which they expect you to visit this brutal assaulter of a peaceful and unoffending citizen. Yes, gentlemen, their eyes are upon you. They know that if, after such an outrage this plaintiff is denied exemplary redress at your hands, there is no security left for individual rights, and that themselves may be the next whose persons shall be violated with impunity. For what to me are all the institutions of society and of civil government, while it is in the power of every ruffian to deprive me of their enjoyment? What is it to me that you protect my right of property, if you will not also protect my person from insult and outrage? What to me are all the delightful endearments of domestic life, if I may be attacked in the public streets, in the presence of my friends, in my own carriage, dashed upon the ground, beaten till I am senseless, and sent home to my family in such livid deformity that I cannot look upon my wife and children for very shame? What indeed is liberty itself, if I can be robbed of whatever makes liberty dear and sacred, and the villain by whom I am thus maltreated may lift his head unpunished?

It has been asked with a sneer, what actual damage we are proved to have sustained, and how we measured the compensation which we demand. Gracious Heavens! Is it not enough that we have been abused and battered in the public streets, that we must be taunted here, in this honorable presence, and before your own eyes? We assure the learned counsel for the defendent that the artifice of exciting contempt for our demand is too little and shallow a trick. It will not succeed. It must be known to you, gentlemen, that it is difficult to find an exact rule by which to measure an injury like this, or to count it out to a jury in dollars and cents. We may count the wounds and bruises we have received; we may number the blows; we may compute the time we have lost, and even guess at the consequent derangement suffered in our business. But our injury does not depend upon either or all of these, though they are all elements of the calculation. It depends upon our sensibility to insult, upon our public character and standing, and upon our relations to those who have been the witnesses of our disgrace. That is the capital outrage, the shame, the bitter, burning sense of wrong;—and I never feel so deeply the infirmity and inadequacy of human laws, as when I come to them for reparation for an injury like this. But though you cannot wholly retrieve our wrong, or wipe away our disgrace by your verdict, you can teach this bold, high-handed violator of your peace and laws that he shall not escape with impunity; and that the abused and insulted citizen shall find protection and reparation, as far as possible, in the tribunals of his country. We shall now have opportunity to see what value you place upon law, upon the persons of your fellow citizens, and indeed upon your own; whether,

after we are assaulted with wanton, brutal violence in the face of day, we must take redress into our own hands, or, whether it is safe to suffer the injury, to restrain our resentment, and awaiting the slow forms of law, trust to an adequate though late redress in the verdict of a jury."

EXTRACT FROM AN ADDRESS

In a case of peculiar interest, where a poor but worthy man had been outrageously assaulted and injured by one who was prominent in society, and in which the circumstances excited general and very deep feeling. This will account for the prominence given it.

"The plea of Guilty is put in here, and of course, whatever we may offer will be confined to the matter of aggravation; and I apprehend, though I do not profess to be much conversant with the criminal business of this Court, that there has seldom, if ever, been presented at this tribunal, a more wanton and aggravated outrage on the person of a peaceable and unoffending citizen. I say upon the person of the *citizen;* for though it be true that the complaint is in the name of the State, it is nevertheless through the prosecuting witness himself, that the State has received the wrong of which she complains. And, if the Court please, it affords to my mind, no uninteresting comment upon our administration of public justice, that the wrongs of the injured citizen are made, both in form and in substance, the wrongs of the Commonwealth to which he belongs. She does not leave him to sleep over the indignity, but makes his quarrel her own, and dignifies it by presenting it in her own name to the legal tribunals. And it is right. It is the great law of the social compact that the citizen, who helps to maintain the government for the common good, who has yielded a portion of his own natural right for

the common security, should claim the protection of that government, and the benefit of that security which he contributes to maintain. He is a faithful and obedient subject, and servant of the Commonwealth, and it is just that in return for this loyalty, she should watch over his rights, avenge the indignities offered to his person, and throw around him the broad shield of her protection. And, sir, in these times of misrule, it becomes every man, whether magistrate or citizen, to guard and uphold the laws. There is a growing disregard of the fixed and stable order of society. The reign of the constitution and laws seems to be coming to an end, and in their place we are to have personal resentment, private grudge, and the ruling passions of the hour. In this alarming state of our affairs, our only hope against universal anarchy is in the firmness and integrity of magistrates and courts of justice. We look to them as the last bulwarks, against whose solid walls the waves of individual and factious violence will dash and roar in vain. They are the great conservative element of society, the asylum to which constitutional right and liberty, hunted down by the bloodhounds of violence and misrule may flee for refuge. Let them set themselves in opposition to every species of lawlessness and endeavor to give a more sound and healthy tone to public sentiment. Let them, at all hazards, maintain the supremacy of the laws, and whenever they are wantonly violated, let them inscribe the penalty in broad and blazing capitals on the forehead of the transgressor, and make him a warning and an example.

It is not from any pleasure which I can take in the punishment of this prisoner, but from a regard to the well-being of society, and for the sake of the common protection that I urge

his conviction. For I well know that, let the result of this trial be what it may, this man will not escape the final hand of Justice. There is a fixed and immutable order of Nature, as well in the moral as in the physical world, which holds up the penalty of violated law, and drives punishment hard upon the heel of guilt. You may acquit, but God and Nature never will—

> 'Many an act, deemed innocent on earth,
> Is registered in Heaven, and this, no doubt,
> Will have its record, with a curse annexed.

There is a tribunal in this man's own breast, from which he can never fly. Before it there is no prevarication, no shuffling, no chasm in the pleadings, no escape through omission of technical forms. There the evidence is clear as the sun in heaven. There the witnesses stand, all competent and unimpeached, and like a host of accusing angels, will eternally cry in his ear the story of guilt and sin. He may fly to business, but there will be a "dreadful sound in his ears," a hot and horrid whisper as from the lips of a tormenting fiend. He may seek the table of festivity, and strive to drown it in wine and merriment; but there the hand-writing of his condemnation will stare at him on the wall, and paleness and trembling will come upon him at the banquet. Even in the world of sleep and dreams, the icy hand of retribution will be heavy on his heart, and wherever he is, whether sleeping or waking, there Justice will be with her uplifted sword, to point to this stain of innocent blood, and to press her demand. There has been an attempt to create a prejudice against him, who in the name of the State brings this complaint, because he is poor and unknown, except as this trial brings him before us. I admit that this is true.

I know that I shall have no reward for my service in this Court of one who has his rights, as really as have any of us, save the consciousness that I have helped him to support them; and that is reward enough. Let it never be said that in this country, even an arraigned prisoner (much less one against whom there is no charge) wanted legal counsel and defense because he was poor! I know there is a vulgar prejudice and odium attaching to those who engage in behalf of a man like him, whose injuries should have roused the interest of all who know of them, and have awakened the sympathy of not a few. But I care not, and I here proclaim that my humble services shall ever be ready for the poor, the unfortunate, the oppressed, of whatever class, condition, or color; while I trust in God that I shall never stand here, or elsewhere, to draw a veil over established guilt, or to screen a villain from the punishment he deserves."

EXTRACT ON THE VALUE OF CHARACTER.

"Men do not suddenly plunge into crime, nor do they suddenly change from any course of conduct to which they have been long accustomed, and according to which they have formed their feelings, principles and habits. "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? then may ye learn to do well, who have been accustomed to do evil." Yet, common experience will testify that sudden reformations are far more frequent than sudden declensions from the way of virtue. The reason is plain. The man who has lived uprightly for a course of years, has given pledges to society which he cannot consent to forfeit at once and by a single act of atrocious and voluntary wickedness. For such an act there must be a long

and gradual process of preparatory corruption. He must first blind himself to his own best interest. He must break away from the force of long established habit. He must break down his principles. He must struggle with his conscience. He must subdue the very laws of his nature. Inch by inch he must yield the territory which he so long ago conceded to the dominion of virtue, and which she holds with the tenacity of a prescriptive right. Character, gentlemen, does not consist of a few rare and isolated actions, a few splendid deeds which a man may have performed during the course of his life. It is made up of an infinite number of little things, of all the common and comparatively trivial acts and sentiments which fill up our daily life. Its growth is like that of the tender sapling into the tall forest oak, silent and constant. In this process is formed the habit of right doing, and with this are found certain great principles which constitute the standard of right and wrong, which incorporate with the moral sense and become part of the very nature. They become a law far more vital and imperative than the enactments of the Statute Book, and to suppose that one will suddenly and utterly abandon them and plunge headlong into dire and desperate wickedness, is in contravention of all human experience, of all moral reasoning, and of the whole analogy and constitution of human nature. Hence we see why, when one stands charged in a court of justice with an infamous crime, the law admits the evidence of a blameless character to rebut the charge. If the crime be not distinctively proved, this evidence from character is positive and overpowering. It forces our convictions, and the law says it shall prevail for innocence. And mark, here, how just and beautiful is the law. She does not turn a blind or ungrateful

eye toward the man, however humble his condition, who has lived an honest life. She marks all his actions; every victory over temptation, every instance of probity, of honesty, of fidelity, of generosity; she observes them all, and records them with ever-faithful pen. She treasures up the record, and when the hour of trial comes, she reads it aloud in his defence. In the common intercourse of society, and for the common purposes of social life, a pure and blameless character is a beautiful thing. It is a bright and stainless robe upon the person. But the law makes it a safeguard as well as an ornament. She makes it a coat of mail, of impenetrable stuff, that throws back the shafts of malice and persecution that would strike him down. And I would say to the individual who stands behind these prosecutions, and for whose sole benefit they are, and who has pledged himself to the ruin of this young man, that there is a bulwark between him and the ruin he would call down upon his head. Beware lest the very instrument you have chosen to stab his character and peace be wrested from your hands, and turned back upon yourself. Beware lest the poisoned chalice you have mingled for another be commended by even handed justice to your own lips. Justice is described as moving with lame and tardy feet, but she will come at last, and bring with her a sure, though late redress. You may vex and trouble this young man; you may oppress him with a contest to which his resources are unequal; but a jury of his country will do him justice, and he will still hold within his own breast, in the proud and cheering consciousness of his own integrity, a character which shines unsullied as the snow, notwithstanding all the efforts

which have been made to defame it. In this he will possess a treasure you cannot reach. As William Tell said to Gesler:

> 'You cannot take away the grace of life,
> Its comeliness of look which virtue gives,
> Its rich attire of honorable deeds,
> Its fair report that's rife on good men's tongues,
> You cannot lay your hand on these, no more
> Than you can pluck its brightness from the sun,
> Or with polluted finger tarnish it.'"

CHAPTER VII.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

IN November, 1840, Mr. Eells went to Cuba, by way of New Orleans, to pass the ensuing winter, hoping that the change of climate would at least prolong his life. It is probable that this hope was realized, for he was sensibly relieved, so far as any immediately alarming symptoms were concerned, as soon as he reached more balmy air; and when he arrived at Havana, he was prepared to enjoy with some vigor the outdoor exercise and general advantages of his new surroundings. With the perception of an accurate and careful observer, he took note of affairs on that Island, then much less known by Americans than now, and his letters contain many references to its soil, climate and government; and the manners, religion, and character of the inhabitants, which prove the wisdom, as well as range of his judgment respecting them. With characteristic enthusiasm, he devoted himself to the study of the Spanish language, and during the few months of his stay, so far mastered it that he could speak it with some fluency, and had read not a little of its literature. This acquirement afforded him great satisfaction after his return to his own country, and his friends were often delighted by the additional

resources thus furnished him for both their amusement and profit from his conversation.

After the winter had passed, the increase of heat began to debilitate him, and in April he returned to New York, still feeble but in good spirits, and feeling that the experiment had accomplished for him all that he had reason to hope. The next months, until September, were enjoyed by him in visiting among relatives and friends, and in the quiet of his father's house, his strength gradually increasing, and his prevailing hopefulness more and more possessing him, so that he resolved to go once more to Cincinnati, and attempt the duties from which he had so long been exiled. This attempt, however, convinced him that his days for work were gone, and he determined to make no further effort to resist disease, but adjust his business as best he could, and prepare to die. His many friends did all in their power to make him comfortable, and he most tenderly appreciated all their attentions, yet having no home of his own, he was obliged to suffer from the sense of dependence on others, which in any circumstances would be a burden to one of his temperament. Could any experience have removed this feeling, it would have been that which cheered him during these last months of life; and though it may seem improper to mention any special instance among the many proofs of friendship which he enjoyed, both himself and his friends, could they be consulted, would insist that one name be placed in these memoirs with gratitude, because of the marked and beautiful exhibition of affectionate esteem that name always brings to mind. In the family of Mr. S. W. Pomeroy, a gentleman upon whom Mr. Eells had no claims for special courtesy, but whose delicate yet evidently

sincere and emphatic expression of interest, it was well-nigh impossible to withstand, he had all the comforts of a delightful Christian home during the weeks of suffering that preceded his death. With unwearied tenderness they ministered to his relief, and as it was not possible for any of his relatives except one brother, to be with him in his sickness, they watched and served by his bedside as kindred by blood. Under their roof and surrounded by these friends, he peacefully died, in possession of his faculties, and in the confidence of Christian hope, on Sabbath morning, March 13, 1842, aged thirty-two years. The funeral was attended on the following Wednesday, in the Second Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Lyman Beecher was pastor, and that eminent clergyman, who knew and loved him well, preached an appropriate and affecting discourse. The Court adjourned on that day, and the judges and members of the bar attended the funeral, wearing badges of mourning. The body was interred in the city cemetery, where it remained till the year 1859, when it was removed to Cleveland and placed in the family lot in Woodland Cemetery. There, surrounded by those to whom he was very dear, and whom he loved with rare devotion, he calmly sleeps. His life was short, but it was crowded with usefulness, and beauty, and honor.

In addition to what has been written in this volume, there are a few prominent characteristics of Mr. Eells, which should have distinct mention, that those who were not personally acquainted with him may know him as he was. He had that peculiarity in a marked degree which ever defies description, but is ever powerful in effect, and which for lack of a better term we call *personal magnetism*. This appeared in his boyhood, was a charm in his manhood in its various relations,

was a large element of his power as a public speaker, and gave him unwonted influence every where. His manner, his voice, his face, his strangely beautiful yet sometimes flashing blue eye, conspired to produce this effect; so that whatever may have been the merit of what he uttered, it would be impossible rightly to estimate its interest or force unless he was seen and heard when uttering it. This power attracted to him, and bound to him with more than ordinary devotion the long list of friends whom he so highly valued, and who remember him after so many years with such freshness of affection. It made him almost an idol in the sacred circle of his family. It became the secret of most of that influence which attends his name in the society he founded, and almost makes his spirit the presiding genius in this noble company of men, who even from his writings catch something of his personal enthusiasm and fire.

Connected with this was his remarkable ability and ease in *conversation*. The accuracy of his scholarship, the wide range of his reading, his command of language, and his social disposition all contributed to his excellence in this grace, which is often deficient in men who are otherwise eminent. By common consent he became the centre and life of any circle in which he might be, and his resources never failed him, nor did any moods disappoint those who anticipated the wisdom and the wit which always abounded in his intercourse with others. He had the rare gift of adaptation to the company by whom he was surrounded, so that he was every where welcome; and the order with which he was wont to put aside for use whatever material came to his hand, secured that he was never taken unawares. Instructive, sympathetic, sparkling, sincere,

self-forgetful, he exhibited the perfection of conversation, often leaving those in doubt, who had listened to his public addresses whether to admire him more on the platform, or in the parlor. Probably, the real man was more manifest in his social life, as he ever impressed others, unconsciously to himself, with the evidence of what one may accomplish for their pleasure and profit, who makes the walks of society radiant with the contributions both of his genius and his heart. Indeed, much as he was honored for his forensic and literary productions, and almost extravagant as have been some of the encomiums passed upon him as thus remembered, it is no doubt true, that by those who knew him intimately, and associated with him long, in the easy and friendly converse of more private life, his acquirements and power are still most highly regarded. Thus to know him was to value and love him.

Prominent among his characteristics, finally, should be ranked his unostentatious yet avowed and controlling *piety*. His natural independence made it impossible for him to receive the bible and religion at the hands of others. Not even from his parents, whom he greatly revered, would he accept without thorough examination what he regarded as of such vital import to himself. Hence he early became a systematic and thorough student of the Word of God, and his library in after years, abounded in books written in its defence or illustration. The result was an unwavering conviction of the divine origin and authority of these scriptures, and an unqualified acknowledgment of the obligations they impose. When quite young he assumed these obligations by beginning a Christian life, nor did he ever hesitate to attempt duties

which many young men neglect, even though they confess them to be binding. For reasons which he deemed sufficient, but the effect of which he regretted afterwards, he did not make public profession of religion until he had been two or three years in Cincinnati, when through the influence of Dr. Beecher he was induced to unite with his church. His piety always appeared in the character and life which were open to men's scrutiny, rather than in the words by which it might be proclaimed. It cheered and strengthened him in many dark hours of embarrassment as to professional success. It gave him courage in that life-long struggle with the disease which brought him to his grave at last. It modified and beautified his temperament, and gave him self-control and resolution that often excited the remark of those who knew him best. And it enabled him to look steadily into the face of death without a shudder, and beyond without fear. His letters throughout contain passages, eloquent with the expressions of faith and hope. His life throughout, was proof of what a sincere, earnest, cheerful Christian man may be. There is not one who knew him, who does not rejoice that in addition to all the talents and acquisitions for which he was distinguished, Samuel Eells was worthy of this record, that he was an intelligent and true servant of God.

His last public address was before the Young Men's Bible Society, at its anniversary, held on the 7th of November, 1841, in the Second Presbyterian Church. He was very feeble at the time, but well aware that this would be the last opportunity he would have to let his voice be heard in support of a cause he greatly loved, he was very anxious to comply with the urgent request that he should speak. The occasion seemed

to inspire him with special vigor, and he spoke for half an hour with such eloquence and power as few had ever heard from him before. The regret has often been expressed that there was not an accurate report of this address; but only an outline of it, somewhat carefully prepared has been preserved, and with this will end these memoirs of his life and writings.

ADDRESS

BEFORE THE

CITY BIBLE SOCIETY,

OF CINCINNATI.

The following resolution offered by Samuel Eells, Esq., and seconded by Rev. John T. Brooke, was adopted:

Resolved, That the Bible, by being made effectual for the purification of the human heart by the influence of the Holy Spirit, is an adequate remedy for all the evils of man's social and political condition; and that it is the only effectual means for the moral restoration of the World.

Mr. Eells addressed the chair, as follows:

Mr. President:—This resolution contemplates a remedy for the moral condition of the world. Of course it presupposes a *moral disease*:—in other words it supposes the fallen and degenerate condition of man, and that some remedy is needed to restore him to his original rectitude. It is true, Sir, that the human heart has always been reluctant to admit this condemnation of itself: and it is a curious fact in the philosophy of the human character, that amid all the evidences of its deep degeneracy, poets, and moralists, and philosophers, have always been declaiming on *the dignity of man;* studiously forgetting all the moral turpitude of his nature in those lofty

intellectual distinctions which elevate and ennoble him in the scale of being.

But, Sir, after all that has been said and sung in honor of human nature, we do nevertheless know that this world is not what it should be. We do know that there is some great, and universal, and radical defect in the moral constitution and character of man.

In the first place, our own consciousness attests this fact. No human being can look into his own breast, and surveying with a strict and impartial eye, the operations of his own spirit, can say that all is right *there;* that all is goodness, and benevolence, and rectitude; and that there are wanting no remedial influences to restore upon him that perfect and divine image which was originally stamped by the hand of God upon the soul. "If I should say I am perfect, even that would prove me perverse." Every man feels within himself the action of moral evil;—the stirring of those selfish and malignant passions, which, acting out, and at large among mankind, have filled the earth with violence, and overspread it with desolation from age to age.

But if any one should still doubt whether the world really needs such a restorative process, let him look at history. This, Sir, is evidence of a most potent and peculiar kind:—evidence not to be controverted, nor to be mistaken. History is man's own portraiture of himself: the judgment which he has passed on his own character; the account which he has given of his own nature and his own actions in all countries and ages of the world; and which he has sealed up in solemn and imperishable record. And, *History!* What is it but *a book of blood?* One long, dark, and almost unbroken record

of human folly, and human wickedness? Ambition, with fierce and blood-shot eyes, and both hands dipped in gore, is the presiding genius of the page. Its heroes are the imperial robbers and wholesale butchers of the human race. Cities sacked and robbed, kings assassinated and deposed, armies slaughtered in a day, nations invaded and subjugated, and trodden under foot, are its deeds of glory. Viewed through the glass of history, the world seems one vast Acaldema;—the theatre of a horrid succession of tragedies, upon which, not individuals only, but States and Empires have been by turns the actors and the victims.

But again. The *order of Providence*, its established course of dealing with the human race, is a perpetual and most melancholy witness of the solemn and affecting fact of man's entire defection from the great laws of his moral being;—his utter estrangement and alienation from his Maker. For Sir, it is not only by violence and rapine, not only by wars of conquest and extermination that the depopulation of this world has been carried on. Famine and Pestilence, Fire, Flood, Earthquakes, and Diseases innumerable, have ever been permitted to scourge and lay waste the earth. From the creation up to the present moment, the human family have been moving in one long, grand, funeral procession to the place appointed for all living. Less than thirty years is the average lot of human life. Three times during every century does this dark and brutish earth call home an entire generation of her children; and thus, like an unnatural mother, she garners back into her bosom, age after age, the uncounted millions of our race. Sir, what mean these solemn appointments of Heaven, by which "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth

in pain together until now?" Why is it that man ever enters the world with a cry, and leaves it with a struggle and a groan; and that his little inch of time is burdened with such numberless calamities which baffle alike his wisdom to foresee, and his power to prevent? Philosophy has never been able to respond to these questions; but He who has brought life and immortality to light has furnished the answer, and it stands recorded in that sacred volume. It is, that "all flesh has corrupted its way upon the earth;" that "the earth is cursed for man's sake," and against man himself has gone out that righteous decree of offended Heaven, "Dust thou art, and unto dust must thou return."

The same revelation informs us that this was not the original condition of mankind; and this truth also finds a confirmation in the general history of the race, and in the most interior responses of our common consciousness.

The traditions of all nations reach back to a primeval age of happiness and innocence. In the universal human soul there seems to be an inborn sense of some early and great calamity that has despoiled it of its native glory, and shrouded it in darkness. Even in the midst of its ruin,—in the midst of all its errors and corruptions, it retains some images of a pristine perfection,—some dark yet grand remembrance of an original likeness to the Godhead.

Here, then, is the great leading fact regarding humanity;—that it is suffering under a deep seated, and universal moral malady: and upon this fact arises the great question "Is there no balm in Gilead? no physician there?" Must this world be forever given up to the reign of sin? Must it be forever the prey of violence and crime, and all selfish and baleful

passions? Must wars and commotions forever rage and toss upon its bosom, and dash in pieces the nations?

Sir, there *is* a remedy: and when in the language of this resolution, we point to the Bible as that remedy, and declare it to be the only remedy, let us not be misunderstood. We do not apprehend, Sir, that even the Bible itself, unaccompanied by the Spirit of truth to make it effectual on the hearts and consciences of men, would ever effect the moral restoration of the world. It is very true—as has been often admitted by infidels themselves,—that the Bible is a perfect code of morals; and herein it is distinguished from every other book.

But, Sir, its *efficacy*—its remedial, restorative power, does not consist in this distinction. Why, Sir, what can a mere code of morals do, however perfect, to transform the human heart? When was it ever heard that a man was renewed in the spirit of his mind, and conformed to the moral image of his Maker, by such a book, for instance, as the "Morals" of Seneca, or the "Offices" of Tully, or the "Dialogues" of Plato? Never—Sir, *Never*. Cicero himself, one of the greatest of all the ancient philosophers, and the best man too, in my judgment, that all heathen antiquity can boast, has explicitly declared that so far as he was informed, there never had been a philosopher who had been able either to reform himself or his disciples. And I appeal to the knowledge and observation of every one who hears me, when I stand here and declare that there never was an instance in the whole history of mankind, in which the mere human teaching of morality has effected a radical and permanent change in the human character—such a change, I mean, Sir, as that which

the Bible effectuates, and which it denominates, significantly—the world has no term like it—*a change of heart*. The power of the Bible then, as a remedial agent, does not depend on the fact that it embodies and holds up to the understanding and consciences of men a perfect moral law; but it consists in this fact; that there is attending the promulgation of that perfect law, an influence which accompanies the teaching of no other ethical or moral code or system whatever;—an invisible and almighty agency acting directly on the selfish and reluctant heart of man, subduing the most inveterate depravity of his nature, changing all his objects of supreme desire, securing, even for the law which condemns him, his affection and obedience; substituting new objects of living, and new principles of action: new purposes, new desires, new hopes—the elements and beginnings of a sublime and spiritual life; and all this too, in a manner perfectly conformable to every known principle and law of his constitution.

And, Sir, this regenerating and transforming agency of the Holy Spirit is forever pledged to the circulation of this book, by the promise of the Savior Himself. And here it is—*here, on this pledge,*—this everlasting rock of promise, that we build our only hope for society and for the human race. You remember, Sir, when our blessed Savior had completed the great provision for man's redemption by the sacrifice of Himself, and heaved the bar of death, and led out His little flock as far as to Bethany, whence He was about to ascend in a cloud to the realms of glory—you remember what were His last words to His disciples: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature;" and "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world!" "*I am with you!*" With

whom? Not merely those who then heard the gracious words that fell from His lips, and followed Him with wondering eyes as he ascended: for with what propriety could He say to those particular individuals, that He would be with *them* to the *end of the world?* No, Sir; His omniscient eye ranged through all coming time, and rested upon all, of whatever name, and in whatever age, who should undertake the circulation of this sacred volume with a sincere desire to obey His last injunction, and to co-operate with Him in the redemption of the world. It forecast the scene that is here presented. It rested even upon this little association;—upon you, Sir, who preside there, and upon *you* and *you;* and to all of us who are here to-night, He addresses that heavenly rhetoric—those sublime and wonderful words "*Lo! I am with you.*" How "with you?" "With you" for what purpose? To make this, my Gospel, which I enjoin you to disseminate among all nations, effectual on the human heart, so that it shall not return void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the things whereto I sent it.

And now, Sir, mark the fulfillment of that promise. Eighteen hundred years have since rolled away, and from that day to this, the Bible has been achieving its triumphs. From that day to this, it has been the pioneer—the vanguard of civilization and science, and the arts, and civil liberty all over the globe. And, Sir, never was the promise faster hasting to its accomplishment—never was this remedy doing its great work more effectually than at this moment. The heralds of the cross are carrying the Word of Life into every land, and translating it into every language. The voice of its triumphs is borne to our ears on every wind. It comes to us from every

quarter of the globe; from India, Persia, China, Australia, Greece, and the far islands of the Pacific. Paganism has received a blow that has sounded over the world; and like some huge, misshapen monster, struck with a mortal dart, rolls and tosses on its bed of pain. While I am now speaking, the death-knell of Mohammedanism is tolling from the towers of Constantinople; and the ground of the whole Turkish Empire will soon be occupied by Christian nations. Africa too, oppressed, despairing Africa, is shaking off her chains, and looking up for the tokens of her redemption. On every side, the dark cloud which has overshadowed the nations, is lifting, and the light of everlasting day is breaking in. "Lift up your heads, O ye gates! even lift them up, ye everlasting doors, and the King of Glory shall come in!" O, Sir, we live in the twilight of a heavenly day. Behold, how it purples the eastern sky! Behold, how the clouds and mountain tops around redden with the dawn! Welcome, welcome—Millennial Jubilee—Sabbath of the World! Our eyes indeed will not witness its meridian splendors; but, "He is faithful that promised." We shall all go to our graves; but the Bible will live; and the Bible Society will live; and the work of the World's regeneration will go on. Yes, Sir, the time will surely come—God speed the blessed day!—when all nations shall be brought under the power of His grace and the glory of His Gospel; when "the kingdom, and the dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the Saints of the Most High:"—

> "The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks,
> Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
> From distant mountains, catch the flying joy;
> 'Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous 'Hosanna' round."

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